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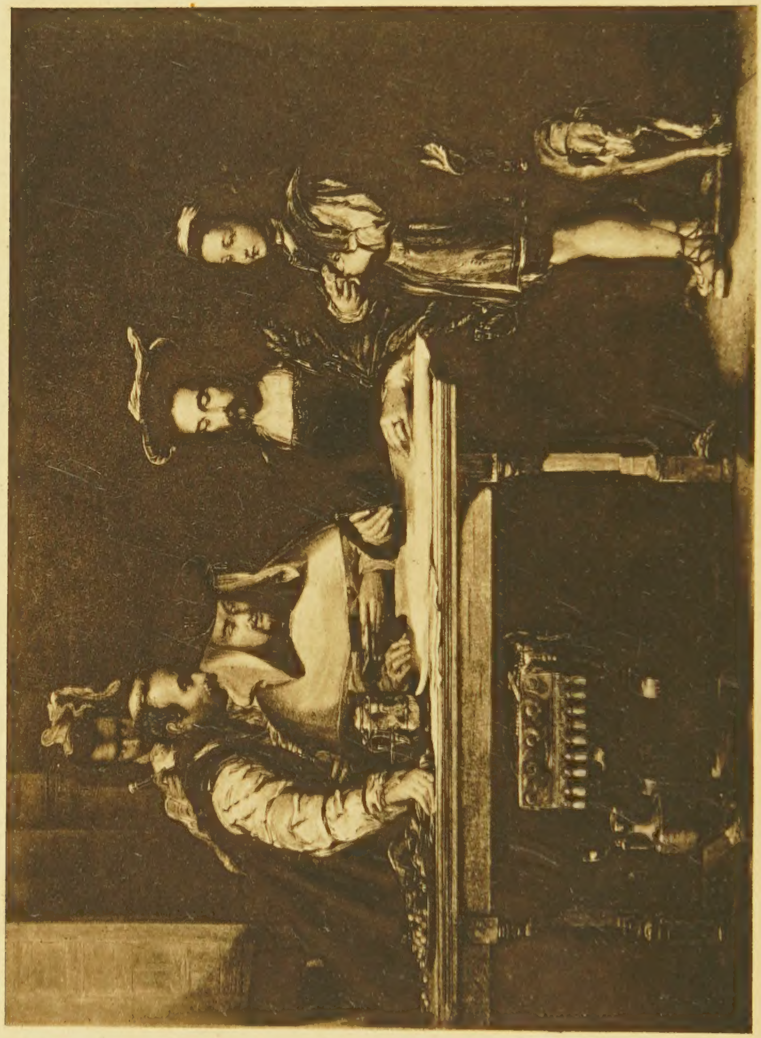

MEMBER'S EDITION DE LUXE.

THE
BIBLIOPHILE·LIBRARY·OF LITERATURE·ART·AND RARE·MANUSCRIPTS

Columbus Propounding the Theory of a
New World.

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[Vol. III.]

History, Biography, Science, Poetry, Drama, Travel, Adventure, Fiction, and Rare and Unpublished Literature from the Archives of the Great Libraries of the World.

A Record of the Great Things that have been Said and Thought and Done from the Beginning of History.

WITH PRONOUNCING AND BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

Thirty · · · Volume 3 · · · Volumes

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THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

There came a youth upon the earth,
  Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth
  Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
  He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
  Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

His words were simple words enough,
  And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
  In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
  In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwillingly, in truth,
  They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
  For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
  Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
  Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
  He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

1842.

THE EXPEDITION OF CYRUS.

(By Xenophon: from the "Anabasis.")

[Xenophon, the famous Greek general and historian, was born at Athens about B.C. 450. He was a pupil and friend of Socrates, whose biography he wrote in the "Memorabilia." He joined the expedition of Cyrus the Younger as a volunteer, and on the murder of the generals after the battle of Cunaxa, was made commander of the retreat, the celebrated "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Later he served in the Spartan army and was banished by Athens; he lived some twenty years in Elis, but the time and place of his death are not known. His chief work is the "Anabasis," describing the expedition of Cyrus and the retreat. He also wrote a history of Grecian affairs, the "Hellenica"; the "Cyropædia," a pretended biography of Cyrus the Great, really an ideal dream of a boy's education and a social state; and other things.]

1. Cyrus now advanced through Arabia, having the Euphrates on his right, five days' march through the desert, a distance of thirty-five parasangs. In this region the ground was entirely a plain, level as the sea. It was covered with wormwood, and whatever other kinds of shrub or reed grew on it, were all odoriferous as perfumes. But there were no trees. 2. There were wild animals, however, of various kinds; the most numerous were wild asses; there were also many ostriches, as well as bustards and antelopes; and these animals the horsemen of the army sometimes hunted. The wild asses, when any one pursued them, would start forward a considerable distance, and then stand still (for they ran much more swiftly than the

horse); and again, when the horse approached, they did the same; and it was impossible to catch them, unless the horsemen, stationing themselves at intervals, kept up the pursuit with a succession of horses. The flesh of those that were taken resembled venison, but was more tender. 3. An ostrich no one succeeded in catching; and those horsemen who hunted that bird, soon desisted from the pursuit; for it far outstripped them in its flight, using its feet for running, and its wings, raising them like a sail. The bustards might be taken, if a person started them suddenly; for they fly but a short distance, like partridges, and soon tire. Their flesh was very delicious.

4. Marching through this region, they came to the river Mascas, the breadth of which is a plethrum. Here was a large deserted city, of which the name was Corsote, and which was entirely surrounded by the Mascas. Here they stayed three days, and furnished themselves with provisions.

5. Thence he proceeded, thirteen days' march through the desert, a distance of ninety parasangs, still keeping the Euphrates on the right, and arrived at a place called the Gates. In this march many of the beasts of burden perished of hunger; for there was neither grass, nor any sort of tree, but the whole country was completely bare. The inhabitants, who quarried and fashioned millstones near the river, took them to Babylon, and sold them, and lived upon corn which they bought with the money. 6. Corn, too, failed the army, and it was not possible to buy any, except in the Lydian market among Cyrus' Barbarian troops, where they purchased a capithe of wheat flour or barley meal for four sigli. The siglus is equivalent to seven Attic oboli and a half, and the capithe contains two Attic chœnices. The soldiers therefore lived entirely upon flesh.

7. There were some of these marches which he made extremely long, whenever he wished to get to water or forage. On one occasion, when a narrow and muddy road presented itself, almost impassable for the wagons, Cyrus halted on the spot with the most distinguished and wealthy of his train, and ordered Glus and Pigres, with a detachment of the Barbarian forces, to assist in extricating the wagons. 8. But as they appeared to him to do this too tardily, he ordered, as if in anger, the noblest Persians of his suite to assist in expediting the carriages. Then might be seen a specimen of their ready obedience; for, throwing off their purple cloaks, in the place where each happened to be standing, they rushed forward, as

one would run in a race for victory, down an extremely steep declivity, having on those rich vests which they wear, and embroidered trousers, some too with chains about their necks and bracelets on their wrists, and, leaping with these equipments straight into the mud, brought the wagons up quicker than any one would have imagined.

9. On the whole, Cyrus evidently used the greatest speed throughout the march, and made no delay, except where he halted in order to obtain a supply of provisions, or for some other necessary purpose, — thinking that the quicker he went, the more unprepared he should find the king when he engaged him, and that the more slowly he proceeded, the more numerous would be the force collected by the king. And an attentive observer might see that the empire of the king was strong indeed in extent of territory and number of inhabitants, but weak through the length of the roads, and the dispersion of its forces, if an enemy invaded it with rapid movements.

10. On the other side of the Euphrates, over against their course through the desert, was an opulent and extensive city, called Charmande; from this place the soldiers purchased provisions, crossing the river on rafts in the following manner. They filled the skins, which they had for the coverings of their tents, with dry hay, and then closed and stitched them together, so that the water could not touch the hay. Upon these they went across, and procured necessaries, such as wine made of the fruit of the palm tree, and panic corn; for this was most plentiful in those parts. 11. Here the soldiers of Menon and those of Clearchus falling into a dispute about something, Clearchus, judging a soldier of Menon's to be in the wrong, inflicted stripes upon him, and the man, coming to the quarters of his own troops, told his comrades what had occurred, who, when they heard it, showed great displeasure and resentment towards Clearchus. 12. On the same day, Clearchus, after going to the place where the river was crossed, and inspecting the market there, was returning on horseback to his tent through Menon's camp, with a few attendants. Cyrus had not yet arrived, but was still on his way thither. One of Menon's soldiers, who was employed in cleaving wood, when he saw Clearchus riding through the camp, threw his ax at him, but missed his aim; another then threw a stone at him, and another, and afterwards several, a great uproar ensuing. 13. Clearchus sought refuge in his own camp, and immediately called his men to arms, order-

ing his heavy-armed troops to remain on the spot, resting their shields against their knees, while he himself, with the Thracians, and the horsemen that were in his camp, to the number of more than forty (and most of these were Thracians), bore down towards the troops of Menon, so that they and Menon himself were struck with terror, and made a general rush to their arms: while some stood still, not knowing how to act under the circumstances. 14. Proxenus happened then to be coming up behind the rest, with a body of heavy-armed men following him, and immediately led his troops into the middle space between them both, and drew them up under arms, begging Clearchus to desist from what he was doing. But Clearchus was indignant, because, when he had narrowly escaped stoning, Proxenus spoke mildly of the treatment that he had received; he accordingly desired him to stand out from between them.

15. At this juncture Cyrus came up, and inquired into the affair. He then instantly took his javelins in his hand, and rode, with such of his confidential officers as were with him, into the midst of the Greeks, and addressed them thus: 16. "Clearchus and Proxenus, and you other Greeks who are here present, you know not what you are doing. For if you engage in any contention with one another, be assured, that this very day I shall be cut off, and you also not long after me; since, if our affairs go ill, all these Barbarians, whom you see before you, will prove more dangerous enemies to us than even those who are with the king." 17. Clearchus, on hearing these remonstrances, recovered his self-possession; and both parties, desisting from the strife, deposited their arms in their respective encampments.

1. As they advanced from this place, the footsteps and dung of horses were observed, and the track was conjectured to be that of about two thousand cavalry. These, as they went before, had burnt all the fodder, and whatever else might have been of use to Cyrus. And here Orontes, a Persian, by birth connected with the king, and reckoned one of the ablest of the Persians in the field, turned traitor to Cyrus; with whom, indeed, he had previously been at strife, but had been reconciled to him. 2. He now told Cyrus, that if he would give him a thousand horse, he would either cut off, by lying in ambush, the body of cavalry that were burning all before them, or would take the greater number of them prisoners, and hin-

der them from consuming everything in their way, and prevent them from ever informing the king that they had seen the army of Cyrus. Cyrus, when he heard his proposal, thought it advantageous; and desired him to take a certain number of men from each of the different commanders.

3. Orontes, thinking that he had secured the cavalry, wrote a letter to the king, saying that he would come to him with as many horse as he could obtain; and he desired him to give directions to his own cavalry to receive him as a friend. There were also in the letter expressions reminding the king of his former friendship and fidelity to him. This letter he gave to a man, upon whom, as he believed, he could depend, but who, when he received it, carried it to Cyrus. 4. Cyrus, after reading the letter, caused Orontes to be arrested, and summoned to his own tent seven of the distinguished Persians of his staff, and desired the Greek generals to bring up a body of heavy-armed men, who should arrange themselves under arms around his tent. They did as he desired, and brought with them about three thousand heavy-armed soldiers. 5. Clearchus he called in to assist at the council, as that officer appeared, both to himself and to the rest, to be held most in honor among the Greeks. Afterwards, when Clearchus left the council, he related to his friends how the trial of Orontes was conducted; for there was no injunction of secrecy. He said that Cyrus thus opened the proceedings: —

6. "I have solicited your attendance, my friends, in order that, on consulting with you, I may do, with regard to Orontes here before you, whatever may be thought just before gods and men. In the first place, then, my father appointed him to be subject to me. And when afterwards, by the command, as he himself states, of my brother, he engaged in war against me, having possession of the citadel of Sardis, I, too, took up arms against him, and made him resolve to desist from war with me; and then I received from him, and gave him in return, the right hand of friendship. 7. And since that occurrence," he continued, "is there anything in which I have wronged you?" Orontes replied that there was not. Cyrus again asked him, "And did you not then subsequently, when, as you own yourself, you had received no injury from me, go over to the Mysians, and do all the mischief in your power to my territories?" Orontes answered in the affirmative. "And did you not then," continued Cyrus, "when you had thus again proved your strength,

come to the altar of Diana, and say that you repented, and, prevailing upon me by entreaties, give me, and receive from me in return, pledges of mutual faith?" This, too, Orontes acknowledged. 8. "What injury, then," continued Cyrus, "have you received from me, that you are now, for the third time, discovered in traitorous designs against me?" Orontes saying that he had received no injury from him, Cyrus asked him, "You confess, then, that you have acted unjustly towards me?" "I am necessitated to confess it," replied Orontes. Cyrus then again inquired, "And would you yet become an enemy to my brother, and a faithful friend to me?" Orontes answered, "Though I should become so, O Cyrus, I should no longer appear so to you." 9. On this, Cyrus said to those present, "Such are this man's deeds, and such his confessions. And now, do you first, O Clearchus, declare your opinion, whatever seems right to you." Clearchus spoke thus: "I advise that this man be put out of the way with all dispatch; that so it may be no longer necessary to be on our guard against him, but that we may have leisure, so far as he is concerned, to benefit those who are willing to be our friends." 10. In this opinion, Clearchus said, the rest concurred. Afterwards, by the direction of Cyrus, all of them, even those related to the prisoner, rising from their seats, took Orontes by the girdle, in token that he was to suffer death, when those to whom directions had been given, led him away. And when those saw him pass, who had previously been used to bow before him, they bowed before him as usual, though they knew that he was being led to execution.

11. After he had been conducted into the tent of Artapatas, the most confidential of Cyrus' scepter bearers, no one from that time ever beheld Orontes either living or dead, nor could any one say, from certain knowledge, in what manner he died. Various conjectures were made; but no burial place of him was ever seen.

1. Hence Cyrus proceeded through Babylonia, three days' march, a distance of twelve parasangs; and at the end of the third day's march, he reviewed his army, both Greeks and Barbarians, in the plain, about midnight; for he expected that with the ensuing dawn the king would come up with his army to offer him battle. He desired Clearchus to take the command of the right wing, and Menon the Thessalian that of the left, while he himself drew up his own troops.

2. After the review, at the dawn of day, some deserters from the Great King came and gave Cyrus information respecting the royal army. Cyrus, assembling the generals and captains of the Greeks, consulted with them how he should conduct the engagement, and then encouraged them with the following exhortations: 3. "It is not, O Greeks, from any want of Barbarian forces, that I take you with me as auxiliaries; but it is because I think you more efficient and valuable than a multitude of Barbarians, that I have engaged you in my service. See, then, that you prove yourself worthy of the liberty of which you are possessed, and for which I esteem you fortunate; for be well assured, that I should prefer that freedom to all that I possess, and to other possessions many times as great. 4. But, that you may know to what sort of encounter you are advancing, I from my own experience will inform you. The enemy's numbers are immense, and they make their onset with a loud shout; but if you are firm against this, I feel ashamed to think what sort of men, in other respects, you will find those in the country to be. But if you are true men, and prove yourselves stout-hearted, I will enable those of you who may wish to go home to return thither the envy of their fellow-countrymen; but I think that I shall induce most of you to prefer the advantages of remaining with me to those in your own country."

5. Upon this, Gaulites, an exile from Samos, a man in the confidence of Cyrus, being present, said, "Yet some say, O Cyrus, that you make many promises now, because you are in such a situation of approaching danger; but that if things should turn out well, you will not remember them; and some, too, say that even if you have both the memory and the will, you will not have the power of bestowing all that you promise." 6. Hearing this, Cyrus said: "We have before us, my friends, the empire that was my father's, extending, on the south, to the parts where men cannot live for heat; and on the north, to the parts where they cannot live for cold; and over all that lies between these extremes, the friends of my brother are now satraps. 7. But if we conquer, it will be proper for us to make our own friends masters of these regions. So that it is not this that I fear, that I shall not have enough to give to each of my friends, if things turn out successfully, but that I shall not have friends enough to whom I may give it. And to each of you Greeks, I will also give a golden crown."

8. The Greeks who were present, when they heard these assurances, were much encouraged, and reported what he had said to the rest. The captains, too, and some others of the Greeks, went into his tent, desiring to know for certain what would be their reward if they should be victorious; and he did not let them go without satisfying the minds of all.

9. But all who conversed with him urged him not to engage in the battle personally, but take his station behind their line. About this time, also, Clearchus put a question to Cyrus to this effect: "And do you think, Cyrus, that your brother will come to battle with you?" "By Jupiter," replied Cyrus, "if he be indeed the son of Darius and Parysatis, and my brother, I shall not gain possession of these dominions without a struggle."

10. In mustering the Greeks under arms, their numbers were found to be ten thousand four hundred heavy-armed men, and two thousand four hundred peltasts; of Barbarian troops under Cyrus, there were one hundred thousand, with about twenty chariots armed with scythes.

11. Of the enemy the number was said to be one million two hundred thousand, with two hundred scythed chariots. There were, besides, six thousand cavalry, of whom Artagerses had the command; these were drawn up in front of the king himself. 12. Of the royal army there were four commanders, or generals, or leaders, each over three hundred thousand men; that is to say, Abrocomas, Tissaphernes, Gobryas, and Arbaces. But of this number only nine hundred thousand were present at the battle, and one hundred and fifty scythed chariots; for Abrocomas, who was marching from Phœnicia, did not arrive till five days after the battle.

13. This information was brought to Cyrus by some of the enemy who deserted from the Great King before the battle: and such of the enemy as were taken prisoners after the battle gave the same account.

14. Hence Cyrus proceeded one day's march, a distance of three parasangs, with all his forces, as well Greek as Barbarian, drawn up in order of battle: for he expected that on this day the king would give him battle; as about the middle of the day's march, there was a deep trench dug, — the breadth of it was five fathoms, and the depth three. 15. This ditch extended up through the plain, to the distance of twelve parasangs, as far as the wall of Media. Here are the canals which are sup-

plied from the river Tigris; there are four of them, each a plethrum in breadth, and very deep; boats employed in conveying corn sail along them. They discharge themselves into the Euphrates, are distant from each other one parasang, and there are bridges over them. Near the Euphrates was a narrow passage between the river and the trench, about twenty feet in breadth. 16. This trench the Great King had made to serve as a defense, when he heard that Cyrus was marching against him. By this passage Cyrus and his army made their way, and got within the trench.

17. On this day the king did not come to an engagement, but there were to be seen many traces of men and horses in retreat.

18. Cyrus sent for Silanus, the Ambracian soothsayer, and gave him three thousand darics, because, on the eleventh day previous, while sacrificing, he had told Cyrus that the king would not fight for ten days, when Cyrus exclaimed, "He will not then fight at all, if he does not fight within that time; but if you shall prove to have spoken truly, I promise to give you ten talents." This money, therefore, he now paid him, the ten days having elapsed.

19. As the king made no attempt, at the trench, to prevent the passage of Cyrus' army, it was thought both by Cyrus and the rest that he had given up the intention of fighting; so that on the day following Cyrus proceeded on his march with less caution. 20. On the day succeeding that, he pursued his journey seated in his chariot, and having but a small body of troops in line before him; while the far greater part of the army observed no order on their march, and many of the soldiers' arms were carried on the wagons and beasts of burden.

1. It was now about the time of full market, and the station where he intended to halt was not far off, when Pategyas, a Persian, one of Cyrus' confidential adherents, made his appearance, riding at his utmost speed, with his horse in a sweat, and straightway called out to all whom he met, both in Persian and Greek, "that the king was approaching with a vast army, prepared as for battle." 2. Immediately great confusion ensued; for the Greeks and all the rest imagined that he would fall upon them suddenly, before they could form their ranks: 3. and Cyrus, leaping from his chariot, put on his breastplate, and mounting his horse, took his javelin in his hand, and gave orders for all the rest to arm themselves, and to take their sta-

tions each in his own place. 4. They accordingly formed with all expedition, Clearchus occupying the extremity of the right wing close to the Euphrates, Proxenus being next to him, and after him the other captains in succession. Menon and his troops occupied the left wing of the Greeks.

5. Of the Barbarian forces, about one thousand Paphlagonian cavalry were stationed near Clearchus, and the Grecian peltasts on the right; and on the left was Ariæus, Cyrus' lieutenant, with the rest of the Barbarian troops. 6. In the center was Cyrus, and with him about six hundred cavalry, the men all armed with breastplates, defenses for the thighs, and helmets, except Cyrus alone; for Cyrus presented himself for battle with his head unprotected. [It is said, too, that the other Persians expose themselves in battle with their heads uncovered.]

7. All the horses of the cavalry that were with Cyrus had defensive armor on the forehead and breast, and the horsemen had also Grecian swords.

8. It was now midday and the enemy was not yet in sight. But when it was afternoon, there appeared a dust, like a white cloud, and not long after, a sort of blackness, extending to a great distance over the plain. Presently, as they approached nearer, brazen armor began to flash, and the spears and ranks became visible. 9. There was a body of cavalry, in white armor, on the left of the enemy's line (Tissaphernes was said to have the command of them); close by these were troops with wicker shields; and next to them, heavy-armed soldiers with long wooden shields reaching to their feet (these were said to be Egyptians); then other cavalry and bowmen. These all marched according to their nations, each nation separately in a solid oblong. 10. In front of their line, at considerable intervals from each other, were stationed the chariots called scythed chariots; they had scythes projecting obliquely from the axletree, and others under the driver's seat, pointing to the earth, for the purpose of cutting through whatever came in their way; and the design of them was to penetrate and divide the ranks of the Greeks.

11. As to what Cyrus had said, however, when, on calling together the Greeks, he exhorted them to sustain unmoved the shout of the Barbarians, he was in this respect deceived; for they now approached, not with a shout, but with all possible silence, and quietly, with an even and slow step. 12. Cyrus,

in the mean time, riding by with Pigres the interpreter, and three or four others, called out to Clearchus to lead his troops against the enemy's center, for that there was the king; "and if," said he, "we are victorious in that quarter, our object is fully accomplished." 13. But though Clearchus saw that close collection of troops in the center of the enemy's line, and heard from Cyrus that the king was beyond the left of the Greeks (for so much the superior was the king in numbers, that, while occupying the middle of his own line, he was still beyond Cyrus' left), nevertheless he was unwilling to draw off his right wing from the river, fearing lest he should be hemmed in on both sides; and in answer to Cyrus he said, "that he would take care that all should go well."

14. During this time the Barbarian army advanced with a uniform pace; and the Grecian line, still remaining in the same place, was gradually forming from those who came up from time to time. Cyrus, riding by at a moderate distance from his army, surveyed from thence both the lines, looking as well towards the enemy as to his own men. 15. Xenophon, an Athenian, perceiving him from the Grecian line, rode up to meet him and inquire whether he had any commands, when Cyrus stopped his horse, and told him, and desired him to tell everybody, that the sacrifices and the appearances of the victims were favorable. 16. As he was saying this, he heard a murmur passing through the ranks, and asked what noise that was. He answered, "that it was the watchword, passing now for the second time." At which Cyrus wondered who had given it, and asked what the word was. He replied that it was, "JUPITER THE PRESERVER and VICTORY." 17. When Cyrus heard it, "I accept it as a good omen," said he, "and let it be so." Saying this, he rode away to his own station; and the two armies were now not more than three or four stadia distant from each other, when the Greeks sang the pæan, and began to march forward to meet the enemy. 18. And as, while they proceeded, some part of their body fluctuated out of line, those who were thus left behind began to run: and at the same time, they all raised just such a shout as they usually raise to Mars, and the whole of them took to a running pace. Some say, that they made a noise with their spears against their shields, to strike terror into the horses. 19. But the Barbarians, before an arrow could reach them, gave way, and took to flight. The Greeks then pursued them with all their force, calling out to each other not

to run, but to follow in order. 20. The chariots, abandoned by their drivers. were hurried, some through the midst of the enemies themselves, and others through the midst of the Greeks. The Greeks, when they saw them coming, opened their ranks and let them pass ; some few, however, were startled and caught by them, as might happen in a race course ; but these, they said, suffered no material injury ; nor did any other of the Greeks receive any hurt in this battle, except that, on the left of their army, a man was said to have been shot with an arrow.

21. Cyrus, though he saw the Greeks victorious, and pursuing those of the enemies who were opposed to them, and though he felt great pleasure at the sight, and was already saluted as king by those about him, was not, however, led away to join in the pursuit ; but keeping the band of six hundred cavalry that were with him drawn up in close order around him, he attentively watched how the king would proceed ; for he well knew that he occupied the center of the Persian army. 22. All the commanders of the Barbarians, indeed, lead their troops to battle occupying the center of their own men, thinking that they will thus be most secure, if they have the strength of their force on either side of them, and that if they have occasion to issue orders, their army will receive them in half the time. 23. On the present occasion, the king, though he occupied the center of his own army, was nevertheless beyond Cyrus' left wing. But as no enemy attacked him in front, or the troops that were drawn up before him, he began to wheel round, as if to inclose his adversaries. 24. Cyrus, in consequence, fearing that he might take the Greeks in the rear, and cut them in pieces, moved directly upon him, and charging with his six hundred horse, routed the troops that were stationed in front of the king, and put the guard of six thousand to flight, and is said to have killed with his own hand Artagerses, their commander.

25. When this flight of the enemy took place, Cyrus' six hundred became dispersed in the eagerness of pursuit, only a very few remaining with him, chiefly those who were called "partakers of his table."

26. While accompanied by these, he perceived the king and the close guard around him ; when he immediately lost his self-command, and exclaiming, "I see the man," rushed upon him, struck him on the breast, and wounded him through the breastplate, as Ctesias, the physician, relates, stating that he

himself dressed the wound. 27. As Cyrus was in the act of striking, some one hit him violently with a javelin under the eye; and how many of those about the king were killed (while they thus fought, the king, and Cyrus, and their respective followers in defense of each), Ctesias relates, for he was with him; on the other side, Cyrus himself was killed, and eight of his principal officers lay dead upon his body. 28. Artapates, the most faithful servant to him of all his scepter bearers, when he saw Cyrus fall, is said to have leaped from his horse, and thrown himself upon the body of his master; 29. and some say, that the king ordered some one to kill him on the body of Cyrus; but others relate, that he drew his scimiter, and killed himself upon the body; for he had a golden scimiter by his side, and also wore a chain and bracelets, and other ornaments, like the noblest of the Persians; since he was honored by Cyrus for his attachment and fidelity to him.

1. Thus then, died Cyrus; a man who, of all the Persians since Cyrus the elder, was the most princely and most worthy of empire, as is agreed by all who appear to have had personal knowledge of him. 2. In the first place, while he was yet a boy, and when he was receiving his education with his brother and the other youths, he was thought to surpass them all in everything. 3. For all the sons of the Persian nobles are educated at the gates of the king, where they may learn many a lesson of virtuous conduct, but can see or hear nothing disgraceful. 4. Here the boys see some honored by the king, and others disgraced, and hear of them, so that in their very childhood they learn to govern and to obey.

5. Here Cyrus, first of all, showed himself most remarkable for modesty among those of his own age, and for paying more ready obedience to his elders than even those who were inferior to him in station; and next, he was noted for his fondness for horses, and for managing them in a superior manner. They found him, too, very desirous of learning, and most assiduous in practicing, the warlike exercises of archery, and hurling the javelin. 6. When it suited his age, he grew exceedingly fond of the chase, and of braving dangers in encounters with wild beasts. On one occasion, he did not shrink from a she-bear that attacked him, but, in grappling with her, was dragged from off his horse, and received some wounds, the scars of which were visible on his body, but at last killed her. The

person who first came to his assistance he made a happy man in the eyes of many.

7. When he was sent down by his father, as satrap of Lydia and Great Phrygia and Cappadocia, and also appointed commander of all the troops whose duty it is to muster in the plain of Castolus, he soon showed that if he made a league or compact with any one, or gave a promise, he deemed it of the utmost importance not to break his word. 8. Accordingly the states that were committed to his charge, as well as individuals, had the greatest confidence in him; and if any one had been his enemy, he felt secure that if Cyrus entered into a treaty with him, he should suffer no infraction of the stipulations. 9. When, therefore, he waged war against Tissaphernes, all the cities, of their own accord, chose to adhere to Cyrus in preference to Tissaphernes, except the Milesians; but they feared him, because he would not abandon the cause of the exiles; 10. for he both showed by his deeds, and declared in words, that he would never desert them, since he had once become a friend to them, not even though they should grow still fewer in number, and be in a worse condition than they were.

11. Whenever any one did him a kindness or an injury, he showed himself anxious to go beyond him in those respects; and some used to mention a wish of his, that "he desired to live long enough to outdo both those who had done him good, and those who had done him ill, in the requital that he should make." 12. Accordingly to him alone of the men of our days were so great a number of people desirous of committing the disposal of their property, their cities, and their own persons.

13. Yet no one could with truth say this of him, that he suffered the criminal or unjust to deride his authority; for he of all men inflicted punishment most unsparingly; and there were often to be seen, along the most frequented roads, men deprived of their feet, or hands, or eyes; so that in Cyrus' dominions, it was possible for any one, Greek or Barbarian, who did no wrong, to travel without fear whithersoever he pleased, and having with him whatever might suit his convenience.

14. To those who showed ability for war, it is acknowledged that he paid distinguished honor. His first war was with the Pisidians and Mysians; and, marching in person into these countries, he made those whom he saw voluntarily haz-

arding their lives in his service, governors over the territory that he subdued, and distinguished them with rewards in other ways. 15. So that the brave appeared to be the most fortunate of men, while the cowardly were deemed fit only to be their slaves. There were, therefore, great numbers of persons who voluntarily exposed themselves to danger, wherever they thought that Cyrus would become aware of their exertions.

16. With regard to justice, if any appeared to him inclined to display that virtue, he made a point of making such men richer than those who sought to profit by injustice. 17. Accordingly, while in many other respects his affairs were administered judiciously, he likewise possessed an army worthy of the name. For it was not for money that generals and captains came from foreign lands to enter into his service, but because they were persuaded that to serve Cyrus well, would be more profitable than any amount of monthly pay. 18. Besides, if any one executed his orders in a superior manner, he never suffered his diligence to go unrewarded; consequently, in every undertaking, the best-qualified officers were said to be ready to assist him.

19. If he noticed any one that was a skillful manager, with strict regard to justice, stocking the land of which he had the direction, and securing income from it, he would never take anything from such a person, but was ever ready to give him something in addition; so that men labored with cheerfulness, acquiring property with confidence, and made no concealment from Cyrus of what each possessed; for he did not appear to envy those who amassed riches openly, but to endeavor to bring into use the wealth of those who concealed it.

20. Whatever friends he made, and felt to be well-disposed to him, and considered to be capable of assisting him in anything that he might wish to accomplish, he is acknowledged by all to have been most successful in attaching them to him. 21. For, on the very same account on which he thought that he himself had need of friends, namely, that he might have coöperators in his undertakings, did he endeavor to prove an efficient assistant to his friends in whatever he perceived any of them desirous of effecting.

22. He received, for many reasons, more presents than perhaps any other single individual; and these he outdid every one else in distributing amongst his friends, having a view to the character of each, and to what he perceived each most

needed. 22. Whatever presents any one sent him of articles of personal ornament, whether for warlike accouterment, or merely for dress, concerning these, they said, he used to remark, that he could not decorate his own person with them all, but that he thought friends well equipped were the greatest ornament a man could have. 24. That he should outdo his friends, indeed, in conferring great benefits, is not at all wonderful, since he was so much more able; but, that he should surpass his friends in kind attentions, and an anxious desire to oblige, appears to me far more worthy of admiration. 25. Frequently, when he had wine served him of a peculiarly fine flavor, he would send half-emptied flagons of it to some of his friends, with a message to this effect: "Cyrus has not for some time met with pleasanter wine than this; and he has therefore sent some of it to you, and begs you will drink it to-day, with those whom you love best." 26. He would often, too, send geese partly eaten, and the halves of loaves, and other such things, desiring the bearer to say, in presenting them, "Cyrus has been delighted with these, and therefore wishes you also to taste of them."

27. Wherever provender was scarce, but he himself, from having many attendants, and from the care which he took, was able to procure some, he would send it about, and desire his friends to give that provender to the horses that carried them, so that hungry steeds might not carry his friends. 28. Whenever he rode out, and many were likely to see him, he would call to him his friends, and hold earnest conversation with them, that he might show whom he held in honor; so that, from what I have heard, I should think that no one was ever beloved by a greater number of persons, either Greeks or Barbarians. 29. Of this fact the following is a proof: that no one deserted to the king from Cyrus, though only a subject (except that Orontes attempted to do so; but he soon found the person whom he believed faithful to him, more a friend to Cyrus than to himself), while many came over to Cyrus from the king, after they became enemies to each other; and these, too, men who were greatly beloved by the king; for they felt persuaded, that if they proved themselves brave soldiers under Cyrus, they would obtain from him more adequate rewards for their services than from the king.

30. What occurred also at the time of his death, is a great proof, as well that he himself was a man of merit, as that he

could accurately distinguish such as were trustworthy, well disposed, and constant in their attachment. 31. For when he was killed, all his friends, and the partakers of his table, who were with him, fell fighting in his defense, except Ariæus, who had been posted, in command of the cavalry, on the left; and, when he learned that Cyrus had fallen in the battle, he took to flight, with all the troops which he had under his command.

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THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[**Walter Savage Landor**: English poet and miscellaneous writer; born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864, where he had lived chiefly since 1821. His "Imaginary Conversations" fill six large volumes. His first volume of Poems was published in 1795; his last, entitled "Heroic Idylls," in 1863. The list of his writings in prose and verse is very long.]

Who will away to Athens with me? Who
Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flowers
Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist the sail,
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard, or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts;
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropion port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

"Brother! O brother Hippias! Oh, if love,
If pity ever touched thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst thou not, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walked up to the Parthenon
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"

"Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Here,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."

The sword was up,
And yet he kissed her twice. Some god withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seethed slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder and spoke thus:—
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have asked thyself
That question ere the sail first flapt the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Peiræus they reëntered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed to think
He had retained it there, in sight of rude
Irreverent men; he led her forth nor spake.
Hippias walked silent too, until they reached
The mansion of Peisistratos, her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.

"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe my daughter?"

"Nothing, Sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! Shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people, and before the goddess,
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile, this my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaimed: —
"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people
All who beheld thy trespasses behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

DEMOSTHENES "ON THE CROWN."[1]

[Demosthenes, the greatest orator of antiquity, the son of a rich Athenian manufacturer, was born about B.C. 385. His father dying when the boy was small, his education was neglected; but at seventeen he began to train himself in oratory, in spite of a bad stammer and weak lungs. His oratory was applied

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[1] From "Ancient Classics for English Readers." By permission of W. Blackwood & Sons. 28 vols., crown 8vo., cloth, price 2*s*. 6*d*. each.

DEMOSTHENES

partly to law cases, but also to politics, especially to opposing the attempts of Philip of Macedon to form a league against Persia under Macedonian hegemony. He failed, and was accused of cowardice, bribery, etc., by his rival Æschines, but turned the tables by his oration "On the Crown," gaining a golden crown for his political conduct and sending his rival into exile. After several ups and downs, — being once banished, but recalled with enthusiasm after Alexander's death, — he poisoned himself, B.C. 322, to avoid being delivered up to Antipater.]

The Finale.

I HOLD the fortune of our commonwealth to be good, and so I find the oracles of Dodonæan Jupiter and Pythian Apollo declaring to us. The fortune of all mankind, which now prevails, I consider cruel and dreadful: for what Greek, what barbarian, has not in these times experienced a multitude of evils? That Athens chose the noblest policy, that she fares better than those very Greeks who thought, if they abandoned us, they should abide in prosperity, I reckon as part of her good fortune: if she suffered reverses, if all happened not to us as we desired, I conceive she has had that share of the general fortune which fell to our lot. As to my fortune (personally speaking) or that of any individual among us, it should, as I conceive, be judged of in connection with personal matters. Such is my opinion upon the subject of fortune, a right and just one, as it appears to me, and I think you will agree with it. Æschines says that my individual fortune is paramount to that of the commonwealth, the small and mean to the good and great. How can this possibly be?

However, if you are determined, Æschines, to scrutinize my fortune, compare it with your own, and, if you find my fortune better than yours, cease to revile it. Look then from the very beginning. And I pray and entreat that I may not be condemned for bad taste. I don't think any person wise who insults poverty, or who prides himself on having been bred in affluence: but by the slander and malice of this cruel man I am forced into such a discussion; which I will conduct with all the moderation which circumstances allow.

I had the advantage, Æschines, in my boyhood of going to proper schools, and having such allowance as a boy should have who is to do nothing mean from indigence. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choir master, ship commander, ratepayer; backward in no acts of liberality public or private, but making myself useful to the commonwealth and to my friends. When I entered upon state affairs, I chose such a line of politics, that both by my country and many people of Greece I have been crowned many times, and not even you my enemies venture to say that the line I chose was not honorable. Such then has been the fortune of my life: I could enlarge upon it, but I forbear, lest what I pride myself in should give offense.

But you, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, look what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine. As a boy you were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room, doing the duty of a menial rather than a freeman's son. After you were grown up, you attended your mother's initiations, reading her books and helping in all the ceremonies: at night wrapping the novitiates in fawn skin, swilling, purifying, and scouring them with clay and bran, raising them after the lustration, and bidding them say, "Bad I have scaped, and better I have found;" priding yourself that no one ever howled so lustily — and I believe him! for don't suppose that he who speaks so loud is not a splendid howler! In the daytime you led your noble orgiasts, crowned with fennel and poplar, through the highways, squeezing the big-cheeked serpents, and lifting them over your head, and shouting Evœ Sabœ, and capering to the words Hyes Attes, Attes Hyes, saluted by the beldames as Leader, Conductor, Chest Bearer, Fan Bearer, and the like, getting as your reward tarts and biscuits and rolls; for which any man might well bless himself and his fortune!

When you were enrolled among your fellow-townsmen — by what means I stop not to inquire — when you were enrolled however, you immediately selected the most honorable of employments, that of clerk and assistant to our petty magistrates. From this you were removed after a while, having done yourself all that you charge others with; and then, sure enough, you disgraced not your antecedents by your subsequent life, but hiring yourself to those ranting players, as they were called, Simylus and Socrates, you acted third parts, collecting figs and grapes and olives like a fruiterer from other men's farms, and getting more from them than from the playing, in which the lives of your whole company were at stake; for there was an implacable and incessant war between them and the audience, from whom you received so many wounds, that no wonder you taunt as cowards, people inexperienced in such encounters.

But passing over what may be imputed to poverty, I will come to the direct charges against your character. You espoused such a line of politics (when at last you thought of taking to them), that, if your country prospered, you lived the life of a hare, fearing and trembling and ever expecting to be scourged for the crimes of which your conscience accused you, though all have seen how bold you were during the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the death of a thousand citizens — what does he deserve at the hands of the living? A great deal more that I could say about him I shall omit, for it is not all I can tell of his turpitude and infamy which I ought to let slip from my tongue, but only what is not disgraceful to myself to mention.

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines; and then ask these people whose fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school: you performed initiations, I received them: you danced in the chorus, I furnished it: you were assembly clerk, I was a speaker: you acted third parts, I heard you: you broke down, and I hissed: you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offense; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

Come now, let me read the evidence to the jury of public services which I have performed. And by way of comparison do you recite me the verses which you murdered: —

> From Hades and the dusky realms I come.

And

> Ill news, believe me, I am loath to bear.

Ill betide thee, say I, and may the Gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a vile third-rate actor!

Read the evidence.

[*Evidence.*]

Such has been my character in political matters. In private, if you do not all know that I have been liberal and humane and charitable to the distressed, I am silent, I will say not a word, I will offer no evidence on the subject, either of persons whom I ransomed from the enemy, or of persons whose daughters I helped to portion, or anything of the kind. For this is my maxim. I hold that the party receiving an obligation should ever remember it, the party conferring should forget it immediately, if the one is to act with honesty, the other without meanness. To remind and speak of your own bounties is next door to reproaching. I will not act so; nothing shall induce me. Whatever my reputation is in these respects, I am content with it.

I will have done then with private topics, but say another word or two upon public. If you can mention, Æschines, a single man under the sun, whether Greek or barbarian, who has not suffered by Philip's power formerly and Alexander's now, well and good; I concede to you that my fortune, or misfortune (if you please), has been the cause of everything. But if many that never saw me or heard my voice have been grievously afflicted, not individuals only, but whole cities and nations, how much juster and fairer is it to consider that to the common fortune apparently of all men, to a tide of events overwhelming and lamentable, these disasters are to be attributed. You, disregarding all this, accuse me whose ministry has been among my countrymen, knowing all the while that a part (if not the whole) of your calumny falls upon the people, and yourself in particular. For if I assumed the sole and absolute direction of our counsels, it was open to you the other speakers to accuse me: but if you were constantly present in all the assemblies, if the state invited public discussion of what was expedient, and if these measures were then believed by all to be the best, and especially by you (for certainly from no good will did you leave me in possession of hopes and admiration and honors, all of which attended on my policy, but doubtless because you were compelled by the truth and had nothing better to advise), is it not iniquitous and monstrous to complain now of measures, than which you could suggest none better at the time?

Among all other people I find these principles in a manner defined and settled — Does a man willfully offend? He is the object of wrath and punishment. Has a man erred unintentionally? There is pardon instead of punishment for him. Has a man devoted himself to what seemed for the general good, and without any fault or misconduct been in common with all disappointed of success? Such a one deserves not obloquy or reproach, but sympathy. These principles will not be found in our statutes only: Nature herself has defined them by her unwritten laws and the feelings of humanity. Æschines however has so far surpassed all men in brutality and malignity; that even things which he cited himself as misfortunes he imputes to me as crimes.

And besides — as if he himself had spoken everything with candor and good will — he told you to watch me, and mind that I did not cajole and deceive you, calling me a great orator, a juggler, a sophist, and the like: as though, if a man says of another what applies to himself, it must be true, and the hearers are not to inquire who the person is that makes the charge. Certain am I, that you are all acquainted with my opponent's character, and believe these charges to be more applicable to him than to me. And of this I am sure, that my oratory — let it be so: though indeed I find that the speaker's power depends for the most part on the hearers; for according to your reception and favor it is, that the wisdom of a speaker is esteemed — if I however possess any ability of this sort, you will find it has been exhibited always in public business on your behalf, never against you or on personal matters; whereas that of Æschines has been displayed not only in speaking for the enemy, but against all persons who ever offended or quarreled with him. It is not for justice or the good of the commonwealth that he employs it. A citizen of worth and honor should not call upon judges impaneled in the public service to gratify his anger or hatred or anything of that kind; nor should he come before you upon such grounds. The best thing is not to have these feelings; but, if it cannot be helped, they should be mitigated and restrained.

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person who never sought to punish me for any offense either public or private, on the state's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words

— this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprises everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention: he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But — do you see? — I have: for my objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be — when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with, than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the face! Do you think they don't know you? or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion, as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly, cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle, than you forgot all that; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship — new names these for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea the timbrel player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen: and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile [illegible] proach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me ; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof : On the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of your party — but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful heaven!), and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. The reason — you are not ignorant of it — yet I will tell you. The Athenians knew as well the loyalty and zeal with which I conducted their affairs, as the dishonesty of you and your party ; for what you denied upon oath in our prosperity, you confessed in the misfortunes of the republic. They considered, therefore, that men who got security for their politics by the public disasters had been their enemies long before, and were then avowedly such. They thought it right also, that the person who was to speak in honor of the fallen and celebrate their valor should not have sat under the same roof or at the same table with their antagonists ; that he should not revel there and sing a pæan over the calamities of Greece in company with their murderers, and then come here and receive distinction ; that he should not with his voice act the mourner of their fate, but that he should lament over them with his heart. This they perceived in themselves and in me, but not in any of you : therefore they elected me, and not you. Nor, while the people felt thus, did the fathers and brothers of the deceased, who were chosen by the people to perform their obsequies, feel differently. For having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason : because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

Read him this epitaph, which the state chose to inscribe on their monument, that you may see even by this, Æschines, what a heartless and malignant wretch you are. Read.

The Epitaph.

These are the patriot brave, who side by side
Stood to their arms, and dashed the foeman's pride:
Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
Hades they chose the arbiter of strife;
That Greeks might ne'er to haughty victors bow,
Nor thraldom's yoke, nor dire oppression know;
They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast
(Such was the doom of heaven) these warriors rest.
Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain,
But man must suffer what the fates ordain.

Do you hear, Æschines, in this very inscription, that "Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain?" Not to the statesman does it ascribe the power of giving victory in battle, but to the Gods. Wherefore then, execrable man, do you reproach me with these things? Wherefore utter such language? I pray that it may fall upon the heads of you and yours.

Many other accusations and falsehoods he urged against me, O Athenians, but one thing surprised me more than all, that, when he mentioned the late misfortunes of the country, he felt not as became a well-disposed and upright citizen, he shed no tear, experienced no such emotion: with a loud voice exulting, and straining his throat, he imagined apparently that he was accusing me, while he was giving proof against himself, that our distresses touched him not in the same manner as the rest. A person who pretends, as he did, to care for the laws and constitution, ought at least to have this about him, that he grieves and rejoices for the same cause as the people, and not by his politics to be enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, as Æschines has plainly done, saying that I am the cause of all, and that the commonwealth has fallen into troubles through me, when it was not owing to my views or principles that you began to assist the Greeks; for, if you conceded this to me, that my influence caused you to resist the subjugation of Greece, it would be a higher honor than any that you have bestowed upon others. I myself would not make such an assertion — it would be doing you injustice — nor would you allow it, I am sure; and Æschines, if he acted honestly, would never, out of enmity to me, have disparaged and defamed the greatest of your glories.

But why do I censure him for this, when with calumny far more shocking has he assailed me? He that charges me with Philippizing — O heaven and earth! — what would he not say? By Hercules and the Gods! if one had honestly to inquire, discarding all expression of spite and falsehood, who the persons really are, on whom the blame of what has happened may by common consent fairly and justly be thrown, it would be found, they are persons in the various states like Æschines, not like me — persons who, while Philip's power was feeble and exceedingly small, and we were constantly warning and exhorting and giving salutary counsel, sacrificed the general interests for the sake of selfish lucre, deceiving and corrupting their respective countrymen, until they made them slaves — Daochus, Cineas, Thrasylaus, the Thessalians; Cercidas, Hieronymus, Eucampidas, the Arcadians; Myrtis, Teledamus, Mnaseas, the Argives; Euxitheus, Cleotimus, Aristæchmus, the Eleans; Neon and Thrasylochus, sons of the accursed Philiades, the Messenians; Aristratus, Epichares, the Sicyonians; Dinarchus, Demaratus, the Corinthians; Ptœodorus, Helixus, Perilaus, the Megarians; Timolaus, Theogiton, Anemœtas, the Thebans; Hipparchus, Clitarchus, Sosistratus, the Eubœans. The day will not last me to recount the names of the traitors. All these, O Athenians, are men of the same politics in their own countries as this party among you, — profligates, and parasites, and miscreants, who have each of them crippled their fatherlands; toasted away their liberty, first to Philip and last to Alexander; who measure happiness by their belly and all that is base, while freedom and independence, which the Greeks of olden time regarded as the test and standard of well-being, they have annihilated.

Of this base and infamous conspiracy and profligacy — or rather, O Athenians, if I am to speak in earnest, of this betrayal of Grecian liberty — Athens is by all mankind acquitted, owing to my counsels; and I am acquitted by you. Then do you ask me, Æschines, for what merit I claim to be honored? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt or induce to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial to my country. Whatever I have advised my fellow-citizens, I have never advised like you men, leaning as in a balance to the side of profit: all my proceedings have been those of a soul upright, honest, and incorrupt: intrusted with affairs of greater magnitude than any of my contemporaries, I have administered them all honestly and faithfully. Therefore do I claim to be honored.

As to this fortification, for which you ridiculed me, of the wall and fosse, I regard them as deserving of thanks and praise, and so they are; but I place them nowhere near my acts of administration. Not with stones nor with bricks did I fortify Athens: nor is this the ministry on which I most pride myself. Would you view my fortifications aright, you will find arms, and states, and posts, and harbors, and galleys, and horses, and men for their defense. These are the bulwarks with which I protected Attica, as far as was possible by human wisdom; with these I fortified our territory, not the circle of Piræus or the city. Nay, more: I was not beaten by Philip in estimates or preparations; far from it; but the generals and forces of the allies were overcome by his fortune. Where are the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Consider.

What was the course becoming a loyal citizen — a statesman serving his country with all possible forethought and zeal and fidelity? Should he not have covered Attica on the seaboard with Eubœa, on the midland frontier with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesian with the people of that confine? Should he not have provided for the conveyance of corn along a friendly coast all the way to Piræus? preserved certain places that belonged to us by sending off succors, and by advising and moving accordingly, — Proconnesus, Chersonesus, Tenedos? brought others into alliance and confederacy with us, — Byzantium, Abydus, Eubœa? — cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and supplied what the commonwealth was deficient in? All this has been accomplished by my decrees and measures; and whoever will examine them without prejudice, men of Athens, will find they were rightly planned and faithfully executed; that none of the proper seasons were lost or missed or thrown away by me, nothing which depended on one man's ability and prudence was neglected. But if the power of some deity or of fortune, or the worthlessness of commanders, or the wickedness of you that betrayed your countries, or all these things together, injured and eventually ruined our cause, of what is Demosthenes guilty? Had there in each of the Greek cities been one such man as I was in my station among you; or rather, had Thessaly possessed one single man, and

Arcadia one, of the same sentiments as myself, none of the Greeks either beyond or within Thermopylæ would have suffered their present calamities; all would have been free and independent, living prosperously in their own countries with perfect safety and security, thankful to you and the rest of the Athenians for such manifold blessings through me.

To show you that I greatly understate my services for fear of giving offense, here — read me this — the list of auxiliaries procured by my decrees.

[*The list of auxiliaries.*]

These and the like measures, Æschines, are what become an honorable citizen (by their success — O earth and heaven! — we should have been the greatest of people incontestably, and deserved to be so: even under their failure the result is glory, and no one blames Athens or her policy: all condemn fortune that so ordered things): but never will he desert the interests of the commonwealth, nor hire himself to her adversaries, and study the enemy's advantage instead of his country's; nor on a man who has courage to advise and propose measures worthy of the state, and resolution to persevere in them, will he cast an evil eye, and, if any one privately offends him, remember and treasure it up; no, nor keep himself in a criminal and treacherous retirement, as you so often do. There is indeed a retirement just and beneficial to the state, such as you, the bulk of my countrymen, innocently enjoy: that however is not the retirement of Æschines; far from it. Withdrawing himself from public life when he pleases (and that is often), he watches for the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker, or when some reverse of fortune has befallen you, or anything untoward has happened (and many are the casualties of human life): at such a crisis he springs up an orator, rising from his retreat like a wind; in full voice, with words and phrases collected, he rolls them out audibly and breathlessly, to no advantage or good purpose whatsoever, but to the detriment of some or other of his fellow-citizens and to the general disgrace.

Yet from this labor and diligence, Æschines, if it proceeded from an honest heart, solicitous for your country's welfare, the fruits should have been rich and noble and profitable to all — alliances of states, supplies of money, conveniences of commerce, enactment of useful laws, opposition to our declared enemies. All such things were looked for in former times; and many opportunities did the past afford for a good man and true to show himself; during which time you are nowhere to be found, neither first, second, third, fourth, fifth, nor sixth — not in any rank at all — certainly on no service by which your country was exalted. For what alliance has come to the state by your procurement? What succors, what acquisition of good will or credit? What embassy or agency is there of yours, by which the reputation of the country has been increased? What concern domestic, Hellenic, or foreign, of which you have had the management, has improved under it? What galleys? what ammunition? what arsenals? what repair of walls? what cavalry? What in the world are you good for? What assistance in money have you ever given, either to the rich or the poor, out of public spirit or liberality? None. But, good sir, if there is nothing of this, there is at all events zeal and loyalty. Where? when? You infamous fellow! Even at a time when all who ever spoke upon the platform gave something for the public safety, and last Aristonicus gave the sum which he had amassed to retrieve his franchise, you neither came forward nor contributed a mite — not from inability — no! for you have inherited above five talents from Philo, your wife's father, and you had a subscription of two talents from the chairmen of the Boards for what you did to cut up the navy law. But, that I may not go from one thing to another and lose sight of the question, I pass this by. That it was not poverty prevented your contributing, already appears: it was, in fact, your anxiety to do nothing against those to whom your political life is subservient. On what occasions then do you show your spirit? When do you shine out? When aught is to be spoken against your countrymen! — then it is you are splendid in voice, perfect in memory, an admirable actor, a tragic Theocrines.

You mention the good men of olden times: and you are right so to do. Yet it is hardly fair, O Athenians, that he should get the advantage of that respect which you have for the dead, to compare and contrast me with them, — me who am living among you; for what mortal is ignorant that toward the living there exists always more or less of ill will, whereas the dead are no longer hated even by an enemy? Such being human nature, am I to be tried and judged by the standard of my predecessors? Heaven forbid! It is not just or equitable, Æschines. Let me be compared with you, or any persons you like of your party who are still alive. And consider this — whether it is more honorable and better for the state, that because of the services of a former age, prodigious though they are beyond all power of expression, those of the present generation should be unrequited and spurned, or that all who give proof of their good intentions should have their share of honor and regard from the people? Yet indeed — if I must say so much — my politics and principles, if considered fairly, will be found to resemble those of the illustrious ancients, and to have had the same objects in view, while yours resemble those of their calumniators; for it is certain there were persons in those times, who ran down the living, and praised people dead and gone, with a malignant purpose like yourself.

You say that I am nothing like the ancients. Are you like them, Æschines? Is your brother, or any of our speakers? I assert that none is. But pray, my good fellow (that I may give you no other name), try the living with the living and with his competitors, as you would in all cases — poets, dancers, athletes. Philammon did not, because he was inferior to Glaucus of Carystus and some other champions of a bygone age, depart uncrowned from Olympia, but, because he beat all who entered the ring against him, was crowned and proclaimed conqueror. So I ask you to compare me with the orators of the day, with yourself, with any one you like: I yield to none. When the commonwealth was at liberty to choose for her advantage, and patriotism was a matter of emulation, I showed myself a better counselor than any, and every act of state was pursuant to my decrees and laws and negotiations: none of your party was to be seen, unless you had to do the Athenians a mischief. After that lamentable occurrence, when there was a call no longer for advisers, but for persons obedient to command, persons ready to be hired against their country and willing to flatter strangers, then all of you were in occupation, grand people with splendid equipages; I was powerless, I confess, though more attached to my countrymen than you.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen — so may I speak of myself and give the least offense: In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and preëminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded — when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me — when they menaced — when they promised — when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me — never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men, who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye Gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves, exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

By JOHN KEATS.

[**John Keats**: An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but is incoherent. Its great promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends," in 1891.]

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

Manuscript of John Keats.

Letter to his sister, Fanny Keats, afterwards Señora Llanos, at the beginning of his last illness, with mention of his poems, "Hyperion, Lamia," etc., then just published. Written at Wentworth Place, with postmark 14 Aug., 1820.

The full text of the letter is as follows:

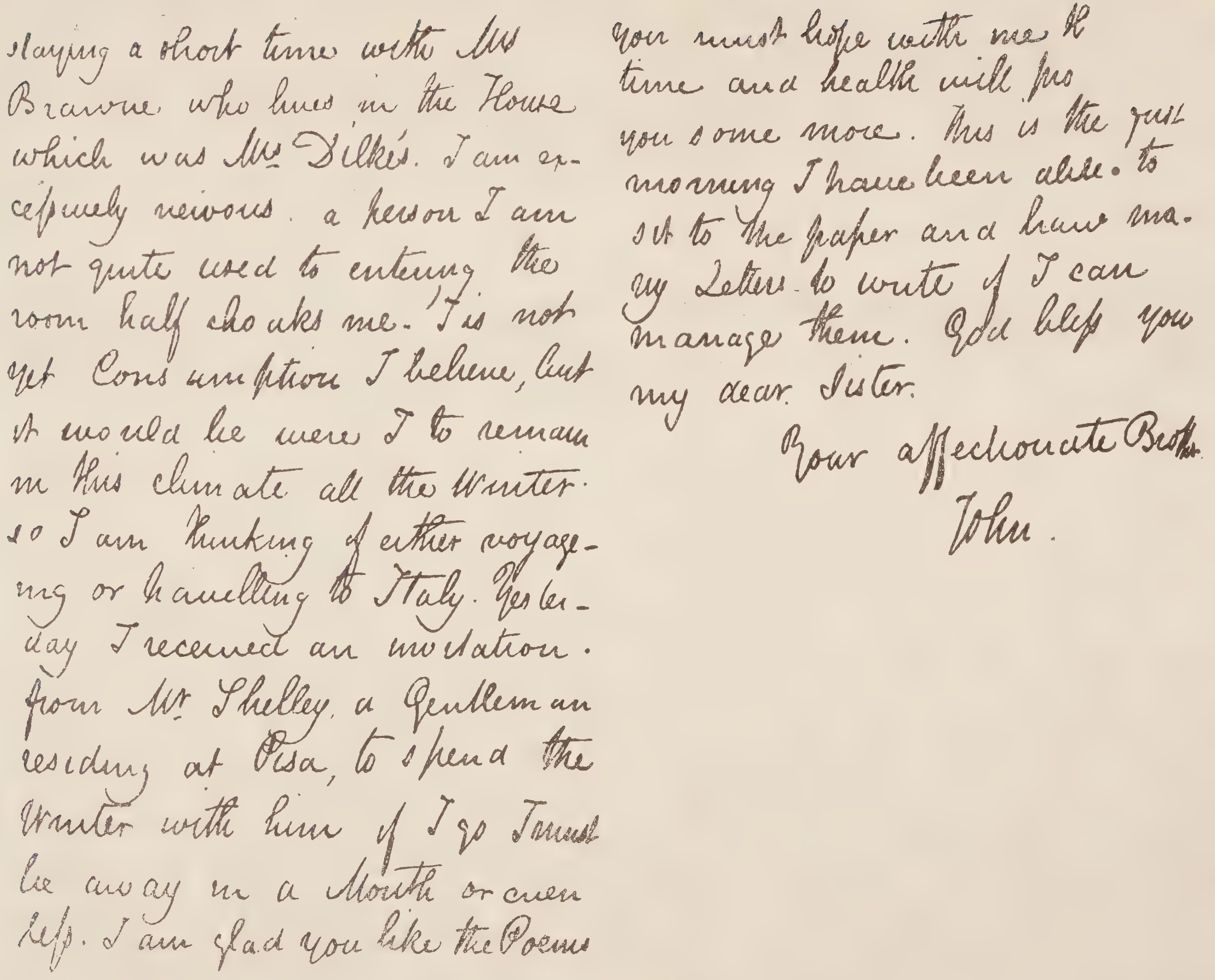
Wentworth Place

My dear Fanny,—'Tis a long time since I received your last. An accident of an unpleasant nature occurred at Mr. Hunts, and prevented me from answering you, that is to say, made me nervous. That you may not suppose it worse, I will mention that someone of Mr. Hunt's household opened a Letter of mine, upon which I immediately left Mortimer Terrace, with the intention of taking to Mrs. Bentleys again; fortunately I am not in so lone a situation, but am staying a short time with Mrs. Brawne, who lives in the House which was Mrs. Dilke's. I am excessively nervous: a person I am not quite used to entering the room half choaks me. 'Tis not yet Consumption I believe, but it would be were I to remain in this climate all the winter; so I am thinking of either voyageing or travelling to Italy. Yesterday I received an invitation from Mr. Shelley, a Gentleman residing at Pisa, to spend the winter with him; if I go, I must be away in a Month or even less. I am glad you like the poems; you must hope with me th[at] time and health will pro[duce] you some more. This is the first morning I have been able to sit to the paper and have many Letters to write, if I can manage them. God bless you my dear sister,

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN.

[Vol. III. p. 744.]



staying a short time with Mrs Brawne who lives in the House which was Mrs Dilke's. I am excessively nervous. a person I am not quite used to entering the room half chokes me. T'is not yet Consumption I believe, but it would be were I to remain in this climate all the Winter. so I am thinking of either voyaging or travelling to Italy. Yesterday I received an invitation. from Mr Shelley, a Gentleman residing at Pisa, to spend the Winter with him if I go I must be away in a Month or even less. I am glad you like the Poems you must hope with me th time and health will pro you some more. This is the first morning I have been able. to sit to the paper and have many Letters to write if I can manage them. God bless you my dear Sister.

Your affectionate Brothr.
John.

JOHN KEATS, 1820.

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 34,019, f. 81.

Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ALEXANDER AT HIS BEST AND WORST.

By PLUTARCH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 558.]

Darius wrote him a letter, and sent friends to intercede with him, requesting him to accept as a ransom of his captives the sum of a thousand talents, and offering him in exchange for his amity and alliance all the countries on this side the river Euphrates, together with one of his daughters in marriage. These propositions he communicated to his friends, and when Parmenio told him, that for his part, if he were Alexander, he should readily embrace them, "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." Accordingly, his answer to Darius was, that if he would come and yield himself up into his power, he would treat him with all possible kindness; if not, he was resolved immediately to go himself and seek him. But the death of Darius' wife in childbirth made him soon after regret one part of his answer, and he showed evident marks of grief at being thus deprived of a further opportunity of exercising his clemency and good nature, which he manifested, however, as far as he could, by giving her a most sumptuous funeral.

Among the eunuchs who waited in the queen's chamber, and were taken prisoners with the women, there was one Tireus, who, getting out of the camp, fled away on horseback to Darius, to inform him of his wife's death. He, when he heard it, beating his head, and bursting into tears and lamentations, said: "Alas! how great is the calamity of the Persians! Was it not enough that their king's consort and sister was a prisoner in her lifetime, but she must, now she is dead, also be but meanly and obscurely buried?" "O king," replied the eunuch, "as to her funeral rites, or any respect or honor that should have been shown in them, you have not the least reason to accuse the ill fortune of your country; for to my knowledge neither your queen Statira when alive, nor your mother, nor children, wanted anything of their former happy condition, unless it were the light of your countenance, which I doubt not but the lord Oromasdes will yet restore to its former glory. And after her decease, I assure you, she had not only all due funeral ornaments, but was honored also with the tears of your very enemies; for Alexander is as gentle after victory, as he is terrible in the field."

At the hearing of these words, such was the grief and emotion of Darius' mind, that they carried him into extravagant suspicions; and taking Tireus aside into a more private part of his tent, "Unless thou likewise," said he to him, "hast deserted me, together with the good fortune of Persia, and art become a Macedonian in thy heart; if thou yet ownest me for thy master Darius, tell me, I charge thee, by the veneration thou payest the light of Mithras, and this right hand of thy king, do I not lament the least of Statira's misfortunes in her captivity and death? Have I not suffered something more injurious and deplorable in her lifetime? And had I not been miserable with less dishonor, if I had met with a more severe and inhuman enemy? For how is it possible a young man as he is should treat the wife of his opponent with so much distinction, were it not from some motive that does me disgrace?"

Whilst he was yet speaking, Tireus threw himself at his feet, and besought him neither to wrong Alexander so much, nor his dead wife and sister, as to give utterance to any such thoughts, which deprived him of the greatest consolation left him in his adversity, the belief that he was overcome by a man whose virtues raised him above human nature; that he ought to look upon Alexander with love and admiration, who had given no less proofs of his continence towards the Persian women, than of his valor among the men. The eunuch confirmed all he said with solemn and dreadful oaths, and was further enlarging upon Alexander's moderation and magnanimity on other occasions, when Darius, breaking away from him into the other division of the tent, where his friends and courtiers were, lifted up his hands to heaven, and uttered this prayer: "Ye gods," said he, "of my family, and of my kingdom, if it be possible, I beseech you to restore the declining affairs of Persia, that I may leave them in as flourishing a condition as I found them, and have it in my power to make a grateful return to Alexander for the kindness which in my adversity he has shown to those who are dearest to me. But if, indeed, the fatal time be come, which is to give a period to the Persian monarchy, if our ruin be a debt that must be paid to the divine jealousy and the vicissitude of things, then I beseech you grant that no other man but Alexander may sit upon the throne of Cyrus." Such is the narrative given by the greater number of the historians.

But to return to Alexander. After he had reduced all Asia on this side the Euphrates, he advanced towards Darius, who was coming down against him with a million of men. In his march a very ridiculous passage happened. The servants who followed the camp for sport's sake divided themselves into two parties, and named the commander of one of them Alexander, and the other Darius. At first they only pelted one another with clods of earth, but presently took to their fists, and at last, heated with contention, they fought in good earnest with stones and clubs, so that they had much ado to part them; till Alexander, upon hearing of it, ordered the two captains to decide the quarrel by single combat, and armed him who bore his name himself, while Philotas did the same to him who represented Darius. The whole army were spectators of this encounter, willing from the event of it to derive an omen of their own future success. After they had fought stoutly a pretty long while, at last he who was called Alexander had the better, and for a reward of his prowess had twelve villages given him, with leave to wear the Persian dress. So we are told by Eratosthenes.

But the great battle of all that was fought with Darius was not, as most writers tell us, at Arbela, but at Gaugamela, which, in their language, signifies the camel's house, forasmuch as one of their ancient kings having escaped the pursuit of his enemies on a swift camel, in gratitude to his beast, settled him at this place, with an allowance of certain villages and rents for his maintenance. It came to pass that in the month Boëdromion, about the beginning of the feast of Mysteries at Athens, there was an eclipse of the moon, the eleventh night after which, the two armies being now in view of one another, Darius kept his men in arms, and by torchlight took a general review of them. But Alexander, while his soldiers slept, spent the night before his tent with his diviner, Aristander, performing certain mysterious ceremonies, and sacrificing to the god Fear. In the mean while the oldest of his commanders, and chiefly Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the uncertain and confused sounds of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, besought him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory," which though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others, however, regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future, not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune again, which he might suppose himself to have, if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid himself down in his tent and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by his name, till he waked him, and then asked him how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious. "And are we not so, indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?"

And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio, that he sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reinforcement drawn out of the front. This message being brought him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten, in his alarm, that soldiers, if victorious, become masters of their enemies' baggage ; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight gallantly and die with honor. When he had said this, he put on his helmet, having the rest of his arms on before he came out of his tent, which were a coat of the Sicilian make, girt close about him, and over that a breast piece of thickly quilted linen, which was taken among other booty at the battle of Issus. The helmet, which was made by Theophilus, though of iron, was so well wrought and polished, that it was as bright as the most refined silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, which was the weapon he most used in fight, was given him by the king of the Citieans, and was of an admirable temper and lightness. The belt which he also wore in all engagements was of much richer workmanship than the rest of his armor. It was a work of the ancient Helicon, and had been presented to him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect for him. So long as he was engaged in drawing up his men, or riding about to give orders or directions, or to view them, he spared Bucephalus, who was now growing old, and made use of another horse ; but when he was actually to fight, he sent for him again, and as soon as he was mounted, commenced the attack.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians, upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him, and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle that soared just over Alexander and directed his flight towards the enemy; which so animated the beholders, that after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians shrank back, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed them almost all. Only a few of the bravest and valiantest opposed the pursuit, who were slain in their king's presence, falling in heaps upon one another, and in the very pangs of death striving to catch hold of the horses.

Darius now seeing all was lost, that those who were placed in front to defend him were broken and beaten back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly that the frightened charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together and would not give ground. For, indeed, Parmenio is on all hands accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and envied Alexander's growing greatness. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late to continue the execution any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle being thus over, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire ; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed king of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces. And eager to gain honor with the Grecians, he wrote to them that he would have all tyrannies abolished, that they might live free according to their own laws, and specially to the Plataeans, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had permitted their countrymen of old to make their territory the seat of the war, when they fought with the barbarians for their common liberty. He sent also part of the spoils into Italy, to the Crotoniats, to honor the zeal and courage of their citizen Phayllus, the wrestler, who, in the Median war, when the other Grecian colonies in Italy disowned Greece, that he might have a share in the danger, joined the fleet at Salamis, with a vessel set forth at his own charge. So affectionate was Alexander to all kind of virtue, and so desirous to preserve the memory of laudable actions.

In this place [Susa] he took up his winter quarters, and stayed four months to refresh his soldiers. It is related that the first time he sat on the royal throne of Persia under the canopy of gold, Demaratus the Corinthian, who was much attached to him and had been one of his father's friends, wept, in an old man's manner, and deplored the misfortune of those Greeks whom death had deprived of the satisfaction of seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius.

From hence designing to march against Darius, before he set out, he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to let every one's mistress sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of them was Thais, an Athenian, mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterwards king of Egypt. She, partly as a sort of well-turned compliment to Alexander, partly out of sport, as the drinking went on, at last was carried so far as to utter a saying, not misbecoming her native country's character, though somewhat too lofty for her own condition. She said it was indeed some recompense for the toils she had undergone in following the camp all over Asia, that she was that day treated in, and could insult over, the stately palace of the Persian monarchs. But, she added, it would please her much better if, while the king looked on, she might in sport, with her own hands, set fire to the court of that Xerxes who reduced the city of Athens to ashes, that it might be recorded to posterity that the women who followed Alexander had taken a severer revenge on the Persians for the sufferings and affronts of Greece, than all the famed commanders had been able to do by sea or land. What she said was received with such universal liking and murmurs of applause, and so seconded by the encouragement and eagerness of the company, that the king himself, persuaded to be of the party, started from his seat, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head and a lighted torch in his hand led them the way, while they went after him in a riotous manner, dancing and making loud cries about the place; which when the rest of the Macedonians perceived, they also in great delight ran thither with torches; for they hoped the burning and destruction of the royal palace was an argument that he looked homeward, and had no design to reside among the barbarians. Thus some writers give their account of this action, while others say it was done deliberately; however, all agree that he soon repented of it, and gave orders to put out the fire.

Alexander was naturally most munificent, and grew more so as his fortune increased, accompanying what he gave with that courtesy and freedom which, to speak truth, is necessary to make a benefit really obliging. I will give a few instances of this kind. Ariston, the captain of the Pæonians, having killed an enemy, brought his head to show him, and told him that in his country such a present was recompensed with a cup of gold. "With an empty one," said Alexander, smiling, "but I drink to you in this, which I give you full of wine." Another time, as one of the common soldiers was driving a mule laden with some of the king's treasure, the beast grew tired, and the soldier took it upon his own back, and began to march with it, till Alexander seeing the man so overcharged asked what was the matter; and when he was informed, just as he was ready to lay down his burden for weariness, "Do not faint now," said he to him, "but finish the journey, and carry what you have there to your own tent for yourself."

He was always more displeased with those who would not accept of what he gave than with those who begged of him. And therefore he wrote to Phocion, that he would not own him for his friend any longer, if he refused his presents. He had never given anything to Serapion, one of the youths that played at ball with him, because he did not ask of him, till one day, it coming to Serapion's turn to play, he still threw the ball to others, and when the king asked him why he did not direct it to him, "Because you do not ask for it," said he; which answer pleased him so that he was very liberal to him afterwards. One Proteas, a pleasant, jesting, drinking fellow, having incurred his displeasure, got his friends to intercede for him, and begged his pardon himself with tears, which at last prevailed, and Alexander declared he was friends with him. "I cannot believe it," said Proteas, "unless you first give me some pledge of it." The king understood his meaning, and presently ordered five talents to be given him.

How magnificent he was in enriching his friends, and those who attended on his person, appears by a letter which Olympias wrote to him, where she tells him he should reward and honor those about him in a more moderate way. "For now," said she, "you make them all equal to kings, you give them power and opportunity of making many friends of their own, and in the mean time you leave yourself destitute." She often wrote to him to this purpose, and he never communicated her letters to anybody, unless it were one which he opened when Hephæstion was by, whom he permitted, as his custom was, to read it along with him; but then as soon as he had done, he took off his ring, and set the seal upon Hephæstion's lips.

Mazæus, who was the most considerable man in Darius' court, had a son who was already governor of a province. Alexander bestowed another upon him that was better; he, however, modestly refused, and told him, instead of one Darius, he went the way to make many Alexanders. To Parmenio he gave Bagoas' house, in which he found a wardrobe of apparel worth more than a thousand talents. He wrote to Antipater, commanding him to keep a life guard about him for the security of his person against conspiracies. To his mother he sent many presents, but would never suffer her to meddle with matters of State or war, not indulging her busy temper, and when she fell out with him on this account, he bore her ill humor very patiently. Nay more, when he read a long letter from Antipater, full of accusations against her, "Antipater," he said, "does not know that one tear of a mother effaces a thousand such letters as these."

But when he perceived his favorites grow so luxurious and extravagant in their way of living and expenses, that Hagnon, the Teian, wore silver nails in his shoes, that Leonnatus employed several camels, only to bring him powder out of Egypt to use when he wrestled, and that Philotas had hunting nets a hundred furlongs in length, that more used precious ointment than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they carried about servants everywhere with them to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them in gentle and reasonable terms, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many single battles did not know by experience that those who labor sleep more sweetly and soundly than those who are labored for, and could fail to see by comparing the Persians' manner of living with their own, that it was the most abject and slavish condition to be voluptuous, but the most noble and royal to undergo pain and labor. He argued with them further, how it was possible for any one who pretended to be a soldier, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armor bright and in good order, who thought it much to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him, his own body. "Are you still to learn," said he, "that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those whom we subdue?" And to strengthen his precepts by example, he applied himself now more vigorously than ever to hunting and warlike expeditions, embracing all opportunities of hardship and danger, insomuch that a Lacedæmonian, who was there on an embassy to him, and chanced to be by when he encountered with and mastered a huge lion, told him he had fought gallantly with the beast, which of the two should be king. Craterus caused a representation to be made of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs, of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming in to his assistance, all expressed in figures of brass, some of which were by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares; and had it dedicated in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Alexander exposed his person to danger in this manner, with the object both of inuring himself and inciting others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions.

But his followers, who were grown rich, and consequently proud, longed to indulge themselves in pleasure and idleness, and were weary of marches and expeditions, and at last went on so far as to censure and speak ill of him. All which at first he bore very patiently, saying it became a king well to do good to others, and be evil spoken of. Meantime, on the smallest occasions that called for a show of kindness to his friends, there was every indication on his part of tenderness and respect. Hearing Peucestes was bitten by a bear, he wrote to him that he took it unkindly he should send others notice of it, and not make him acquainted with it; "But now," said he, "since it is so, let me know how you do, and whether any of your companions forsook you when you were in danger, that I may punish them." He sent Hephaestion, who was absent about some business, word how while they were fighting for their diversion with an ichneumon, Craterus was by chance run through both thighs with Perdiccas' javelin. And upon Peucestes' recovery from a fit of sickness, he sent a letter of thanks to his physician Alexippus. When Craterus was ill, he saw a vision in his sleep, after which he offered sacrifices for his health, and bade him do so likewise. He wrote also to Pausanias, the physician, who was about to purge Craterus with hellebore, partly out of an anxious concern for him, and partly to give him a caution how he used that medicine. He was so tender of his friends' reputation that he imprisoned Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of Harpalus' flight and withdrawal from his service, as if they had falsely accused him. When he sent the old and infirm soldiers home, Eurylochus, a citizen of Ægæ, got his name enrolled among the sick, though he ailed nothing, which being discovered, he confessed he was in love with a young woman named Telesippa, and wanted to go along with her to the seaside. Alexander inquired to whom the woman belonged, and being told she was a free courtesan, "I will assist you," said he to Eurylochus, "in your amour if your mistress be to be gained either by presents or persuasions; but we must use no other means, because she is freeborn."

It is surprising to consider upon what slight occasions he would write letters to serve his friends. As when he wrote one in which he gave orders to search for a youth that belonged to Seleucus, who was run away into Silicia; and in another thanked and commanded Peucestes for apprehending Nicon, a servant of Craterus; and in one to Megabyzus, concerning a slave that had taken sanctuary in a temple, gave directions that he should not meddle with him while he was there, but if he could entice him out by fair means, then he gave him leave to seize him. It is reported of him that when he first sat in judgment upon capital causes, he would lay his hand upon one of his ears while the accuser spoke, to keep it free and unprejudiced in behalf of the party accused. But afterwards such a multitude of accusations were brought before him, and so many proved true, that he lost his tenderness of heart, and gave credit to those also that were false; and especially when anybody spoke ill of him, he would be transported out of his reason, and show himself cruel and inexorable, valuing his glory and reputation beyond his life or kingdom.

He now, as we said, set forth to seek Darius, expecting he should be put to the hazard of another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius — for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs — harassed his soldiers so that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river they had found out, came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled a helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water: they told him to their children, adding, that if his life were but saved, it was no matter for them, they should be able well enough to repair that loss, though they all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all those who were near him stretching their heads out and looking earnestly after the drink, he returned it again with thanks without tasting a drop of it. "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart."

The soldiers no sooner took notice of his temperance and magnanimity upon this occasion, but they one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For whilst they had such a king they said they defied both weariness and thirst, and looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal. But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above threescore horse were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp, where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about; and passing by a great many chariots full of women that wandered here and there for want of drivers, they endeavored to overtake the first of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot, wounded all over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink, and when he had drunk a little cold water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune, to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children, I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgment, I give him this right hand," with which words he took hold of Polystratus' hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And some time afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius' body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres, Alexander received into the number of his intimate friends. . . .

Noticing that among his chief friends and favorites, Hephæstion most approved all that he did, and complied with and imitated him in his change of habits, while Craterus continued strict in the observation of the customs and fashions of his own country, he made it his practice to employ the first in all transactions with the Persians, and the latter when he had to do with the Greeks or Macedonians. And in general he showed more affection for Hephæstion, and more respect for Craterus, — Hephæstion, as he used to say, being Alexander's, and Craterus the king's friend. And so these two friends always bore in secret a grudge to each other, and at times quarreled openly, so much so, that once in India they drew upon one another, and were proceeding in good earnest, with their friends on each side to second them, when Alexander rode up and publicly reproved Hephæstion, calling him fool and madman, not to be sensible that without his favor he was nothing. He rebuked Craterus, also, in private, severely, and then causing them both to come into his presence, he reconciled them, at the same time swearing by Ammon and the rest of the gods, that he loved them two above all other men, but if ever he perceived them fall out again he would be sure to put both of them to death, or at least the aggressor. After which they neither ever did or said anything, so much as in jest, to offend one another.

There was scarcely any one who had greater repute among the Macedonians than Philotas, the son of Parmenio. For besides that he was valiant and able to endure any fatigue of war, he was also next to Alexander himself the most munificent, and the greatest lover of his friends, one of whom asking him for some money, he commanded his steward to give it him; and when he told him he had not wherewith, "Have you not any plate, then," said he, "or any clothes of mine to sell?" But he carried his arrogance and his pride of wealth and his habits of display and luxury to a degree of assumption unbecoming a private man; and affecting all the loftiness without succeeding in showing any of the grace or gentleness of true greatness, by this mistaken and spurious majesty he gained so much envy and ill will, that Parmenio would sometimes tell him, "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." For he had long before been complained of, and accused to Alexander. Particularly when Darius was defeated in Cilicia, and an immense booty was taken at Damascus, among the rest of the prisoners who were brought into the camp, there was one Antigone of Pydna, a very handsome woman, who fell to Philotas' share. The young man one day in his cups, in the vaunting, outspoken, soldier's manner, declared to his mistress that all the great actions were performed by him and his father, the glory and benefit of which, he said, together with the title of king, the boy Alexander reaped and enjoyed by their means. She could not hold, but discovered what he had said to one of her acquaintance, and he, as is usual in such cases, to another, till at last the story came to the ears of Craterus, who brought the woman secretly to the king.

When Alexander had heard what she had to say, he commanded her to continue her intrigue with Philotas, and give him an account from time to time of all that should fall from him to this purpose. He, thus unwittingly caught in a snare, to gratify sometimes a fit of anger, sometimes a mere love of vainglory, let himself utter numerous foolish, indiscreet speeches against the king in Antigone's hearing, of which, though Alexander was informed and convinced by strong evidence, yet he would take no notice of it at present, whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's affection and loyalty, or that he apprehended their authority and interest in the army. But about this time, one Limnus, a Macedonian of Chalastra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to a youth whom he was fond of, named Nicomachus, inviting him to be of the party. But he, not relishing the thing, revealed it to his brother Balinus, who immediately addressed himself to Philotas, requiring him to introduce them both to Alexander, to whom they had something of great moment to impart which very nearly concerned him. But he, for what reason is uncertain, went not with them, professing that the king was engaged with affairs of more importance. And when they had urged him a second time, and were still slighted by him, they applied themselves to another, by whose means being admitted into Alexander's presence, they first told about Limnus' conspiracy, and by the way let Philotas' negligence appear, who had twice disregarded their application to him.

Alexander was greatly incensed, and on finding that Limnus had defended himself, and had been killed by the soldier who was sent to seize him, he was still more discomposed, thinking he had thus lost the means of detecting the plot. As soon as his displeasure against Philotas began to appear, presently all his old enemies showed themselves, and said openly, the king was too easily imposed on, to imagine that one so inconsiderable as Limnus, a Chalastrian, should of his own head undertake such an enterprise ; that in all likelihood he was but subservient to the design, an instrument that was moved by some greater spring ; that those ought to be more strictly examined about the matter whose interest it was so much to conceal it. When they had once gained the king's ear for insinuations of this sort, they went on to show a thousand grounds of suspicion against Philotas, till at last they prevailed to have him seized and put to the torture, which was done in the presence of the principal officers, Alexander himself being placed behind some tapestry to understand what passed. Where, when he heard in what a miserable tone, and with what abject submissions Philotas applied himself to Hephæstion, he broke out, it is said, in this manner : "Are you so mean-spirited and effeminate, Philotas, and yet can engage in so desperate a design?" After his death, he presently sent into Media, and put also Parmenio, his father, to death, who had done brave service under Philip, and was the only man, of his older friends and counselors, who had encouraged Alexander to invade Asia. Of three sons whom he had had in the army, he had already lost two, and now was himself put to death with the third. These actions rendered Alexander an object of terror to many of his friends, and chiefly to Antipater, who, to strengthen himself, sent messengers privately to treat for an alliance with the Ætolians, who stood in fear of Alexander, because they had destroyed the town of the Œniadæ; on being informed of which, Alexander had said the children of the Œniadæ need not revenge their father's quarrel, for he would himself take care to punish the Ætolians.

Not long after this happened the deplorable end of Clitus, which, to those who barely hear the matter-of-fact, may seem more inhuman than that of Philotas; but if we consider the story with its circumstance of time, and weigh the cause, we shall find it to have occurred rather through a sort of mischance of the king's, whose anger and overdrinking offered an occasion to the evil genius of Clitus. The king had a present of Grecian fruit brought him from the seacoast, which was so fresh and beautiful that he was surprised at it, and called Clitus to him to see it, and to give him a share of it. Clitus was then sacrificing, but he immediately left off and came, followed by three sheep, on whom the drink offering had been already poured preparatory to sacrificing them. Alexander, being informed of this, told his diviners, Aristander and Cleomantis the Lacedæmonian, and asked them what it meant; on whose assuring him it was an ill omen, he commanded them in all haste to offer sacrifices for Clitus' safety, forasmuch as three days before he himself had seen a strange vision in his sleep, of Clitus all in mourning, sitting by Parmenio's sons who were dead.

Clitus, however, stayed not to finish his devotions, but came straight to supper with the king, who had sacrificed to Castor and Pollux. And when they had drunk pretty hard, some of the company fell a singing the verses of one Pranichus, or as others say of Pierion, which were made upon those captains who had been lately worsted by the barbarians, on purpose to disgrace and turn them to ridicule. This gave offense to the older men who were there, and they upbraided both the author and the singer of the verses, though Alexander and the younger men about him were much amused to hear them, and encouraged them to go on, till at last Clitus, who had drunk too much, and was besides of a froward and willful temper, was so nettled that he could hold no longer, saying it was not well done to expose the Macedonians before the barbarians and their enemies, since though it was their unhappiness to be overcome, yet they were much better men than those who laughed at them. And when Alexander remarked that Clitus was pleading his own cause, giving cowardice the name of misfortune, Clitus started up: "This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he to him, "saved the life of a son of the gods, when in flight from Spithridates' sword; it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the son of Ammon."

"Thou base fellow," said Alexander, who was now thoroughly exasperated, "dost thou think to utter these things everywhere of me, and stir up the Macedonians to sedition, and not be punished for it?"

"We are sufficiently punished already," answered Clitus, "if this be the recompense of our toils; and we must esteem theirs a happy lot who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods, and forced to sue to the Persians to have access to their king." While he talked thus at random, and those near Alexander got up from their seats and began to revile him in turn, the elder men did what they could to compose the disorder. Alexander, in the mean time turning about to Xenodochus, the Cardian, and Artemius, the Colophonian, asked them if they were not of opinion that the Greeks, in comparison with the Macedonians, behaved themselves like so many demigods among wild beasts.

But Clitus for all this would not give over, desiring Alexander to speak out, if he had anything more to say, or else why did he invite men who were freeborn and accustomed to speak their minds openly without restraint, to sup with him? He had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not scruple to bow the knee to his Persian girdle and his white tunic. Which words so provoked Alexander that, not able to suppress his anger any longer, he threw one of the apples that lay upon the table at him, and hit him, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his life guard, had hid that out of the way, and others came about him and besought him, but in vain. For breaking from them, he called out aloud to his guards in the Macedonian language, which was a certain sign of some great disturbance in him, and commanded a trumpeter to sound, giving him a blow with his clenched fist for not instantly obeying him; though afterwards the same man was commended for disobeying an order which would have put the whole army into tumult and confusion.

Clitus still refusing to yield, was with much trouble forced by his friends out of the room. But he came in again immediately at another door, very irreverently and confidently singing the verses out of Euripides' "Andromache": —

In Greece, alas! how ill things ordered are!

Upon this, at last, Alexander, snatching a spear from one of the soldiers, met Clitus as he was coming forward and was putting by the curtain that hung before the door, and ran him through the body. He fell at once with a cry and a groan. Upon which the king's anger immediately vanishing, he came perfectly to himself, and when he saw his friends about him all in a profound silence, he pulled the spear out of the dead body, and would have thrust it into his own throat, if the guards had not held his hands, and by main force carried him away into his chamber, where all that night and the next day he wept bitterly, till being quite spent with lamenting and exclaiming, he lay as it were speechless, only fetching deep sighs.

His friends, apprehending some harm from his silence, broke into the room, but he took no notice of what any of them said, till Aristander putting him in mind of the vision he had seen concerning Clitus, and the prodigy that followed, as if all had come to pass by an unavoidable fatality, he then seemed to moderate his grief. They now brought Callisthenes, the philosopher, who was the near friend of Aristotle, and Anaxarchus of Abdera, to him. Callisthenes used moral language, and gentle and soothing means, hoping to find access for words of reason, and get a hold upon the passion. But Anaxarchus, who had always taken a course of his own in philosophy, and had a name for despising and slighting his contemporaries, as soon as he came in, cried out aloud, "Is this the Alexander whom the whole world looks to, lying here weeping like a slave, for fear of the censure and reproach of men to whom he himself ought to be a law and measure of equity, if he would use the right his conquests have given him as supreme lord and governor of all, and not be the victim of a vain and idle opinion? Do not you know," said he, "that Jupiter is represented to have Justice and Law on each hand of him, to signify that all the actions of a conqueror are lawful and just?" With these and the like speeches, Anaxarchus indeed allayed the king's grief, but withal corrupted his character, rendering him more audacious and lawless than he had been.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

[John Dryden: An English poet; born August 9, 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

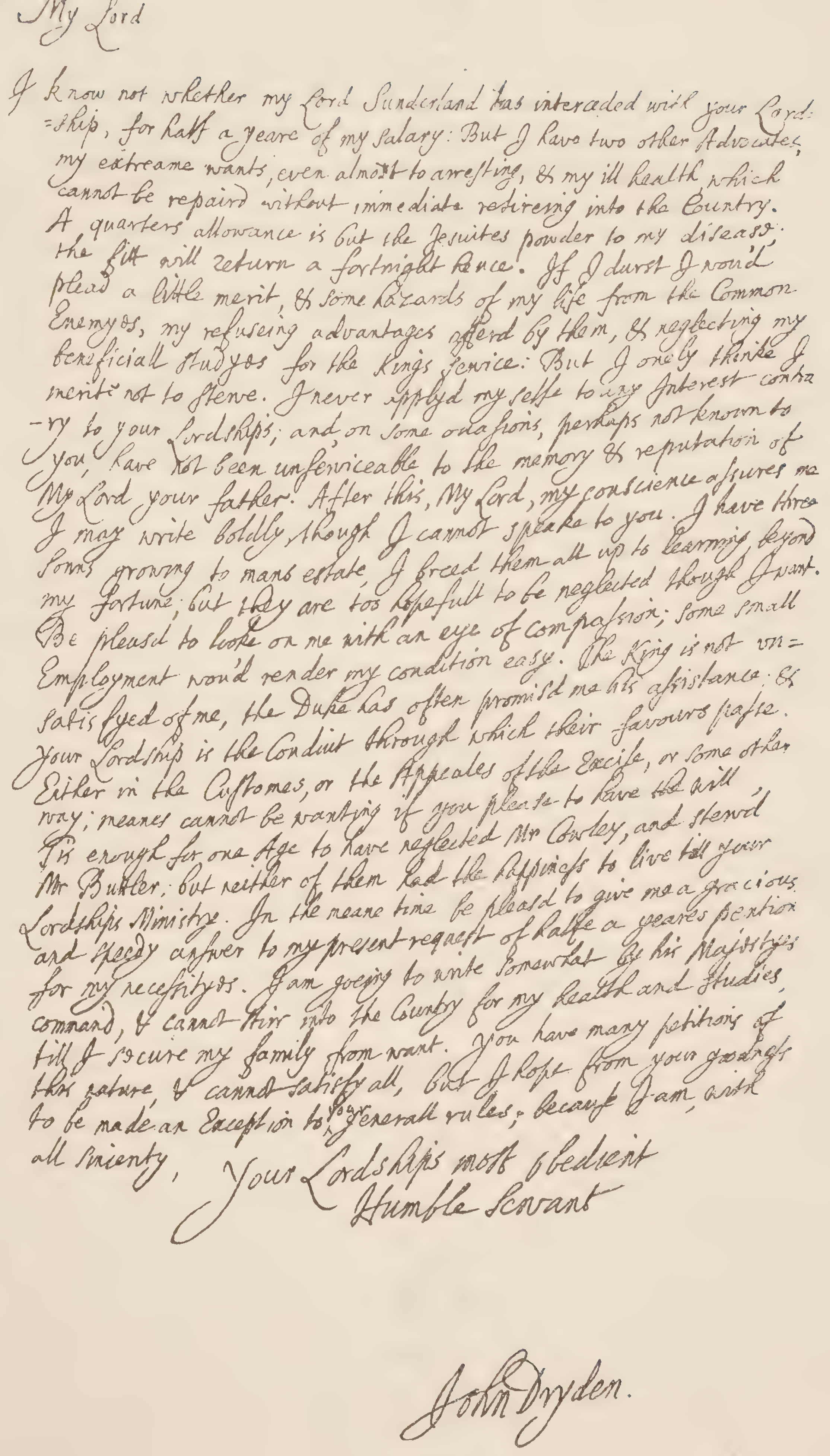
Manuscript of John Dryden.

Letter to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, First Lord of the Treasury, on his necessities, begging for a half-year's salary, as Poet Laureate and Historiographer, and for a post in the Customs or Excise, without date, but probably written in 1682 or 1683. He was made Collector of Customs in the port of London, 17 Dec., 1683. This letter is a first class exposition of how poets have fared in all ages at the hands of those in place and power. In Dryden's case, however, his appeal for assistance was successful, and the Earl of Rochester deserves honorable mention at our hands.

My Lord, I know not whether my Lord Sunderland has interceded with your Lordship, for half a yeare of my salary: But I have two other Advocates, my extreame wants, even almost to arresting, and my ill health, which cannot be repaird without immediate retireing into the country. A quarters allowance is but the Jesuites powder to my disease; the fitt will return a fortnight hence. If I durst, I wou'd plead a little merit, and some hazards of my life from the Common Enemyes, my refuseing advantages offered by them, and neglecting my beneficiall studyes for the kings service: But I onely thinke I merite not to sterve. I never applyd my selfe to any Interest contrary to your Lordships, and, on some occasions, perhaps not known to you, have not been unserviceable to the memory and reputation of My Lord your father. After this, My Lord, my conscience assures me I may write boldly, though I cannot speake to you. I have three sonns growing to mans estate. I breed them all up to learning, beyond my fortune; but they are too hopefull to be neglected, though I want. Be pleased to look on me with an eye of compassion; some small employment wou'd render my condition easy. The king is not vnsatisfyed of me, the Duke has often promisd me his assistance; and your Lordship is the Conduit through which their favours passe. Either in the Customes, or the Appeales of the Excise, or some other way; meanes cannot be wanting, if you please to have the will. 'Tis enough for one Age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and sterv'd Mr. Buttler; but neither of them had the happiness to live till your Lordships Ministry. In the mean time be pleasd to give me a gracious and speedy answer to my present request of halfe a yeares pension for my necessityes. I am goeing to write somewhat by his Majestyes command, and cannot stirr into the country for my health and studies, till I secure my family from want. You have many petitions of this nature, and cannot satisfy all, but I hope from your goodness to be made an exception to your generall rules; because I am, with all sincerity,

Your Lordships most obedient
Humble Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

[Vol. II. p. 764.]



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John Dryden.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1682.

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 17,017, f. 49.

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,

* * * * * * *

And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound.
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.[1]

By J. P. MAHAFFY.

(From "Greek Life and Thought.")

[**John Pentland Mahaffy**: Irish classical scholar and historian; born at Chapponnaire, Switzerland, February 26, 1839. In 1871 he became professor of ancient history at Trinity College, Dublin. He has published "Social Life in Greece," "Rambles and Studies in Greece," "Greek Life and Thought," "Greece under Roman Sway," "History of Greek Classical Literature," "The Empire of the Ptolemies," and other historical works, nearly all of which have gone through several editions.]

There was no king throughout all the Eastern world in the third century B.C. who did not set before him Alexander as the ideal of what a monarch ought to be. His transcendent figure so dominates the imagination of his own and the following age, that from studying his character we can draw all the materials for the present chapter. For this purpose the brilliant sketch of Plutarch, who explicitly professes to write the life and not the history of the king, is on the whole more instructive than the detailed chronicle of Arrian. From both we draw much that is doubtful and even fabulous, but much also which is certain and of unparalleled interest, as giving us a picture of the most extraordinary man that ever lived. The astonishing appearance of this lad of twenty, hurried to the throne by his father's death, in the midst of turmoil within and foes without, surrounded by doubtful friends and timid advisers, without treasury, without allies — and yet at once and without hesitation asserting his military genius, defeating his bravest enemies, cowing his disloyal subjects, crushing sedition, and then starting to conquer Asia, and to weld together two continents by a new policy — this wonder was indeed likely to fascinate the world, and if his successors aped the leftward inclination of his head and the leonine sit of his hair, they were sure enough to try to imitate what was easier and harder — the ways of his court and the policy of his kingdom.

Quite apart from his genius, which was unique, his position in Greece was perfectly novel, in that he combined Hellenic training, language, and ideas with a totally un-Hellenic thing — royalty. For generations, the Macedonian kings had been trying to assert themselves as real Greeks. They had suc-

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[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

From a painting by Le Brun

ceeded in having their splendid genealogy accepted — an undeniable gain in those days, but their other claims were as yet hardly established. It is true they had entertained great poets at their court, and had odes and tragedies composed for the benefit of their subjects, but none of them, not even Philip, who was just dead, had yet been accepted as a really naturalized Greek. Yet Philip had come closer to it than his predecessors; he had spent his youth in the glorious Thebes of Epaminondas; he trained himself carefully in the rhetoric of Athens, and could compose speeches and letters which passed muster even with such fastidious stylists as Demosthenes. But though he could assume Greek manners and speak good Greek in his serious moments, when on his good behavior, it was known that his relaxations were of a very different kind. Then he showed the Thracian — then his Macedonian breeding came out.

Nevertheless he saw so clearly the importance of attaining this higher level that he spared no pains to educate his son, and with him his son's court, in the highest culture. We know not whether it was accident or his clear judgment of human character which made him choose Aristotle as Alexander's tutor — there were many other men employed to instruct him — but we feel how foreign must have been Aristotle's conversation at the palace and among the boon companions of Philip, and hence Mieza, a quiet place away from court, was chosen for the prince's residence. There Aristotle made a Hellene of him in every real sense. It is certain, if we compare Alexander's manifesto to Darius with what is called Philip's letter, that he did not write so well as his father; but he learned to know and love the great poets, and to associate with men of culture and of sober manners. Every one testifies to the dignity and urbanity of his address, even if at late carouses with intimates he rather bored the company with self-assertion and boasting. But this social defect was not unknown among the purest Hellenes. All through his life he courted Greek letters, he attended Greek plays, he talked in Greek to Greek men, and we can see how deep his sympathy with Hellenedom was from his cutting remark — *in vino veritas* — to two Greeks sitting at the fatal banquet where the Macedonian veteran, Clitus, broke out into indecent altercation. "Don't you feel like demigods among savages when you are sitting in company with these Macedonians?" It may be said that Hellenedom was less fastidious in the days of Alexander than in the days of his predecessors. I need not argue that question; suffice it to say that even had he made no world conquests he would have been recognized as a really naturalized Hellene, and fit to take his place among the purest Greeks, in opposition to the most respectable barbarians. The purest Hellene, such as the Spartan Pausanias, was liable to degradation of character from the temptations of absolute power no less than a Macedonian or a Roman.

But on the other hand he was a king in a sense quite novel and foreign to the Greeks. They recognized one king, the King of Persia, as a legitimate sovereign, ruling in great splendor, but over barbarians. So they were ready to grant such a thing as a king over other barbarians of less importance; but a king over Greeks, in the proper sense of the word, had not existed since the days of legendary Greece. There were indeed tyrants, plenty of them, and some of them mild men and fond of culture, friends of poets, and respectable men; and there were the kings of Sparta. But the former were always regarded as arch heretics were regarded by the Church in the Middle Ages, as men whose virtues were of no account and whose crime was unpardonable; to murder them was a heroic deed, which wiped out all the murderer's previous sins. On the other hand, the latter were only hereditary, respected generals of an oligarchy, the real rulers of which were the ephors. Neither of these cases even approached the idea of a sovereign, as the Macedonians and as the kingdoms of mediæval and modern Europe have conceived it.

For this implied in the first place a legitimate succession, such as the Spartan kings indeed possessed, and with it a divine right in the strictest sense. As the Spartan, so the Macedonian kings came directly from Zeus, through his greatest hero sons, Heracles and Æacus. But while the Spartan kings had long lost, if they ever possessed, the rights of Menelaus, who could offer to give a friend seven inhabited towns as a gift, while they only retained the religious preëminence of their pedigree, the kings of Macedonia had preserved all their ancient privileges. Grote thinks them the best representatives of that prehistoric sovereignty which we find in the Greece of Homer. But all through his history he urges upon us the fact that there was no settled constitutional limit to the authority of the kings even in cases of life and death. On the other hand, German inquirers, who are better acquainted with absolute monarchy, see in the assembly of free Macedonians — occasionally convened, especially in cases of high treason or of a succession to the throne — a check like that of the Commons in earlier England. There seem in fact to have been two powers, both supreme, which could be brought into direct collision any day, and so might produce a deadlock only to be removed by a trial of strength. Certain it is that Macedonian kings often ordered to death, or to corporal punishment and torture, free citizens and even nobles. It is equally certain that the kings often formally appealed to an assembly of soldiers or of peers to decide in cases of life and death. Such inconsistencies are not impossible where there is a recognized divine right of kings, and when the summoning of an assembly lies altogether in the king's hands. Except in time of war, when its members were together under arms, the assembly had probably no way of combining for a protest, and the low condition of their civilization made them indulgent to acts of violence on the part of their chiefs.

Niebuhr, however, suggests a very probable solution of this difficulty. He compares the case of the Frankish kings, who were only princes among their own free men, but absolute lords over lands which they conquered. Thus many individual kings came to exercise absolute power illegally by transferring their rights as conquerors to those cases where they were limited monarchs. It is very possible too that both they and the Macedonian kings would prefer as household officers nobles of the conquered lands, over whom they had absolute control. Thus the constitutional and the absolute powers of the king might be confused, and the extent of either determined by the force of the man who occupied the throne.

That Alexander exerted his supreme authority over all his subjects is quite certain. And yet in this he differed absolutely from a tyrant, such as the Greeks knew, that he called together his peers and asked them to pass legal sentence upon a subject charged with grave offenses against the crown. No Greek tyrant ever could do this, for he had around him no halo of legitimacy, and, moreover, he permitted no order of nobility among his subjects.

It appears that for a long time back the relations of king and nobles had been in Macedonia much as they were in the Middle Ages in Europe. There were large landed proprietors, and many of them had sovereign rights in their own provinces.

Not only did the great lords gather about the king as their natural head, but they were proud to regard themselves as his personal servants, and formed the household, which was known as the *therapeia* in Hellenistic times. Earlier kings had adopted the practice of bringing to court noble children, to be the companions of the prince, and to form an order of *royal pages;* so no doubt Greek language and culture had been disseminated among them, and perhaps this was at first the main object. But in Alexander's time they were a permanent part of the king's household, and were brought up in his personal service, to become his aids-de-camp and his lords in waiting as well as his household brigade of both horse and foot guards, and perform for him many semi-menial offices which great lords and ladies are not ashamed to perform for royalty, even up to the present day.

I will add but one more point, which is a curious illustration of the position of the Macedonian kings among their people. None of them contented himself with one wife, but either kept concubines, like all the kings in Europe, and even in England till George III., or even formally married second wives, as did Philip and Alexander. These practices led to constant and bloody tragedies in the royal family. Every king of Macedon who was not murdered by his relatives was at least conspired against by them. What is here, however, of consequence, is the social position of the royal bastards. They take their place not with the dishonored classes, but among the nobles, and are all regarded as pretenders to the throne.

I need not point out to the reader the curious analogies of mediæval European history. The facts seem based on the idea that the blood of kings was superior to that of the highest noble, and that even when adulterated by an ignoble mother, it was far more sacred than that of any subject. The Macedonians had not indeed advanced to the point of declaring all marriages with subjects morganatic, but they were not very far from it; for they certainly suffered from all the evils which English history as well as other histories can show, where alliances of powerful subjects with the sovereign are permitted.

Thus Alexander the Great, the third Macedonian king of his name, stood forth really and thoroughly in the position assigned by Herodotus to his elder namesake — *a Greek man* in pedigree, education, and culture, *and king of the Macedonians*, a position unknown and unrecognized in the Greek world since the days of that Iliad which the conqueror justly prized, as to him the best and most sympathetic of all Hellenic books. Let us add that in the text, which Aristotle revised for him, there were assertions of royalty, including the power of life and death, which are expunged from our texts. He had the sanction of divine right, but what was far more important, the practical control of life and death, regarding the nobility as his household servants, and the property of his subjects as his own, keeping court with considerable state, and in every respect expressing, as Grote says, the principle *l'État c'est moi.*

A very few words will point out what changes were made in this position by his wonderful conquests. Though brought up in considerable state, and keeping court with all the splendor which his father's increased kingdom and wealth could supply, he was struck with astonishment, we are told, at the appointments of Darius' tents, which he captured after the battle of Issus. When he went into the bath prepared for his opponent, and found all the vessels of pure gold, and smelt the whole chamber full of frankincense and myrrh, and then passed out into a lofty dining tent with splendid hangings, and with the appointments of an oriental feast, he exclaimed to his staff: "Well, this *is* something like royalty." Accordingly there was no part of Persian dignity which he did not adopt. We hear that the expenses of his table — he always dined late — rose to about £400 daily, at which limit he fixed it. Nor is this surprising when we find that he dined as publicly as the kings of France in the old days, surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers and pages, with a bodyguard present, and a trumpeter ready to summon the household troops. All manner of delicacies were brought from the sea and from remote provinces for his table.

In other respects, in dress and manners, he drifted gradually into Persian habits also. The great Persian lords, after a gallant struggle for their old sovereign, loyally went over to his side. Both his wives were oriental princesses, and perhaps too little has been said by historians about the influence they must have had in recommending to him Persian officers and pages. The loyalty of these people, great aristocrats as they were, was quite a different thing from that of the Macedonians, who had always been privileged subjects, and who now attributed to their own prowess the king's mighty conquests. The orientals, on the other hand, accepted him as an absolute monarch, nay, as little short of a deity, to whom they readily gave the homage of adoration. It is a characteristic story that when the rude and outspoken Casander had just arrived at Babylon for the first time, on a mission from his father Antipater, the regent of Macedonia, he saw orientals approaching Alexander with their customary prostrations, and burst out laughing. Upon this Alexander was so enraged that he seized him by the hair and dashed his head against the wall, and there can be little doubt that the king's death, which followed shortly, saved Casander from a worse fate. Thus the distinction pointed out by Niebuhr would lead Alexander to prefer the orientals, whom he had conquered, and who were his absolute property, to the Macedonians, who were not only constantly grumbling but had even planned several conspiracies against him.

There was yet another feature in Alexander's court which marks a new condition of things. The keeping of a regular court journal, *Ephēmerides*, wherein the events of each day were carefully registered, gave an importance to the court which it had never before attained within Greek or Macedonian experience. The daily bulletins of his last illness are still preserved to us by Arrian and Plutarch from these diaries. In addition to this we hear that he sent home constant and detailed public dispatches to his mother and Antipater, in which he gave the minutest details of his life.

In these the public learned a new kind of ideal of pleasure as well as of business. The Macedonian king, brought up in a much colder climate than Greece, among mountains which gave ample opportunity for sport, was so far not a "Greek man" that he was less frugal as regards his living, and had very different notions of amusement. The Hellene, who was mostly a townsman, living in a country of dense cultivation, was beholden to the gymnasium and palestra for his recreation, of which the highest outcome was the Olympic and other games, where he could attain glory by competition in athletic meetings. The men who prize this sort of recreation are always abstemious and careful to keep in hard condition by diet and special exercising of muscles. The Macedonian ideal was quite different, and more like that of our country gentleman, who can afford to despise bodily training in the way of abstinence, who eats and drinks what he likes, nay, often drinks to excess, but works off evil effects by those field sports which have always produced the finest type of man — hunting, shooting, fishing — in fact the life of the natural or savage man reproduced with artificial improvements.

Alexander took the Macedonian side strongly against the Greek in these matters. He is said to have retorted upon the people who advised him to run in the sprint race at Olympia, that he would do so when he found kings for competitors. But the better reason was that he despised that kind of bodily training; he would not have condescended to give up his social evenings, at which he drank freely; and above all he so delighted in hunting that he felt no interest in athletic meetings. When he got into the preserves of Darius he fought the lion and the bear, and incurred such personal danger that his adventures were commemorated by his fellow-sportsmen in bronze. He felt and asserted that this kind of sport, requiring not only courage and coolness but quick resource, was the proper training for war, in contrast to the athletic habit of body, which confessedly produced dullness of mind and sleepiness of body.

This way of spending the day in the pursuit of large game, and then coming home to a late dinner and a jovial carouse, where the events of the day are discussed and parallel anecdotes brought out, was so distinctive as to produce a marked effect on the social habits of succeeding generations. The older Spartans had indeed similar notions; they despised competitions in the arena, and spent their time hunting in the wilds of Mount Taygetus; but the days for Sparta to influence the world were gone by, and indeed none but Arcadians and Ætolians among the Greeks had like opportunities.

It would require a separate treatise to discuss fully the innovations made by Alexander in the art of war. But here it is enough to notice, in addition to Philip's abandonment of citizen for professional soldiers, the new development Alexander gave to cavalry as the chief offensive branch of military service. He won all his battles by charges of heavy cavalry, while the phalanx formed merely the defensive wing of his line. He was even breaking up the phalanx into lighter order at the time of his death. So it came that the noblest and most esteemed of his Companions were cavalry officers, and from this time onward no general thought of fighting, like Epaminondas, a battle on foot. Eastern warfare also brought in the use of elephants, but this was against the practice of Alexander, who did not use them in battle, so far as we know.

I believe I was the first to call attention to the curious analogies between the tactics of Alexander and those of Cromwell. Each lived in an age when heavy cavalry were found to be superior to infantry, if kept in control, and used with skill. Hence each of them fought most of his battles by charging with his cavalry on the right wing, overthrowing the enemy's horse, and then, avoiding the temptation to pursue, charging the enemy's infantry in flank, and so deciding the issue. Meanwhile they both felt strong enough to disregard a defeat on their left wing by the enemy's horse, which was not under proper discipline, and went far away out of the battle in pursuit. So similar is the course of these battles, that one is tempted to believe that Cromwell knew something of Alexander. It is not so. Each of these men found by his genius the best way of using the forces at his disposal. Alexander's Companions were Cromwell's Ironsides.

In one point, however, he still held to old and chivalrous ways, and so fell short of our ideal of a great commander. He always charged at the head of his cavalry, and himself took part in the thickest of the fight. Hence in every battle he ran the risk of ending the campaign with his own life. It may be said that he had full confidence in his fortune, and that the king's valor gave tremendous force to the charge of his personal companions. But nothing can convince us that Hannibal's view of his duties was not far higher, of whom it was noted that he always took ample care for his own safety, nor did he ever, so far as we know, risk himself as a combatant. Alexander's example, here as elsewhere, gave the law, and so a large proportion of his successors found their death on the battlefield. The aping of Alexander was apparently the main cause of this serious result.

Modern historians are divided as regards Alexander into two classes, first, those like Grote, who regard him as a partly civilized barbarian, with a lust for conquest, but with no ideas of organization or of real culture beyond the establishment of a strong military control over a vast mass of heterogeneous subjects. Secondly, those like Droysen, who are the majority, and have better reasons on their side, feel that the king's genius in fighting battles was not greater than his genius in founding cities, not merely as outposts, but as marts, by which commerce and culture should spread through the world. He is reported to have disputed with Aristotle, who wished him to treat the orientals like a master and to have asserted that his policy was to treat them as their leader. We know from Aristotle's "Politics" that with all his learning, the philosopher had not shaken off Hellenic prejudices, and that he regarded the Eastern nations as born for slavery. Apart from the questionable nature of his theory, he can have known little of the great Aryan barons of Bactriana or Sogdiana, who had for centuries looked on the Greek adventurers they met as the Romans did in later days. But Alexander belongs to a different age from Aristotle, as different as Thucydides from Herodotus, contemporary though they were in their lives, and he determined to carry out the "marriage of Europe and Asia." To a Hellene the marriage with a foreigner would seem a more or less disgraceful concubinage. The children of such a marriage could not inherit in any petty Greek state. Now the greatest Macedonian nobles were allied to Median and Persian princesses, and the Greeks who had attained high official position at court, such as Eumenes, the chief secretary, were only too proud to be admitted to the same privilege.

The fashion of making or cementing alliances by marriages becomes from this time a feature of the age. The kings who are one day engaged in deadly war are the next connected as father and son-in-law, or as brothers-in-law. No solemn peace seems to be made without a marriage, and yet these marriages seldom hinder the breaking out of new wars.

All the Greek historians blame the Persian tendencies of Alexander, his assumption of oriental dress and of foreign ceremonial. There was but one of his officers, Peucestas, who loyally followed his chief, and who was accordingly rewarded by his special favor. Yet if we remember Greek prejudices, and how trivial a fraction of the empire the Greeks were in population, we may fairly give Alexander credit for more judgment than his critics. No doubt the Persian dress was far better suited to the climate than the Macedonian. No doubt he felt that a handful of Macedonians could never hold a vast empire without securing the sympathy of the conquered. At all events he chose to do the thing his own way, and who will say that he should have done it as his critics prescribe?

The relations of the great king to the art of his day need not detain us long. His busy and agitated life did not permit him to be an art patron like the second Ptolemy of Alexandria or the first Attalus of Pergamum. But we know that he appreciated the great service which art could render to the splendor of his royalty, and the story survives that he would allow no sculptor but Lysippus, no painter but Apelles, to represent his semi-divine personality in bronze or on canvas. Whether the famous head at Florence is indeed the copy of Lysippus' work, and represents the conqueror, is not yet certain. But if it does, then, even in his assumed divinity, there are left the traces of human passion, the imperfection of human longing, the divine despair which attaches to the highest mortal natures, because they are high, and because they are mortal.

But both Lysippus and Apelles belonged to the older generation; we know of no younger artist that he favored except the extravagant Dinocrates, with his colossal imaginings, which seem rather the dreams of a flatterer than the conceptions of an artist; and yet we shall find that there were younger artists in his day, worthy, if any ever were, of his patronage.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

By LORD BYRON.

The seal is set. — Now welcome thou dread power!
  Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
  With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
  Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
  That we become a part of what has been,
  And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
  In murmured pity, or loud roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
  And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
  And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws

THE DYING GLADIATOR

Original in Capitol, Rome

Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator die:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thundershower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay —
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

THE DEFEAT OF THE GALATIANS.[1]

By PAUSANIAS.

[Pausanias lived in the reign of the Antonines, and wrote a "Tour around Greece."]

The Galati inhabit the remotest parts of Europe, near a mighty sea, not navigable where they live: it has tides and breakers and sea monsters quite unlike those in any other sea: and through their territory flows the river Eridanus, by whose banks people think the daughters of the sun lament the fate of their brother Phaethon. And it is only of late that the name Galati has prevailed among them: for originally they were called Celts both by themselves and by all other nations. And an army gathered together by them marched towards the Ionian Sea, and dispossessed all the nations of Illyria and all that dwelt between them and the Macedonians, and even the Macedonians themselves, and overran Thessaly. And when they got near to Thermopylæ, most of the Greeks did not interfere with their onward march, remembering how badly handled they had formerly been by Alexander and Philip, and how subsequently Antipater and Cassander had nearly ruined Greece ; so that, on account of their weakness, they did not consider it disgraceful individually that a general defense should be abandoned.

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[1] From "Description of Greece." By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. 2 vols., price 5s. each.

But the Athenians, although they had suffered more than any other of the Greeks during the long Macedonian war, and had had great losses in battles, yet resolved to go forth to Thermopylæ with those of the Greeks who volunteered, having chosen this Callippus as their General. And having occupied the narrowest pass they endeavored to bar the passage of the barbarians into Greece. But the Celts having discovered the same defile by which Ephialtes the Trachinian had formerly conducted the Persians, and having routed those of the Phocians who were posted there in battle array, crossed Mount Œta unbeknown to the Greeks. Then it was that the Athenians displayed themselves to the Greeks as most worthy, by their brave defense against the barbarians, being taken both in front and flank. But those suffered most that were in their ships, inasmuch as the Lamiac Gulf was full of mud near Thermopylæ ; the explanation is, as it seems to me, that here warm springs have their outlet into the sea. Here therefore they suffered much. For, having taken on board their comrades, they were obliged to sail over mud in vessels heavy with men and armor. Thus did the Athenians endeavor to save the Greeks in the manner I have described. But the Galati having got inside Pylæ, and not caring to take the other fortified towns, were most anxious to plunder the treasures of the god at Delphi. And the people of Delphi, and those of the Phocians who dwelt in the cities round Parnassus, drew up in battle array against them. A contingency of the Ætolians also arrived : and you must know that at that era the Ætolians were eminent for manly vigor.

And when the armies engaged not only did lightnings dismay the Galati, and fragments of rock coming down on them from Parnassus, but three mighty warriors pressed them hard, — two, they say, came from the Hyperboreans, Hyperochus and Amadocus, and the third was Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. And in consequence of this aid the Delphians offer sacrifice to Pyrrhus, though before they held his tomb in dishonor as that of an enemy. But the greater part of the Galati having crossed into Asia Minor in their ships, ravaged its maritime parts. And some time afterwards the inhabitants of Pergamum, which in old times was called Teuthrania, drove the Galati from the sea into the region now called Galatia. They lived in the region east of the river Sangarius, having captured Ancyra, a city of the Phrygians which Midas the son of Gordias had formerly built. And the anchor which Midas found was still, even in my time, in the temple of Zeus, and the well shown which was called Midas' well: which Midas, they say, poured wine into that he might capture Silenus. As well as Ancyra they captured Pessinus near the mountain Agdistis, where they say Atte was buried. And the people of Pergamum have spoils of the Galati, and there is a painting of their action with the Galati. And the region which the people of Pergamum inhabit was in old times, they say, sacred to the Cabiri.

The first expedition of the Celts beyond their borders was under Cambaules: but when they got as far as Thrace on that occasion they did not dare to go any further, recognizing that they were too few in number to cope with the Greeks. But on the second expedition, egged on by those who had formed part of the army of Cambaules, who had tasted the sweets of plunder and were enamored of the gains of looting, a large army of both infantry and cavalry mustered together. This army the commanders divided into three parts, and each marched into a different district. Cerethrius was to march against the Thracians and the Triballi: Brennus and Acichorius were to lead their division into Pæonia: and Bolgius was to march against the Macedonians and Illyrians. This last fought a battle against Ptolemy, king of the Macedonians, who had treacherously slain Seleucus the son of Antiochus (though he had been a suppliant at his court), and was nicknamed Lightning on account of his audacity. In this battle Ptolemy fell, and with him no small part of the Macedonians: but the Celts durst not adventure any further into Greece, and so this second expedition returned home again.

Thereupon Brennus urgently pressed upon the general assemblies, and upon each individual chieftain of the Galati, the advantages of invading Greece, pointing out her weak state at that period, and the immense wealth of her community, her votive offerings in the temples, her quantity of silver and gold. He succeeded in persuading the Galati to invade Greece once more, and among other chieftains he chose Acichorius once more as his colleague. The army mustered 152,000 foot and 20,400 horse. Such at least was the fighting force of the cavalry, for its real number was 61,200 : as each horse soldier had two servants, who themselves were excellent cavalry also and mounted. For the custom of the Galati in an engagement was that these servants should remain in the rear close at hand, and if a horse was killed they supplied a fresh one, and if the rider was killed one of them took his place, and if he too was killed, then the third took his place. And if one of the masters was only wounded, then one of his servants removed him to the camp, and the other took his place in the battle. In this custom, I think the Galati imitated the 10,000 Persians, called *The Immortals*. But the difference was that *The Immortals* were a reserve force only used at the end of an action, whereas the Galati used these reserves as wanted all through the action. This mode of fighting they called *Trimarcisia* in their dialect : for the Celts called a horse *marca*. Such was the force, such the intentions, with which Brennus marched into Greece.

The Greeks for their part, though very dejected, were induced to fight bravely for their country by the very urgency of the peril. For they saw that at the present crisis it was not merely their liberty that was at stake, as at the time of the Persian invasion, but that, even if they granted land and water to the enemy, they would have no future security. For they still remembered the former irruption of the Galati into Macedonia and Thrace and Pæonia, and their recent outrages in Thessaly had been reported to them. It was the universal opinion therefore, both with individuals and states, that they must either die or conquer.

It will not be without instruction to compare the numbers of those who fought against Xerxes at Thermopylæ with those who fought now against the Galati. The Greeks that marched against the Mede were as follows : 300 Lacedæmonians only under Leonidas, 500 from Tegea, 500 from Mantinea, 120 Arcadians from Orchomenus, 1000 from the other towns of Arcadia, 80 from Mycenæ, 200 from Phlius, 400 from Corinth, 700 Bœotians from Thespia and 400 from Thebes. And 1000 Phocians guarded the pass at Mount Œta, who must be added to the Greek contingent. As to the Locrians under Mount Cnemis Herodotus has not mentioned their precise number ; he only says they came from all the towns. But we may conjecture their number pretty accurately: for the Athenians at Marathon, including slaves and non-combatants, were not more than 9000: so that the fighting force of Locrians at Thermopylæ could not be more than 6000. Thus the whole force employed against the Persians would be 11,200. Nor did all of these stay all the time under arms at Thermopylæ, for except the men from Lacedæmon and Thespia and Mycenæ they waited not to see the issue of the fight. And now against these barbarians who had crossed the ocean the following Greeks banded themselves at Thermopylæ: 10,000 heavy-armed infantry and 500 horse from Bœotia, under the Bœotarchs Cephisodotus and Thearidas and Diogenes and Lysander: 500 cavalry and 3000 foot from Phocis, under Critobulus and Antiochus: 700 Locrians, all infantry, from the island Atalanta, under the command of Midias: 400 heavy-armed infantry of the Megarians, their cavalry under the command of Megareus: of the Ætolians, who formed the largest and most formidable contingent, the number of their horse is not recorded, but their light-armed troops were 90, and their heavy-armed 7000: and the Ætolians were under the command of Polyarchus and Polyphron and Lacrates. And the Athenians were under Callippus the son of Mœrocles, as I have before stated, and consisted of all the triremes that were seaworthy, and 500 horse, and 1000 foot, and because of their ancient renown they were in command of the whole allied army. And some mercenary troops were sent by various kings, as 500 from Macedonia, and 500 from Asia; those that were sent by Antigonus were led by Aristodemus the Macedonian, and those that were sent by Antiochus were led by Telesarchus, as also some Syrians from Asia situated by the river Orontes.

When these Greeks, thus banded together at Thermopylæ, heard that the army of the Galati was already in the neighborhood of Magnesia and Phthiotis, they determined to send about 1000 picked light-armed soldiers and a troop of horse to the river Sperchius, to prevent the barbarians crossing the river without a struggle. And they went and destroyed the bridges, and encamped by the river. Now Brennus was by no means devoid of intelligence, and for a barbarian no mean strategist. Accordingly on the following night without any delay he sent 10,000 of his troops, who could swim and were remarkably tall, — and all the Celts are remarkably tall men, — down the river to cross it not at the ordinary fords, but at a part of the river where it was less rapid, and marshy, and diffused itself more over the plain, so that the Greeks should not be able to notice their crossing over. They crossed over accordingly, swimming over the marshy part of the river, and using the shields of their country as a sort of raft, while the tallest of them could ford the river. When the Greeks at the Sperchius noticed that part of the barbarians had crossed over, they returned at once to the main army.

Brennus next ordered those who dwelt near the Maliac Bay to throw bridges over the Sperchius: which they did quickly, standing greatly in dread of him, and being very desirous that the barbarians should depart and not injure them by a long stay in their part of the country. Then Brennus passed his army across these bridges, and marched for Heraclea. And though they did not capture it, the Galati ravaged the country, and slew the men that were left in the fields. The year before the Ætolians had compelled the people of Heraclea to join the Ætolian League, and now they protected Heraclea just as if it was their own. That is why Brennus did not capture it; but he paid no great attention to it, his only anxiety being to dislodge the enemy from the passes, and get into Greece by Thermopylæ.

He advanced therefore from Heraclea, and learning from deserters that a strong force from all the Greek cities was concentrated at Thermopylæ, he despised his enemy, and the following day at daybreak opened battle, having no Greek seer with him, or any priests of his own country, if indeed the Celts practice divination. Thereupon the Greeks advanced silently and in good order: and when the two armies engaged, the infantry were careful not to break their line, and the light-armed troops keeping their ground discharged their darts, arrows, and slings at the barbarians. The cavalry on both sides was useless, not only from the narrowness of the pass, but also from the smooth and slippery and rocky nature of the ground, intersected also throughout by various mountain streams. The armor of the Galati was inferior, for their only defensive armor was the shield used in their country, and moreover they were less experienced in the art of war. But they fought like wild beasts, with rage and fury and headlong inconsiderate valor: and, whether hacked about by swords and battle-axes, or pierced with darts and javelins, desisted not from their furious attacks till bereft of life. Some even plucked out of their wounds the weapons with which they had been wounded, and hurled them back, or used them in hand-to-hand fight. Meantime the Athenians on their triremes, not without great difficulty and danger, sailed along the mud, which is very plentiful in that arm of the sea, and got their vessels as near the barbarians as they could, and shot at their flanks with all kinds of darts and arrows. And the Celts by now getting far the worst of it, and in the press suffering far more loss than they could inflict, had the signal to retire to their camp given them by their commanders. Accordingly retreating in no order and in great confusion, many got trodden underfoot by one another, and many falling into the marsh disappeared in it, so that the loss in the retreat was as great as in the heat of action.

On this day the Athenians exhibited more valor than all the other Greeks, and especially Cydias, who was very young and fought now for the first time. And as he was killed by the Galati, his relations hung up his shield to Zeus Eleutherius with the following inscription:—

"Here I hang in vain regret for the young Cydias, I once the shield of that good warrior, now a votive offering to Zeus, the shield which he carried on his left arm for the first time on that day when fierce war blazed out against the Galati."

This inscription remained till Sulla's soldiers removed the shields in the portico of Zeus Eleutherius, as well as other notable things at Athens.

And after the battle at Thermopylæ the Greeks buried their dead, and stripped the bodies of the barbarians. But the Galati not only asked not permission to bury their dead, but plainly did not care whether their dead obtained burial or were torn to pieces by birds and beasts. Two things in my opinion made them thus indifferent to the burial of their dead, one to strike awe in their enemies by their ferocity, the other that they do not habitually mourn for their dead. In the battle fell 40 Greeks; how many barbarians cannot be accurately ascertained, for many of them were lost in the marsh.

On the seventh day after the battle a division of the Galati endeavored to cross Mount Œta by Heraclea, by a narrow pass near the ruins of Trachis, not far from which was a temple of Athene, rich in votive offerings. The barbarians hoped to cross Mount Œta by this pass, and also to plunder the temple by the way. The garrison, however, under the command of Telesarchus defeated the barbarians, though Telesarchus fell in the action, a man zealously devoted to the Greek cause.

The other commanders of the barbarians were astounded at the Greek successes, and doubted whereunto these things would grow, seeing that at present their own fortunes were desperate; but Brennus thought that, if he could force the Ætolians back into Ætolia, the war against the other Greeks would be easier. He selected therefore out of his whole army 40,000 foot and about 800 horse, all picked men, and put them under the command of Orestorius and Combutis. And they recrossed the Sperchius by the bridges, and marched through Thessaly into Ætolia. And their actions at Callion were the most atrocious of any that we have ever heard of, and quite unlike human beings. They butchered all the males, and likewise old men, and babes at their mothers' breasts: they even drank the blood, and feasted on the flesh, of babies that were fat. And high-spirited women and maidens in their flower committed suicide when the town was taken: and those that survived, the barbarians inflicted every kind of outrage on, being by nature incapable of pity and natural affection. And some of the women rushed upon the swords of the Galati and voluntarily courted death: to others death soon came from absence of food and sleep, as these merciless barbarians outraged them in turn, and wreaked their lusts on them whether dying or dead. And the Ætolians having learnt from messengers of the disasters that had fallen upon them, removed their forces with all speed from Thermopylæ, and pressed into Ætolia, furious at the sufferings of the people of Callion, and even still more anxious to save the towns that had not yet been captured. And the young men flocked out from all their towns to swell their army, old men also mixed with them inspirited by the crisis, and even their women volunteered their services, being more furious against the Galati than even the men. And the barbarians, having plundered the houses and temples and set fire to Callion, marched back to the main army at Thermopylæ: and on the road the people of Patræ were the only Achæans that helped the Ætolians and fell on the barbarians, being as they were capital heavy-armed soldiers, but hard pressed from the quantity of the Galati and their desperate valor. But the Ætolian men and women lined the roads and threw missiles at the barbarians with great effect, as they had no defensive armor but their national shields, and when the Galati pursued them they easily ran away, and when they desisted from the vain pursuit harassed them again continually. And though Callion had suffered so grievously, that what Homer relates of the contest between the Laestrygones and the Cyclops seems less improbable, yet the vengeance which the Ætolians took was not inadequate: for of the 40,800 barbarians not more than half got back safe to the camp at Thermopylæ.

In the mean time the fortunes of the Greeks at Thermopylæ were as follows. One pass over Mount Œta is above Trachis, most steep and precipitous, the other through the district of the Ænianes is easier for an army, and is the way by which Hydarnes the Mede formerly turned the flank of Leonidas' forces. By this way the Ænianes and people of Heraclea promised to conduct Brennus, out of no ill will to the Greeks, but thinking it a great point if they could get the Celts to leave their district and not remain there to their utter ruin. So true are the words of Pindar, when he says that everybody is oppressed by his own troubles, but is indifferent to the misfortunes of other people. And this promise of the Ænianes and people of Heraclea encouraged Brennus: and he left Acichorius with the main army, instructing him to attack the Greek force, when he (Brennus) should have got to their rear: and himself marched through the pass with 40,000 picked men. And it so happened that that day there was a great mist on the mountain which obscured the sun, so that the barbarians were not noticed by the Phocians who guarded the pass till they got to close quarters and attacked them. The Phocians defended themselves bravely, but were at last overpowered and retired from the pass, but were in time to get to the main force, and report what had happened, before the Greeks got completely surrounded on all sides. Thereupon the Athenians took the Greeks on board their triremes at Thermopylæ: and they dispersed each to their own nationality.

And Brennus, waiting only till Acichorius' troops should come up from the camp, marched for Delphi. And the inhabitants fled to the oracle in great alarm, but the god told them not to fear, he would protect his own. And the following Greeks came up to fight for the god: the Phocians from all their towns; 400 heavy-armed soldiers from Amphissa; of the Ætolians only a few at first, when they heard of the onward march of the barbarians, but afterwards Philomelus brought up 1200. For the flower of the Ætolian army directed itself against the division of Acichorius, not bringing on a general engagement, but attacking their rear guard as they marched, plundering their baggage and killing the men in charge of it, and thus impeding their march considerably. And Acichorius had left a detachment at Heraclea, to guard the treasure in his camp.

So Brennus and the Greeks gathered together at Delphi drew up against one another in battle array. And the god showed in the plainest possible way his enmity to the barbarians. For the whole ground occupied by the army of the Galati violently rocked most of the day, and there was continuous thunder and lightning, which astounded the Celts and prevented their hearing the orders of their officers, and the lightning hit not only some particular individual here and there, but set on fire all around him and their arms. And appearances of heroes, as Hyperochus and Laodocus and Pyrrhus, and Phylacus — a local hero at Delphi — were seen on the battlefield. And many Phocians fell in the action, and among others Aleximachus, who slew more barbarians with his own hand than any other of the Greeks, and who was remarkable for his manly vigor, strength of frame and daring, and whose statue was afterwards placed by the Phocians in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Such was the condition and terror of the barbarians all the day; and during the night things were still worse with them, for it was bitterly cold and snowed hard, and great stones came tumbling down from Parnassus, and whole crags broke off and seemed to make the barbarians their mark, and not one or two but thirty and even more, as they stood on guard or rested, were killed at once by the fall of one of these crags. And the next day at daybreak the Greeks poured out of Delphi and attacked them, some straight in front, but the Phocians, who had the best acquaintance with the ground, came down the steep sides of Parnassus through the snow, and fell on the Celtic rear unexpectedly, and hurled javelins at them, and shot at them with perfect security. At the beginning of the battle the Galati, especially Brennus' bodyguard, who were the finest and boldest men in their army, fought with conspicuous bravery, though they were shot at on all sides, and suffered frightfully from the cold, especially such as were wounded: but when Brennus was wounded, and taken off the field in a fainting condition, then the barbarians sorely against their will beat a retreat (as the Greeks by now pressed them hard on all sides), and killed those of their comrades who could not retreat with them owing to their wounds or weakness.

These fugitive Galati bivouacked where they had got to when night came on them, and during the night were seized with panic fear, that is a fear arising without any solid cause. This panic came upon them late in the night, and was at first confined to a few, who thought they heard the noise of horses galloping up and that the enemy was approaching, but soon it ran through the host. They therefore seized their arms, and getting separated in the darkness mutually slew one another, neither recognizing their native dialect, nor discerning one another's forms or weapons, but both sides in their panic thinking their opponents Greeks both in language and weapons, so that this panic sent by the god produced terrific mutual slaughter. And those Phocians, who were left in the fields guarding the flocks and herds, were the first to notice and report to the Greeks what had happened to the barbarians in the night: and this nerved them to attack the Celts more vigorously than ever, and they placed a stronger guard over their cattle, and would not let the Galati get any articles of food from them without a fierce fight for it, so that throughout the barbarian host there was a deficiency of corn and all other provisions. And the number of those that perished in Phocis was nearly 6000 slain in battle, and more than 10,000 in the savage wintry night and in the panic, and as many more from starvation.

Some Athenians, who had gone to Delphi to reconnoiter, brought back the news of what had happened to the barbarians, and of the panic that the god had sent. And when they heard this good news they marched through Bœotia, and the Bœotians with them. and both in concert followed the barbarians, and lay in ambush for them, and cut off the stragglers. And Acichorius' division had joined those who fled with Brennus only the previous night: for the Ætolians made their progress slow, hurling javelins at them and any other missile freely, so that only a small part of the barbarians got safe to the camp at Heraclea. And Brennus, though his wounds were not mortal, yet either from fear of his comrades, or from shame, as having been the instigator of all these woes that had happened to them in Greece, committed suicide by drinking neat wine freely. And subsequently the barbarians got to the river Sperchius with no little difficulty, as the Ætolians attacked them fiercely all the way, and at that river the Thessalians and Malienses set on them with such vigor that none of them got home again.

This expedition of the Celts to Greece and their utter ruin happened when Anaxicrates was Archon at Athens, in the second year of the 125th Olympiad, when Ladas of Ægæ was victor in the course. And the following year, when Democles was Archon at Athens, all the Celts crossed back again to Asia Minor. I have delivered a true account.

GREECE AND ROME.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloudlike mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, baskt glorious in the open smiles
Of favoring heaven: from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
On the unapprehensive wild
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grow savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

Athens arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay

HANNIBAL

From a painting by Ferris

Immovably unquiet, and forever
  It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
      With an earth-awakening blast
      Thro' the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes: Oppression shrinks aghast:
  A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
    Which soars where Expectation never flew,
  Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
    One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew;
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
  With life and love makes chaos ever new,
  As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
  Like a wolf cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,
She drew the milk of greatness, tho' thy dearest
  From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
      By thy sweet love was sanctified;
      And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
  But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
    And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
  Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
    The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
  Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
  Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

HANNIBAL AS STRATEGIST AND SOLDIER.

By LIVY.

[Titus Livius, Roman historian, was born near what is now Padua, B.C. 59. He lived at Rome under Augustus, making so splendid a literary reputation that one man went from Spain to Rome and back merely to look at him; but he retired to his native town, and died there B.C. 17. His enduring repute rests on his History of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, in one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-five are extant.]

The Crossing of the Alps.

From the Druentia, by a road that lay principally through plains, Hannibal arrived at the Alps without molestation from the Gauls that inhabit those regions. Then, though the scene had been previously anticipated from report (by which uncertainties are wont to be exaggerated), yet the height of the mountains when viewed so near, and the snows almost mingling with the sky, the shapeless huts situated on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, and other objects more terrible to be seen than described, renewed their alarm. To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights overhead; who, if they had occupied the more concealed valleys, might, by rushing out suddenly to the attack, have occasioned great flight and havoc. Hannibal orders them to halt, and having sent forward Gauls to view the ground, when he found there was no passage that way, he pitches his camp in the widest valley he could find, among places all rugged and precipitous. Then, having learned from the same Gauls, when they had mixed in conversation with the mountaineers, from whom they differed little in language and manners, that the pass was only beset during the day, and that at night each withdrew to his own dwelling, he advanced at the dawn to the heights, as if designing openly and by day to force his way through the defile. The day then being passed in feigning a different attempt from that which was in preparation, when they had fortified the camp in the same place where they had halted, as soon as he perceived that the mountaineers had descended from the heights, and that the guards were withdrawn, having lighted for show a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the number that remained, and having left the baggage in the camp, with the cavalry and the principal part of the infantry, he himself with a party of light-armed, consisting of all the most courageous of his troops, rapidly cleared the defile, and took post on those very heights which the enemy had occupied.

At dawn of light the next day the camp broke up, and the rest of the army began to move forward. The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual station, when they suddenly behold part of the enemy overhanging them from above, in possession of their former position, and the others passing along the road. Both these objects, presented at the same time to the eye and the mind, made them stand motionless for a little while; but when they afterwards saw the confusion in the pass, and that the marching body was thrown into disorder by the tumult which itself created, principally from the horses being terrified, thinking that whatever terror they added would suffice for the destruction of the enemy, they scramble along the dangerous rocks, as being accustomed alike to pathless and circuitous ways. Then indeed the Carthaginians were opposed at once by the enemy and by the difficulties of the ground; and each striving to escape first from the danger, there was more fighting among themselves than with their opponents. The horses, in particular, created danger in the lines, which, being terrified by the discordant clamors which the groves and reëchoing valleys augmented, fell into confusion; and if by chance struck or wounded, they were so dismayed that they occasioned a great loss both of men and baggage of every description: and as the pass on both sides was broken and precipitous, this tumult threw many down to an immense depth, some even of the armed men; but the beasts of burden, with their loads, were rolled down like the fall of some vast fabric. Though these disasters were shocking to view, Hannibal, however, kept his place for a little, and kept his men together, lest he might augment the tumult and disorder; but afterwards, when he saw the line broken, and that there was danger that he should bring over his army preserved to no purpose if deprived of their baggage, he hastened down from the higher ground; and though he had routed the enemy by the first onset alone, he at the same time increased the disorder in his own army: but that tumult was composed in a moment, after the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers; and presently the whole army was conducted through, not only without being disturbed, but almost in silence. He then took a fortified place, which was the capital of that district, and the little villages that lay around it, and fed his army for three days with the corn and cattle he had taken; and during these three days, as the soldiers were neither obstructed by the mountaineers, who had been daunted by the first engagement, nor yet much by the ground, he made considerable way.

He then came to another state, abounding, for a mountainous country, with inhabitants; where he was nearly overcome, not by open war, but by his own arts of treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors of forts, came as deputies to the Carthaginian, professing, "that having been warned by the useful example of the calamities of others, they wished rather to experience the friendship than the hostilities of the Carthaginians: they would, therefore, obediently execute his commands, and begged that he would accept of a supply of provisions, guides of his march, and hostages for the sincerity of their promises." Hannibal, when he had answered them in a friendly manner, thinking that they should neither be rashly trusted nor yet rejected, lest if repulsed they might openly become enemies, having received the hostages whom they proffered, and made use of the provisions which they of their own accord brought down to the road, follows their guides, by no means as among a people with whom he was at peace, but with his line of march in close order. The elephants and cavalry formed the van of the marching body; he himself, examining everything around, and intent on every circumstance, followed with the choicest of the infantry. When they came into a narrower pass, lying on one side beneath an overhanging eminence, the barbarians, rising at once on all sides from their ambush, assail them in front and rear, both at close quarters and from a distance, and roll down huge stones on the army. The most numerous body of men pressed on the rear; against whom the infantry facing about and directing their attack made it very obvious that, had not the rear of the army been well supported, a great loss must have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was, they came to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction; for while Hannibal hesitates to lead down his division into the defile, because, though he himself was a protection to the cavalry, he had not in the same way left any aid to the infantry in the rear, the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road; and one night was spent by Hannibal without his cavalry and baggage.

Next day, the barbarians running in to the attack between (the two divisions) less vigorously, the forces were reunited, and the defile passed, not without loss, but yet with a greater destruction of beasts of burden than of men. From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like an attack of robbers than war, sometimes on the van, sometimes on the rear, according as the ground afforded them advantage, or stragglers advancing or loitering gave them an opportunity. Though the elephants were driven through steep and narrow roads with great loss of time, yet wherever they went they rendered the army safe from the enemy, because men unacquainted with such animals were afraid of approaching too nearly. On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides, or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army arrived at the camp. A fall of snow, it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades, caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships. On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains, and said, "that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and downhill; that after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession." The army then began to advance, the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps, being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper; for nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place, but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around. But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through the dirty fluid formed by the melting snow. Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any hold to the step, and giving way beneath the foot more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again; nor were there any stumps or roots near by pressing against which one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amidst the melted snow. The beasts of burden sometimes also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it, at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck in their hoofs in their struggling, so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a road through the incandescent rock with iron tools, and reduce the grades by moderate windings, so that not only the draft animals but the elephants also can be brought down. Four days being spent around the cliff, the draft animals had nearly perished with hunger; for the peaks were almost bare, and what little forage there was, the snows buried up. The lower levels have valleys and sunny knolls, and brooks near woods, and still more suitable spots under human cultivation. There the draft animals are turned out to pasture, and rest is given to the men tired out with fatigue duty.

THE ESCAPE BY THE STRATAGEM OF THE OXEN.

It happened that on that day Minucius had formed a junction with Fabius, having been sent to secure with a guard the pass above Tarracina, which, contracted into a narrow gorge, overhangs the sea, in order that Hannibal might not be able to get into the Roman territory by the Appian Way's being unguarded. The dictator and master of the horse, uniting their forces, lead them down into the road through which Hannibal was about to march his troops. The enemy was two miles from that place.

The following day the Carthaginian filled the whole road between the two camps with his troops in marching order; and though the Romans had taken their stand immediately under their rampart, having a decidedly superior position, yet the Carthaginian came up with his light horse, and, with a view to provoke the enemy, carried on a kind of desultory attack, first charging and then retreating. The Roman line remained in its position. The battle was slow, and more conformable to the wish of the dictator than of Hannibal. On the part of the Romans there fell two hundred, on the part of the enemy eight hundred. It now began to appear that Hannibal was hemmed in, the road to Casilinum being blockaded; and that while Capua, and Samnium, and so many wealthy allies in the rear of the Romans might supply them with provisions, the Carthaginian, on the other hand, must winter amidst the rocks of Formiæ and the sands and hideous swamps of Liternum. Nor did it escape Hannibal that he was assailed by his own arts; wherefore, since he could not escape by way of Casilinum, and since it was necessary to make for the mountains and pass the summit of Callicula, lest in any place the Romans should attack his troops while inclosed in valleys; having hit upon a stratagem calculated to deceive the sight, and excite terror from its appearance, by means of which he might baffle the enemy, he resolved to come up by stealth to the mountains at the commencement of night. The preparation of his wily stratagem was of this description. Torches, collected from every part of the country, and bundles of rods and dry cuttings, are fastened before the horns of oxen, of which, wild and tame, he had driven away a great number among other plunder of the country: the number of oxen was made up to nearly two thousand. To Hasdrubal was assigned the task of driving to the mountains that herd, after having set fire to their horns as soon as ever it was dark; particularly, if he could, over the passes beset by the enemy.

As soon as it was dark the camp was moved in silence; the oxen were driven a little in advance of the standards. When they arrived at the foot of the mountains and the narrow passes, the signal is immediately given for setting fire to their horns and driving them violently up the mountains before them. The mere terror excited by the flame, which cast a glare from their heads, and the heat now approaching the quick and the roots of their horns, drove on the oxen as if goaded by madness. By which dispersion, on a sudden all the surrounding shrubs were in a blaze, as if the mountains and woods had been on fire; and the unavailing tossing of their heads quickening the flame, exhibited an appearance as of men running to and fro on every side. Those who had been placed to guard the passage of the wood, when they saw fires on the tops of the mountains, and some over their own heads, concluding that they were surrounded, abandoned their post; making for the tops of the mountains in the direction in which the fewest fires blazed, as being the safest course; however, they fell in with some oxen which had strayed from their herds. At first, when they beheld them at a distance, they stood fixed in amazement at the miracle, as it appeared to them, of creatures breathing fire; afterwards, when it showed itself to be a human stratagem, then, forsooth, concluding that there was an ambuscade, as they are hurrying away in flight with increased alarm, they fall in also with the light-armed troops of the enemy. But the night, when the fear was equally shared, kept them from commencing the battle till morning. Meanwhile Hannibal, having marched his whole army through the pass, and having cut off some of the enemy in the very defile, pitches his camp in the country of Allifæ.

Fabius perceived this tumult, but concluding that it was a snare, and being disinclined for a battle, particularly by night, kept his troops within the works. At break of day a battle took place under the summit of the mountain, in which the Romans, who were considerably superior in numbers, would have easily overpowered the light-armed of the enemy, cut off as they were from their party, had not a cohort of Spaniards, sent back by Hannibal for that very purpose, reached the spot. That body being more accustomed to mountains, and being more adapted, both from the agility of their limbs and also from the character of their arms, to skirmishing amidst rocks and crags, easily foiled, by their manner of fighting, an enemy loaded with arms, accustomed to level ground and the steady kind of fighting. Separating from a contest thus by no means equal, they proceeded to their camps, — the Spaniards almost all untouched, the Romans having lost a few. Fabius also moved his camp, and passing the defile, took up a position above Allifæ, in a strong and elevated place. Then Hannibal, pretending to march to Rome through Samnium, came back as far as the Peligni, spreading devastation. Fabius led his troops along the heights midway between the army of the enemy and the city of Rome, neither avoiding him altogether, nor coming to an engagement. From the Peligni the Carthaginian turned his course, and going back again to Apulia, reached Geronium, a city deserted by its inhabitants from fear, as a part of its walls had fallen down together in ruins. The dictator formed a completely fortified camp in the territory of Larinum, and being recalled thence to Rome on account of some sacred rites, he not only urged the master of the horse, in virtue of his authority, but with advice and almost with prayers, that he would trust rather to prudence than fortune, and imitate him as a general rather than Sempronius and Flaminius; that he would not suppose that nothing had been achieved by having worn out nearly the whole summer in baffling the enemy; that physicians, too, sometimes gained more by rest than by motion and action. That it was no small thing to have ceased to be conquered by an enemy so often victorious, and to have taken breath after successive disasters. Having thus unavailingly admonished the master of the horse, he set out for Rome.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENUS.

Hannibal lays waste the country between the city Cortona and the lake Trasimenus with all the devastation of war, the more to exasperate the enemy to revenge the injuries inflicted on his allies. They had now reached a place formed by nature for an ambuscade, where the Trasimenus comes nearest to the mountains of Cortona. A very narrow passage only intervenes, as though room enough just for that purpose had been left designedly; after that a somewhat wider plain opens itself, and then some hills rise up. On these he pitches his camp, in full view, where he himself, with his Spaniards and Africans, only might be posted. The Baliares and his other light troops he leads round the mountains; his cavalry he posts at the very entrance of the defile, some eminences conveniently concealing them; in order that when the Romans had entered, the cavalry advancing, every place might be inclosed by the lake and the mountains. Flaminius, passing the defiles before it was quite daylight, without reconnoitering, though he had arrived at the lake the preceding day at sunset, when the troops began to be spread into the wider plain, saw that part only of the enemy which was opposite to him; the ambuscade in his rear and overhead escaped his notice. And when the Carthaginian had his enemy inclosed by the lake and mountains, and surrounded by his troops, he gives the signal to all to make a simultaneous charge; and each running down the nearest way, the suddenness and unexpectedness of the event was increased to the Romans by a mist rising from the lake, which had settled thicker on the plain than on the mountains; and thus the troops of the enemy ran down from the various eminences, sufficiently well discerning each other, and therefore with the greater regularity. A shout being raised on all sides, the Roman found himself surrounded before he could well see the enemy; and the attack on the front and flank had commenced ere his line could be well formed, his arms prepared for action, or his swords unsheathed.

The consul, while all were panic-struck, himself sufficiently undaunted, though in so perilous a case, marshals, as well as the time and place permitted, the lines which were thrown into confusion by each man's turning himself towards the various shouts; and wherever he could approach or be heard, exhorts them, and bids them stand and fight: for that they could not escape thence by vows and prayers to the gods, but by exertion and valor; that a way was sometimes opened by the sword through the midst of marshaled armies, and that generally the less the fear the less the danger. However, from the noise and tumult, neither his advice nor command could be caught; and so far were the soldiers from knowing their own standards, and ranks, and position, that they had scarce sufficient courage to take up arms and make them ready for battle; and certain of them were surprised before they could prepare them, being burdened rather than protected by them; while in so great darkness there was more use of ears than of eyes. They turned their faces and eyes in every direction towards the groans of the wounded, the sounds of blows upon the body or arms, and the mingled clamors of the menacing and the affrighted. Some, as they were making their escape, were stopped, having encountered a body of men engaged in fight; and bands of fugitives returning to the battle, diverted others. After charges had been attempted unsuccessfully in every direction, and on their flanks the mountains and the lake, on the front and rear the lines of the enemy inclosed them, when it was evident that there was no hope of safety but in the right hand and the sword; then each man became to himself a leader and encourager to action; and an entirely new contest arose, not a regular line, with principes, hastati, and triarii; nor of such a sort as that the vanguard should fight before the standards, and the rest of the troops behind them; nor such that each soldier should be in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance collects them into bands; and each man's own will assigned to him his post, whether to fight in front or rear; and so great was the ardor of the conflict, so intent were their minds upon the battle, that not one of the combatants felt an earthquake which threw down large portions of many of the cities of Italy, turned rivers from their rapid courses, carried the sea up into rivers, and leveled mountains with a tremendous crash.

The battle was continued near three hours, and in every quarter with fierceness; around the consul, however, it was still hotter and more determined. Both the strongest of the troops, and himself too, promptly brought assistance wherever he perceived his men hard pressed and distressed. But, distinguished by his armor, the enemy attacked him with the utmost vigor, while his countrymen defended him; until an Insubrian horseman, named Ducarius, knowing him also by his face, says to his countrymen, "Lo, this is the consul who slew our legions and laid waste our fields and city. Now will I offer this victim to the shades of my countrymen, miserably slain;" and putting spurs to his horse, he rushes through a very dense body of the enemy; and first slaying his armor bearer, who had opposed himself to his attack as he approached, ran the consul through with his lance; the triarii, opposing their shields, kept him off when seeking to despoil him. Then first the flight of a great number began; and now neither the lake nor the mountains obstructed their hurried retreat; they run through all places, confined and precipitous, as though they were blind; and arms and men are tumbled one upon another. A great many, when there remained no more space to run, advancing into the water through the first shallows of the lake, plunge in, as far as they could stand above it with their heads and shoulders. Some there were whom inconsiderate fear induced to try to escape even by swimming; but as that attempt was inordinate and hopeless, they were either overwhelmed in the deep water, their courage failing, or, wearied to no purpose, made their way back, with extreme difficulty, to the shallows, and there were cut up on all hands by the cavalry of the enemy, which had entered the water. Near upon six thousand of the foremost body, having gallantly forced their way through the opposing enemy, entirely unacquainted with what was occurring in their rear, escaped from the defile; and having halted on a certain rising ground, and hearing only the shouting and clashing of arms, they could not know nor discern, by reason of the mist, what was the fortune of the battle. At length, the affair being decided, when the mist, dispelled by the increasing heat of the sun, had cleared the atmosphere, then, in the clear light, the mountains and plains showed their ruin, and the Roman army miserably destroyed; and thus, lest, being descried at a distance, the cavalry should be sent against them, hastily snatching up their standards, they hurried away with all possible expedition. On the following day, when in addition to their extreme sufferings in other respects, famine also was at hand, Maharbal, who had followed them during the night with the whole body of cavalry, pledging his honor that he would let them depart with single garments if they would deliver up their arms, they surrendered themselves; which promise was kept by Hannibal with Punic fidelity, and he threw them all into chains.

This is the celebrated battle at the Trasimenus, and recorded among the few disasters of the Roman people. Fifteen thousand Romans were slain in the battle. Ten thousand, who had been scattered in the flight through all Etruria, returned to the city by different roads. One thousand five hundred of the enemy perished in the battle; many on both sides died afterwards of their wounds.

The Battle of Cannæ.

The consuls persisted in the same opinions they ever entertained; but nearly all acquiesced with Varro, and none with Paulus except Servilius, the consul of the former year. In compliance with the opinion of the majority, they set out, under the impulse of destiny, to render Cannæ celebrated by a Roman disaster. Hannibal had pitched his camp near that village, with his back to the wind Vulturnus, which, in those plains which are parched with drought, carries with it clouds of dust. This circumstance was not only very advantageous to the camp, but would be a great protection to them when they formed their line; as they, with the wind blowing only on their backs, would combat with an enemy blinded with the thickly blown dust.

When the consuls, employing sufficient diligence in exploring the road in pursuit of the Carthaginian, had arrived at Cannæ, where they had the enemy in the sight of them, having divided their forces, they fortify two camps, with nearly the same interval as before, at Geronium. The river Aufidus, which flowed by both the camps, afforded approach to the watering parties of each, as opportunity served, though not without contest. The Romans in the lesser camp, however, which was on the other side the Aufidus, were more freely furnished with water, because the farther bank had no guard of the enemy. Hannibal, entertaining a hope that the consuls would not decline a battle in this tract, which was naturally adapted to a cavalry engagement, in which portion of his forces he was invincible, formed his line, and provoked the enemy by a skirmishing attack with his Numidians. Upon this the Roman camp began again to be embroiled by a mutiny among the soldiers, and the disagreement of the consuls: since Paulus instanced to Varro the temerity of Sempronius and Flaminius; while Varro pointed to Fabius, as a specious example to timid and inactive generals. The latter called both gods and men to witness "that no part of the blame attached to him, that Hannibal had now made Italy his own, as it were, by right of possession; that he was held bound by his colleague; that the swords and arms were taken out of the hands of the indignant soldiers, who were eager to fight." The former declared "that, if any disaster should befall the legions thus exposed and betrayed into an ill-advised and imprudent battle, he should be exempt from any blame, though the sharer of all the consequences. That he must take care that their hands were equally energetic in the battle, whose tongues were so forward and impetuous."

While time is thus consumed in altercation rather than deliberating, Hannibal, who had kept his troops drawn up in order of battle till late in the day, when he had led the rest of them back into the camp, sends Numidians across the river to attack a watering party of the Romans from the lesser camp. Having routed this disorderly band by shouting and tumult, before they had well reached the opposite bank, they advanced even to an outpost which was before the rampart, and near the very gates of the camp. It seemed so great an indignity, that now even the camp of the Romans should be terrified by a tumultuary band of auxiliaries, that this cause alone kept back the Romans from crossing the river forthwith, and forming their line, that the chief command was on that day held by Paulus. Accordingly, Varro, on the following day, on which it was his turn to hold the command, without consulting his colleague, displayed the signal for battle, and, forming his troops, led them across the river. Paulus followed, because he could better disapprove of the proceeding than withhold his assistance. Having crossed the river, they add to their forces those which they had in the lesser camp; and thus forming their line, place the Roman cavalry in the right wing, which was next the river; and next them the infantry: at the extremity of the left wing the allied cavalry; within them the allied infantry, extending to the center, and contiguous to the Roman legions. The darters, and the rest of the light-armed auxiliaries, formed the van. The consuls commanded the wings, — Terentius the left, Æmilius the right. To Germinus Servilius was committed the charge of maintaining the battle in the center.

Hannibal, at break of day, having sent before him the Baliares and other light-armed troops, crossed the river, and placed his troops in line of battle, as he had conveyed them across the river. The Gallic and Spanish cavalry he placed in the left wing, opposite the Roman cavalry: the right wing was assigned to the Numidian cavalry, the center of the line being strongly formed by the infantry, so that both extremities of it were composed of Africans, between which Gauls and Spaniards were placed. One would suppose the Africans were for the most part Romans, they were so equipped with arms captured at the Trebia, and for the greater part at the Trasimenus. The shields of the Gauls and Spaniards were of the same shape, their swords unequal and dissimilar. The Gauls had very long ones, without points. The Spaniards, who were accustomed to stab, more than to cut, their enemy, had swords convenient, from their shortness, and with points. The aspect of these nations in other respects was terrific, both as to the appearance they exhibited and the size of their persons. The Gauls were naked above the navel: the Spaniards stood arrayed in linen vests resplendent with surprising whiteness, and bordered with purple. The whole amount of infantry standing in battle array was forty thousand; of cavalry ten. The generals who commanded the wings were, on the left, Hasdrubal; on the right, Maharbal: Hannibal himself, with his brother Mago, commanded the center. The sun very conveniently shone obliquely upon both parties — the Romans facing the south, and the Carthaginians the north; either placed so designedly, or having stood thus by chance. The wind, which the inhabitants of the district call the Vulturnus, blowing violently in front of the Romans, prevented their seeing far by rolling clouds of dust into their faces.

The shout being raised, the auxiliaries charged, and the battle commenced, in the first place, with the light-armed troops: then the left wing, consisting of the Gallic and Spanish cavalry, engages with the Roman right wing, by no means in the manner of a cavalry battle; for they were obliged to engage front to front; for, as on one side the river, on the other the line of infantry hemmed them in, there was no space left at their flanks for evolution, but both parties were compelled to press directly forward. At length the horses standing still, and being crowded together, man grappling with man, dragged him from his horse. The contest now came to be carried on principally on foot. The battle, however, was more violent than lasting; and the Roman cavalry being repulsed, turn their backs. About the conclusion of the contest between the cavalry, the battle between the infantry commenced. At first the Gauls and Spaniards preserved their ranks unbroken, not inferior in strength or courage; but at length the Romans, after long and repeated efforts, drove in with their even front and closely compacted line, that part of the enemy's line in the form of a wedge, which projected beyond the rest, which was too thin, and therefore deficient in strength. These men, thus driven back and hastily retreating, they closely pursued; and as they urged their course without interruption through this terrified band, as it fled with precipitation, were borne first upon the center line of the enemy; and, lastly, no one opposing them, they reached the African reserved troops. These were posted at the two extremities of the line, where it was depressed; while the center, where the Gauls and Spaniards were placed, projected a little. When the wedge thus formed being driven in, at first rendered the line level, but afterwards, by the pressure, made a curvature in the center, the Africans, who had now formed wings on each side of them, surrounded the Romans on both sides, who incautiously rushed into the intermediate space; and presently extending their wings, inclosed the enemy on the rear also. After this the Romans, who had in vain finished one battle, leaving the Gauls and Spaniards, whose rear they had slaughtered, in addition commence a fresh encounter with the Africans, not only disadvantageous, because, being hemmed in, they had to fight against troops who surrounded them, but also because, fatigued, they fought with those who were fresh and vigorous.

Now also in the left wing of the Romans, in which the allied cavalry were opposed to the Numidians, the battle was joined, which was at first languid, commencing with a stratagem on the part of the Carthaginians. About five hundred Numidians, who, besides their usual arms, had swords concealed beneath their coats of mail, quitting their own party, and riding up to the enemy under the semblance of deserters, with their bucklers behind them, suddenly leap down from their horses, and, throwing down their bucklers and javelins at the feet of their enemies, are received into their center, and, being conducted to the rear, ordered to remain there; and there they continued until the battle became general. But afterwards, when the thoughts and attention of all were occupied with the contest, snatching up the shields which lay scattered on all hands among the heaps of slain, they fell upon the rear of the Roman line, and striking their backs and wounding their hams, occasioned vast havoc, and still greater panic and confusion. While in one part terror and flight prevailed, in another the battle was obstinately persisted in, though with little hope. Hasdrubal, who was then commanding in that quarter, withdrawing the Numidians from the center of the army, as the conflict with their opponents was slight, sends them in pursuit of the scattered fugitives, and joining the Africans, now almost weary with slaying rather than fighting the Spanish and Gallic infantry.

On the other side of the field, Paulus, though severely wounded from a sling in the very commencement of the battle, with a compact body of troops, frequently opposed himself to Hannibal, and in several quarters restored the battle, the Roman cavalry protecting him; who, at length, when the consul had not strength enough even to manage his horse, dismounted from their horses. And when some one brought intelligence that the consul had ordered the cavalry to dismount, it is said that Hannibal observed, "How much rather would I that he delivered them to me in chains." The fight maintained by the dismounted cavalry was such as might be expected, when the victory was undoubtedly on the side of the enemy, the vanquished preferring death in their places to flight; and the conquerors, who were enraged at them for delaying the victory, butchering those whom they could not put to flight. They at length, however, drove the few who remained away, worn out with exertion and wounds. After that they were all dispersed, and such as could sought to regain their horses for flight. Cneius Lentulus, a military tribune, seeing, as he rode by, the consul sitting upon a stone and covered with blood, said to him: "Lucius Æmilius! the only man whom the gods ought to regard as being guiltless of this day's disaster, take this horse, while you have any strength remaining, and I am with you to raise you up and protect you. Make not this battle more calamitous by the death of a consul. There is sufficient matter for tears and grief without this addition." In reply the consul said: "Do thou, indeed, go on and prosper, Cneius Servilius, in your career of virtue! But beware lest you waste in bootless commiseration the brief opportunity of escaping from the hands of the enemy. Go and tell the fathers publicly to fortify the city of Rome, and garrison it strongly before the victorious enemy arrive; and tell Quintus Fabius, individually, that Lucius Æmilius lived, and now dies, mindful of his injunctions. Allow me to expire amidst these heaps of my slaughtered troops, that I may not a second time be accused after my consulate, or stand forth as the accuser of my colleague, in order to defend my own innocence by criminating another." While finishing these words, first a crowd of their flying countrymen, after that the enemy, came upon them; they overwhelm the consul with their weapons, not knowing who he was: in the confusion his horse rescued Lentulus. After that they fly precipitately.

Seven thousand escaped to the lesser camp, ten to the greater, about two thousand to the village itself of Cannæ, who were immediately surrounded by Carthalo and the cavalry, no fortifications protecting the village. The other consul, whether by design or by chance, made good his escape to Venusia with about seventy horse, without mingling with any party of the flying troops. Forty thousand foot, two thousand seven hundred horse, there being an equal number of citizens and allies, are said to have been slain. Among these both the questors of the consuls, Lucius Atilius and Lucius Furius Bibaculus; twenty-one military tribunes; several who had passed the offices of consul, pretor, and ædile; among these they reckon Cneius Servilius Germinus, and Marcus Minucius, who had been master of the horse on a former year, and consul some years before; moreover, eighty, either Senators, or who had borne those offices by which they might be elected into the Senate, and who had voluntarily enrolled themselves in the legions. Three thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry are said to have been captured in that battle.

Such is the battle of Cannæ, equal in celebrity to the defeat at the Allia; but as it was less important in respect to those things which happened after it, because the enemy did not follow up the blow, so was it more important and more horrible with respect to the slaughter of the army; for with respect to the flight at the Allia, as it betrayed the city, so it preserved the army. At Cannæ, scarcely seventy accompanied the flying consul: almost the whole army shared the fate of the other who died.

TO ROME.

By LORD BYRON.

O Rome, my country! city of the soul!
  The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
  In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and empires, Ye
Whose agonies are creatures of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride!
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka! it is clear—"
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection: all beside, decay.
Alas for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

By SALLUST.

[CAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS, Roman historical writer, was born B.C. 86. He was expelled from the Senate for debauchery, B.C. 54; readmitted by Cæsar; made governor of Numidia by him, B.C. 46; gained immense wealth by plundering the inhabitants and worse unpopularity by seducing their women; the following year he returned to Rome and lived in lettered ease till his death, B.C. 35. His fame rests on his only surviving works, "The Conspiracy of Catiline" and "The War against Jugurtha," both pamphlets with an ulterior political purpose.]

LUCIUS CATILINE was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments, but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action.

When wealth was once considered an honor, and glory, authority, and power attended on it, virtue lost her influence, poverty was thought a disgrace, and a life of innocence was regarded as a life of ill nature. From the influence of riches, accordingly, luxury, avarice, and pride prevailed among the youth; they grew at once rapacious and prodigal; they undervalued what was their own, and coveted what was another's; they set at naught modesty and continence; they lost all distinction between sacred and profane, and threw off all consideration and self-restraint.

The love of irregular gratification, open debauchery, and all kinds of luxury, had spread abroad. Men forgot their sex ; women threw off all the restraints of modesty. To gratify appetite, they sought for every kind of production by land and by sea ; they slept before there was any inclination for sleep ; they no longer waited to feel hunger, thirst, cold, or fatigue, but anticipated them all by luxurious indulgence. Such propensities drove the youth, when their patrimonies were exhausted, to criminal practices ; for their minds, impregnated with evil habits, could not easily abstain from gratifying their passions, and were thus the more inordinately devoted in every way to rapacity and extravagance.

In so populous and so corrupt a city, Catiline, as it was very easy to do, kept about him, like a bodyguard, crowds of the unprincipled and desperate. For all those shameless, libertine, and profligate characters, who had dissipated their patrimonies by gaming, luxury, and sensuality ; all who had contracted heavy debts, to purchase immunity for their crimes or offenses ; all assassins or sacrilegious persons from every quarter, convicted or dreading conviction for their evil deeds ; all, besides, whom their tongue or their hand maintained by perjury or civil bloodshed ; all, in fine, whom wickedness, poverty, or a guilty conscience disquieted, were the associates and intimate friends of Catiline. And if any one, as yet of unblemished character, fell into his society, he was presently rendered, by daily intercourse and temptation, similar and equal to the rest. But it was the young whose acquaintance he chiefly courted ; as their minds, ductile and unsettled from their age, were easily insnared by his stratagems. For as the passions of each, according to his years, appeared excited, he furnished mistresses to some, bought horses and dogs for others, and spared, in a word, neither his purse nor his character, if he could but make them his devoted and trustworthy supporters. There were some, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented the house of Catiline were guilty of crimes against nature ; but this report arose rather from other causes than from any evidence of the fact.

Catiline, in his youth, had been guilty of many criminal connections, with a virgin of noble birth, with a priestess of Vesta, and of many other offenses of this nature, in defiance alike of law and religion. At last, when he was smitten with a passion for Aurelia Orestilla, in whom no good man, at any time of her life, commended anything but her beauty, it is confidently believed that because she hesitated to marry him, from the dread of having a grown-up step-son, he cleared the house for their nuptials by putting his son to death. And this crime appears to me to have been the chief cause of hurrying forward the conspiracy. For his guilty mind, at peace with neither gods nor men, found no comfort either waking or sleeping; so effectually did conscience desolate his tortured spirit. His complexion, in consequence, was pale, his eyes haggard, his walk sometimes quick and sometimes slow, and distraction was plainly apparent in every feature and look.

The young men, whom, as I said before, he had enticed to join him, he initiated, by various methods, in evil practices. From among them he furnished false witnesses, and forgers of signatures; and he taught them all to regard, with equal unconcern, honor, property, and danger. At length, when he had stripped them of all character and shame, he led them to other and greater enormities. If a motive for crime did not readily occur, he incited them, nevertheless, to circumvent and murder inoffensive persons, just as if they had injured him; for, lest their hand or heart should grow torpid for want of employment, he chose to be gratuitously wicked and cruel.

Depending on such accomplices and adherents, and knowing that the load of debt was everywhere great, and that the veterans of Sylla, having spent their money too liberally, and remembering their spoils and former victory, were longing for a civil war, Catiline formed the design of overthrowing the government. There was no army in Italy; Pompey was fighting in a distant part of the world; he himself had great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the senate was wholly off its guard; everything was quiet and tranquil; and all these circumstances were exceedingly favorable for Catiline.

Accordingly, about the beginning of June, in the consulship of Lucius Cæsar and Caius Figulus, he at first addressed each of his accomplices separately, encouraged some, and sounded others, and informed them of his own resources, of the unprepared condition of the state, and of the great prizes to be expected from the conspiracy. When he had ascertained, to his satisfaction, all that he required, he summoned all whose necessities were the most urgent, and whose spirits were the most daring, to a general conference.

When Catiline saw these assembled, though he had often discussed many points with them singly, yet thinking it would be to his purpose to address and exhort them in a body, retired with them into a private apartment of his house, where, when all witnesses were withdrawn, he harangued them.

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When these men, surrounded with numberless evils, but without any resources or hopes of good, had heard his address, though they thought it much for their advantage to disturb the public tranquillity, yet most of them called on Catiline to state on what terms they were to engage in the contest; what benefits they were to expect from taking up arms; and what support and encouragement they had, and in what quarters. Catiline then promised them the abolition of their debts; a proscription of the wealthy citizens; offices, sacerdotal dignities, plunder, and all other gratifications which war, and the license of conquerors, can afford. He added that Piso was in Hither Spain, and Publius Sittius Nucerinus with an army in Mauritania, both of whom were privy to his plans; that Caius Antonius, whom he hoped to have for a colleague, was canvassing for the consulship, a man with whom he was intimate, and who was involved in all manner of embarrassments; and that, in conjunction with him, he himself, when consul, would commence operations. He, moreover, assailed all the respectable citizens with reproaches, commended each of his associates by name, reminded one of his poverty, another of his ruling passion, several others of their danger or disgrace, and many of the spoils which they had obtained by the victory of Sylla. When he saw their spirits sufficiently elevated, he charged them to attend to his interest at the election of consuls, and dismissed the assembly.

There were some, at that time, who said that Catiline, having ended his speech, and wishing to bind his accomplices in guilt by an oath, handed round among them, in goblets, the blood of a human body mixed with wine; and that when all, after an imprecation, had tasted of it, as is usual in sacred rites, he disclosed his design; and they asserted that he did this, in order that they might be the more closely attached to one another, by being mutually conscious of such an atrocity. But some thought that this report, and many others, were invented by persons who supposed that the odium against Cicero, which afterward arose, might be lessened by imputing an enormity of guilt to the conspirators who had suffered death. The evidence which I have obtained, in support of this charge, is not at all in proportion to its magnitude.

Among those present at this meeting was Quintus Curius, a man of no mean family, but immersed in vices and crimes, and whom the censors had ignominiously expelled from the senate. In this person there was not less levity than impudence; he could neither keep secret what he heard, nor conceal his own crimes; he was altogether heedless what he said or what he did. He had long had a criminal intercourse with Fulvia, a woman of high birth; but growing less acceptable to her, because, in his reduced circumstances, he had less means of being liberal, he began, on a sudden, to boast, and to promise her seas and mountains; threatening her, at times, with the sword, if she were not submissive to his will; and acting, in his general conduct, with greater arrogance than ever. Fulvia, having learned the cause of his extravagant behavior, did not keep such danger to the state a secret; but, without naming her informant, communicated to several persons what she had heard and under what circumstances, concerning Catiline's conspiracy. This intelligence it was that incited the feelings of the citizens to give the consulship to Marcus Tullius Cicero. For before this period, most of the nobility were moved with jealousy, and thought the consulship in some degree sullied, if a man of no family, however meritorious, obtained it. But when danger showed itself, envy and pride were laid aside.

Accordingly, when the comitia were held, Marcus Tullius and Caius Antonius were declared consuls; an event which gave the first shock to the conspirators. The ardor of Catiline, however, was not at all diminished; he formed every day new schemes; he deposited arms, in convenient places, throughout Italy; he sent sums of money borrowed on his own credit, or that of his friends, to a certain Manlius, at Fæsulæ, who was subsequently the first to engage in hostilities. At this period, too, he is said to have attached to his cause great numbers of men of all classes, and some women, who had, in their earlier days, supported an expensive life by the price of their beauty, but who, when age had lessened their gains but not their extravagance, had contracted heavy debts. By the influence of these females, Catiline hoped to gain over the slaves in Rome, to get the city set on fire, and either to secure the support of their husbands or take away their lives.

In the number of those ladies was Sempronia, a woman who had committed many crimes with the spirit of a man. In birth and beauty, in her husband and her children, she was extremely fortunate; she was skilled in Greek and Roman literature; she could sing, play, and dance, with greater elegance than became a woman of virtue, and possessed many other accomplishments that tend to excite the passions. But nothing was ever less valued by her than honor or chastity. Whether she was more prodigal of her money or her reputation, it would have been difficult to decide. Her desires were so ardent that she oftener made advances to the other sex than waited for solicitation. She had frequently, before this period, forfeited her word, forsworn debts, been privy to murder, and hurried into the utmost excesses by her extravagance and poverty. But her abilities were by no means despicable; she could compose verses, jest, and join in conversation either modest, tender, or licentious. In a word, she was distinguished by much refinement of wit, and much grace of expression.

Catiline, having made these arrangements, still canvassed for the consulship for the following year; hoping that, if he should be elected, he would easily manage Antonius according to his pleasure. Nor did he, in the mean time, remain inactive, but devised schemes, in every possible way, against Cicero, who, however, did not want skill or policy to guard against them. For, at the very beginning of his consulship, he had, by making many promises through Fulvia, prevailed on Quintus Curius, whom I have already mentioned, to give him secret information of Catiline's proceedings. He had also persuaded his colleague, Antonius, by an arrangement respecting their provinces, to entertain no sentiment of disaffection toward the state; and he kept around him, though without ostentation, a guard of his friends and dependents.

When the day of the comitia came, and neither Catiline's efforts for the consulship, nor the plots which he had laid for the consuls in the Campus Martius, were attended with success, he determined to proceed to war, and resort to the utmost extremities, since what he had attempted secretly had ended in confusion and disgrace.

He accordingly dispatched Caius Manlius to Fæsulæ, and the adjacent parts of Etruria; one Septimius, of Camerinum, into the Picenian territory; Caius Julius into Apulia; and others to various places, wherever he thought each would be most serviceable. He himself, in the mean time, was making many simultaneous efforts at Rome; he laid plots for the consul; he arranged schemes for burning the city; he occupied suitable posts with armed men; he went constantly armed himself, and ordered his followers to do the same; he exhorted them to be always on their guard and prepared for action, he was active and vigilant by day and by night, and was exhausted neither by sleeplessness nor by toil. At last, however, when none of his numerous projects succeeded, he again, with the aid of Marcus Porcius Læca, convoked the leaders of the conspiracy in the dead of night, when, after many complaints of their apathy, he informed them that he had sent forward Manlius to that body of men whom he had prepared to take up arms; and others of the confederates into other eligible places, to make a commencement of hostilities; and that he himself was eager to set out to the army, if he could but first cut off Cicero, who was the chief obstruction to his measures.

While, therefore, the rest were in alarm and hesitation, Caius Cornelius, a Roman knight, who offered his services, and Lucius Vargunteius, a senator, in company with him, agreed to go with an armed force, on that very night, and with but little delay, to the house of Cicero, under pretense of paying their respects to him, and to kill him unawares, and unprepared for defense, in his own residence. But Curius, when he heard of the imminent danger that threatened the consul, immediately gave him notice, by the agency of Fulvia, of the treachery which was contemplated. The assassins, in consequence, were refused admission, and found that they had undertaken such an attempt only to be disappointed.

In the mean time, Manlius was in Etruria, stirring up the populace, who, both from poverty, and from resentment for their injuries (for, under the tyranny of Sylla, they had lost their lands and other property), were eager for a revolution. He also attached to himself all sorts of marauders, who were numerous in those parts, and some of Sylla's colonists, whose dissipation and extravagance had exhausted their enormous plunder.

When these proceedings were reported to Cicero, he, being alarmed at the twofold danger, since he could no longer secure the city against treachery by his private efforts, nor could gain satisfactory intelligence of the magnitude or intentions of the army of Manlius, laid the matter, which was already a subject of discussion among the people, before the senate. The senate, accordingly, as is usual in any perilous emergency, decreed that THE CONSULS SHOULD MAKE IT THEIR CARE THAT THE COMMONWEALTH SHOULD RECEIVE NO INJURY. This is the greatest power which, according to the practice at Rome, is granted by the senate to the magistrate, and which authorizes him to raise troops; to make war; to assume unlimited control over the allies and the citizens; to take the chief command and jurisdiction at home and in the field; rights which, without an order of the people, the consul is not permitted to exercise.

A few days afterward, Lucius Sænius, a senator, read to the senate a letter, which, he said, he had received from Fæsulæ, and in which it was stated that Caius Manlius, with a large force, had taken the field by the 27th of October. Others at the same time, as is not uncommon in such a crisis, spread reports of omens and prodigies; others of meetings being held, of arms being transported, and of insurrections of the slaves at Capua and Apulia. In consequence of these rumors, Quintus Marcius Rex was dispatched, by a decree of the senate, to Fæsulæ, and Quintus Metellus Creticus into Apulia and the parts adjacent; both which officers, with the title of commanders, were waiting near the city, having been prevented from entering in triumph, by the malice of a cabal, whose custom it was to ask a price for everything, whether honorable or infamous. The pretors, too, Quintus Pompeius Rufus and Quintus Metellus Celer, were sent off, the one to Capua, the other to Picenum, and power was given them to levy a force proportioned to the exigency and the danger. The senate also decreed, that if any one should give information of the conspiracy which had been formed against the state, his reward should be, if a slave, his freedom and a hundred sestertia; if a freeman, a complete pardon and two hundred sestertia. They further appointed that the schools of gladiators should be distributed in Capua and other municipal towns, according to the capacity of each; and that, at Rome, watches should be posted throughout the city, of which the inferior magistrates should have the charge.

By such proceedings as these the citizens were struck with alarm, and the appearance of the city was changed. In place of that extreme gayety and dissipation to which long tranquillity had given rise, a sudden gloom spread over all classes; they became anxious and agitated; they felt secure neither in any place, nor with any person; they were not at war, yet enjoyed no peace; each measured the public danger by his own fear. The women, also, to whom, from the extent of the empire, the dread of war was new, gave way to lamentation, raised supplicating hands to heaven, mourned over their infants, made constant inquiries, trembled at everything, and, forgetting their pride and their pleasures, felt nothing but alarm for themselves and their country.

Yet the unrelenting spirit of Catiline persisted in the same purposes, notwithstanding the precautions that were adopted against him, and though he himself was accused by Lucius Paullus under the Plautian law. At last, with a view to dissemble, and under pretense of clearing his character, as if he had been provoked by some attack, he went into the senate house. It was then that Marcus Tullius, the consul, whether alarmed at his presence, or fired with indignation against him, delivered that splendid speech, so beneficial to the public, which he afterward wrote and published. [See following selection.]

When Cicero sat down, Catiline being prepared to pretend ignorance of the whole matter, entreated, with downcast looks and suppliant voice, that "the Conscript Fathers would not too hastily believe anything against him"; saying "that he was sprung from such a family, and had so ordered his life from his youth, as to have every happiness in prospect; and that they were not to suppose that he, a patrician, whose services to the Roman people, as well as those of his ancestors, had been so numerous, should want to ruin the state, when Marcus Tullius, a mere adopted citizen of Rome, was eager to preserve it." When he was proceeding to add other invectives, they all raised an outcry against him, and called him an enemy and a traitor. Being thus exasperated, "Since I am encompassed by enemies," he exclaimed, "and driven to desperation, I will extinguish the flame kindled around me in a general ruin."

He then hurried from the senate to his own house; and then, after much reflection with himself, thinking that, as his plots against the consul had been unsuccessful, and as he knew the city to be secured from fire by the watch, his best course would be to augment his army, and make provision for the war before the legions could be raised, he set out in the dead of night, and with a few attendants, to the camp of Manlius. But he left in charge to Lentulus and Cethegus, and others of whose prompt determination he was assured, to strengthen the interests of their party in every possible way, to forward the plots against the consul, and to make arrangements for a massacre, for firing the city, and for other destructive operations of war; promising that he himself would shortly advance on the city with a large army.

Catiline himself, having stayed a few days with Caius Flaminius Flamma in the neighborhood of Arretium, while he was supplying the adjacent parts, already excited to insurrection, with arms, marched with his fasces, and other ensigns of authority, to join Manlius in his camp.

When this was known at Rome, the senate declared Catiline and Manlius enemies to the state, and fixed a day as to the rest of their force, before which they might lay down their arms with impunity, except such as had been convicted of capital offenses. They also decreed that the consuls should hold a levy; that Antonius, with an army, should hasten in pursuit of Catiline; and that Cicero should protect the city.

At this period the empire of Rome appears to me to have been in an extremely deplorable condition; for though every nation, from the rising to the setting of the sun, lay in subjection to her arms, and though peace and prosperity, which mankind think the greatest blessings, were hers in abundance, there yet were found, among her citizens, men who were bent with obstinate determination to plunge themselves and their country into ruin; for, notwithstanding the two decrees of the senate, not one individual, out of so vast a number, was induced by the offer of reward to give information of the conspiracy; nor was there a single deserter from the camp of Catiline. So strong a spirit of disaffection had, like a pestilence, pervaded the minds of most of the citizens.

Nor was this disaffected spirit confined to those who were actually concerned in the conspiracy; for the whole of the common people, from a desire of change, favored the projects of Catiline. This they seemed to do in accordance with their general character; for, in every state, they that are poor envy those of a better class, and endeavor to exalt the factious; they dislike the established condition of things, and long for something new; they are discontented with their own circumstances, and desire a general alteration; they can support themselves amid tumult and sedition, without anxiety, since poverty does not easily suffer loss.

As for the populace of the city, they had become disaffected from various causes. In the first place, such as everywhere took the lead in crime and profligacy, with others who had squandered their fortunes in dissipation, and, in a word, all whom vice and villainy had driven from their homes, had flocked to Rome as a general receptacle of impurity. In the next place, many, who thought of the success of Sylla, when they had seen some raised from common soldiers into senators, and others so enriched as to live in regal luxury and pomp, hoped, each for himself, similar results from victory, if they should once take up arms. In addition to this, the youth, who, in the country, had earned a scanty livelihood by manual labor, tempted by public and private largesses, had preferred idleness in the city to unwelcome toil in the field. To these, and all others of similar character, public disorders would furnish subsistence. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that men in distress, of dissolute principles and extravagant expectations, should have consulted the interest of the state no further than as it was subservient to their own. Besides, those whose parents, by the victory of Sylla, had been proscribed, whose property had been confiscated, and whose civil rights had been curtailed, looked forward to the event of a war with precisely the same feelings.

All those, too, who were of any party opposed to that of the senate, were desirous rather that the state should be embroiled, than that they themselves should be out of power. This was an evil which, after many years, had returned upon the community to the extent to which it now prevailed.

Much about the same time there were commotions in Hither and Further Gaul, in the Picenian and Bruttian territories, and in Apulia. For those whom Catiline had previously sent to those parts had begun, without consideration, and seemingly with madness, to attempt everything at once; and by nocturnal meetings, by removing armor and weapons from place to place, and by hurrying and confusing everything, had created more alarm than danger. Of these, Quintus Metellus Celer, the pretor, having brought several to trial, under the decree of the senate, had thrown them into prison, as had also Caius Muræna in Further Gaul, who governed that province in quality of legate.

But at Rome, in the mean time, Lentulus, with the other leaders of the conspiracy, having secured what they thought a large force, had arranged, that as soon as Catiline should reach the neighborhood of Fæsulæ, Lucius Bestia, a tribune of the people, having called an assembly, should complain of the proceedings of Cicero, and lay the odium of this most oppressive war on the excellent consul; and that the rest of the conspirators, taking this as a signal, should, on the following night, proceed to execute their respective parts.

These parts are said to have been thus distributed. Statilius and Gabinius, with a large force, were to set on fire twelve places of the city, convenient for their purpose, at the same time; in order that, during the consequent tumult, an easier access might be obtained to the consul, and to the others whose destruction was intended; Cethegus was to beset the gate of Cicero, and attack him personally with violence; others were to single out other victims; while the sons of certain families, mostly of the nobility, were to kill their fathers; and, when all were in consternation at the massacre and conflagration, they were to sally forth to join Catiline.

While they were thus forming and settling their plans, Cethegus was incessantly complaining of the want of spirit in his associates; observing, that they wasted excellent opportunities through hesitation and delay; that, in such an enterprise, there was need, not of deliberation, but of action; and that he himself, if a few would support him, would storm the senate house while the others remained inactive. Being naturally bold, sanguine, and prompt to act, he thought that success depended on rapidity of execution.

The Allobroges, according to the directions of Cicero, procured interviews, by means of Gabinius, with the other conspirators; and from Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and Cassius they demanded an oath, which they might carry under seal to their countrymen, who otherwise would hardly join in so important an affair. To this the others consented without suspicion; but Cassius promised them soon to visit their country, and, indeed, left the city a little before the deputies.

In order that the Allobroges, before they reached home, might confirm their agreement with Catiline, by giving and receiving pledges of faith, Lentulus sent with them one Titus Volturcius, a native of Crotona, he himself giving Volturcius a letter for Catiline, of which the following is a copy: —

"Who I am, you will learn from the person whom *I* have sent to you. Reflect seriously in how desperate a situation you are placed, and remember that you are a man. Consider what your views demand, and seek aid from all, even the lowest." In addition, he gave him this verbal message: "Since he was declared an enemy by the senate, for what reason should he reject the assistance of slaves? That, in the city, everything which he had directed was arranged; and that he should not delay to make nearer approaches to it."

Matters having proceeded thus far, and a night being appointed for the departure of the deputies, Cicero, being by them made acquainted with everything, directed the pretors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, and Caius Pomtinus, to arrest the retinue of the Allobroges, by lying in wait for them on the Milvian Bridge; he gave them a full explanation of the object with which they were sent, and left them to manage the rest as occasion might require. Being military men, they placed a force, as had been directed, without disturbance, and secretly invested the bridge; when the deputies, with Volturcius, came to the place, and a shout was raised from each side of the bridge, the Gauls, at once comprehending the matter, surrendered themselves immediately to the pretors. Volturcius, at first, encouraging his companions, defended himself against numbers with his sword; but afterward, being unsupported by the Allobroges, he began earnestly to beg Pomtinus, to whom he was known, to save his life, and at last, terrified and despairing of safety, he surrendered himself to the pretors as unconditionally as to foreign enemies.

The affair being thus concluded, a full account of it was immediately transmitted to the consul by messengers. Great anxiety, and great joy, affected him at the same moment. He rejoiced that, by the discovery of the conspiracy, the state was freed from danger; but he was doubtful how he ought to act, when citizens of such eminence were detected in treason so atrocious. He saw that their punishment would be a weight upon himself, and their escape the destruction of the Commonwealth. Having, however, formed his resolution, he ordered Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and one Quintus Cœparius of Terracina, who was preparing to go to Apulia to raise the slaves, to be summoned before him. The others came without delay; but Cœparius, having left his house a little before, and heard of the discovery of the conspiracy, had fled from the city. The consul himself conducted Lentulus, as he was pretor, holding him by the hand, and ordered the others to be brought into the Temple of Concord, under a guard. Here he assembled the senate, and in a very full attendance of that body introduced Volturcius with the deputies. Hither also he ordered Valerius Flaccus, the pretor, to bring the box with the letters which he had taken from the deputies.

Volturcius, being questioned concerning his journey, concerning his letter, and lastly, what object he had had in view, and from what motives he had acted, at first began to prevaricate, and to pretend ignorance of the conspiracy; but at length, when he was told to speak on the security of the public faith, he disclosed every circumstance as it had really occurred, stating that he had been admitted as an associate, a few days before, by Gabinius and Cœparius; that he knew no more than the deputies, only that he used to hear from Gabinius, that Publius Autronius, Servius Sylla, Lucius Vargunteius, and many others, were engaged in the conspiracy. The Gauls made a similar confession, and charged Lentulus, who began to affect ignorance, not only with the letter to Catiline, but with remarks which he was in the habit of making, "that the sovereignty of Rome, by the Sibylline books, was predestined to three Cornelii; that Cinna and Sylla had ruled already; and that he himself was the third, whose fate it would be to govern the city; and that this, too, was the twentieth year since the Capitol was burned, — a year which the augurs, from certain omens, had often said would be stained with the blood of civil war."

The letter then being read, the senate, when all had previously acknowledged their seals, decreed that Lentulus, being deprived of his office, should, as well as the rest, be placed in private custody. Lentulus, accordingly, was given in charge to Publius Lentulus Spinther, who was then ædile; Cethegus, to Quintus Cornificius; Statilius, to Caius Cæsar; Gabinius, to Marcus Crassus; and Cœparius, who had just before been arrested in his flight, to Cneius Terentius, a senator.

While these occurrences were passing in the senate, and while rewards were being voted, an approbation of their evidence, to the Allobrogian deputies and to Titus Volturcius, the freedmen and some of the other dependents of Lentulus were urging the artisans and slaves, in various directions throughout the city, to attempt his rescue; some, too, applied to the ringleaders of the mob, who were always ready to disturb the state for pay. Cethegus, at the same time, was soliciting, through his agents, his slaves and freedmen, men trained to deeds of audacity, to collect themselves into an armed body, and force a way into his place of confinement.

The consul, when he heard that these things were in agitation, having distributed armed bodies of men, as the circumstances and occasion demanded, called a meeting of the senate, and desired to know "what they wished to be done concerning those who had been committed to custody." A full senate, however, had but a short time before declared them traitors to their country. On this occasion, Decimus Junius Silanus, who, as consul elect, was first asked his opinion, moved that capital punishment should be inflicted, not only on those who were in confinement, but also on Lucius Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius Umbrenus, and Quintus Annius, if they should be apprehended; but afterward, being influenced by the speech of Caius Cæsar, he said that he would go over to the opinion of Tiberius Nero, who had proposed that the guards should be increased, and that the senate should deliberate further on the matter.

[The speeches of Cæsar for lenity, and of Cato for death, are here given, with the characters of the two men.]

When the senate, as I have stated, had gone over to the opinion of Cato, the consul, thinking it best not to wait till night, which was coming on, lest any new attempts should be made during the interval, ordered the triumvirs to make such preparations as the execution of the conspirators required. He himself, having posted the necessary guards, conducted Lentulus to the prison; and the same office was performed for the rest by the pretors.

There is a place in the prison, which is called the Tullian dungeon, and which, after a slight ascent to the left, is sunk about twelve feet underground. Walls secure it on every side, and over it is a vaulted roof connected with stone arches; but its appearance is disgusting and horrible, by reason of the filth, darkness, and stench. When Lentulus had been let down into this place, certain men, to whom orders had been given, strangled him with a cord. Thus this patrician, who was of the illustrious family of the Cornelii, and who filled the office of consul at Rome, met with an end suited to his character and conduct. On Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Cœparius, punishment was inflicted in a similar manner.

During these proceedings at Rome, Catiline, out of the entire force which he himself had brought with him, and that which Manlius had previously collected, formed two legions, filling up the cohorts as far as his number would allow; and afterward, as any volunteers, or recruits from his confederates, arrived in his camp, he distributed them equally throughout the cohorts, and thus filled up his legions, in a short time, with their regular number of men, though at first he had not more than two thousand. But, of his whole army, only about a fourth part had the proper weapons of soldiers; the rest, as chance had equipped them, carried darts, spears, or sharpened stakes.

As Antonius approached with his army, Catiline directed his march over the hills, encamping, at one time, in the direction of Rome, at another in that of Gaul. He gave the enemy no opportunity of fighting, yet hoped himself shortly to find one, if his accomplices at Rome should succeed in their object. Slaves, meanwhile, of whom vast numbers had at first flocked to him, he continued to reject, not only as depending on the strength of the conspiracy, but as thinking it impolitic to appear to share the cause of citizens with runagates.

When it was reported in his camp, however, that the conspiracy had been discovered at Rome, and that Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest whom I have named had been put to death, most of those whom the hope of plunder, or the love of change, had led to join in the war, fell away. The remainder Catiline conducted, over rugged mountains, and by forced marches, into the neighborhood of Pistoria, with a view to escape covertly, by crossroads, into Gaul.

But Quintus Metellus Celer, with a force of three legions, had, at that time, his station in Picenum, who suspected that Catiline, from the difficulties of his position, would adopt precisely the course which we have just described. When, therefore, he had learned his route from some deserters, he immediately broke up his camp, and took his post at the very foot of the hills, at the point where Catiline's descent would be, in his hurried march into Gaul. Nor was Antonius far distant, as he was pursuing, though with a large army, yet through plainer ground, and with fewer hindrances, the enemy in retreat.

Catiline, when he saw that he was surrounded by mountains and by hostile forces, that his schemes in the city had been unsuccessful, and that there was no hope either of escape or of succor, thinking it best, in such circumstances, to try the fortune of a battle, resolved upon engaging, as speedily as possible, with Antonius.

He ordered the signal for battle to be sounded, and led down his troops, in regular order, to the level ground. Having then sent away the horses of all the cavalry, in order to increase the men's courage by making their danger equal, he himself, on foot, drew up his troops suitably to their numbers and the nature of the ground. As a plain stretched between the mountains on the left, with a rugged rock on the right, he placed eight cohorts in front, and stationed the rest of his force, in close order, in the rear. From among these he removed all the ablest centurions, the veterans, and the stoutest of the common soldiers that were regularly armed, into the foremost ranks. He ordered Caius Manlius to take the command of the right, and a certain officer of Fæsulæ on the left; while he himself, with his freedmen and the colonists, took his station by the eagle, which Caius Marius was said to have had in his army in the Cimbrian war.

On the other side, Caius Antonius, who, being lame, was unable to be present in the engagement, gave the command of the army to Marcus Petreius, his lieutenant general. Petreius ranged the cohorts of veterans, which he had raised to meet the present insurrection, in front, and behind them the rest of his force in lines. Then, riding round among his troops, and addressing his men by name, he encouraged them, and bade them remember that they were to fight against unarmed marauders, in defense of their country, their children, their temples, and their homes. Being a military man, and having served with great reputation, for more than thirty years, as tribune, prefect, lieutenant, or pretor, he knew most of the soldiers and their honorable actions, and, by calling these to their remembrance, roused the spirits of the men.

When he had made a complete survey, he gave the signal with the trumpet, and ordered the cohorts to advance slowly. The army of the enemy followed his example; and when they approached so near that the action could be commenced by the light-armed troops, both sides, with a loud shout, rushed together in a furious charge. They threw aside their missiles, and fought only with their swords. The veterans, calling to mind their deeds of old, engaged fiercely in the closest combat. The enemy made an obstinate resistance; and both sides contended with the utmost fury. Catiline, during this time, was exerting himself with his light troops in the front, sustaining such as were pressed, substituting fresh men for the wounded, attending to every exigency, charging in person, wounding many an enemy, and performing at once the duties of a valiant soldier and a skillful general.

When Petreius, contrary to his expectation, found Catiline attacking him with such impetuosity, he led his pretorian cohort against the center of the enemy, among whom, being thus thrown into confusion, and offering but partial resistance, he made great slaughter, and ordered, at the same time, an assault on both flanks. Manlius and the Fæsulan, sword in hand, were among the first that fell; and Catiline, when he saw his army routed, and himself left with but few supporters, remembering his birth and former dignity, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, where he was slain, fighting to the last.

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness, and what energy of spirit, had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline; for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the pretorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless, and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle nor in flight, was any freeborn citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy.

Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory; for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle, or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground, or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus, gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

CICERO'S SPEECH ON CATILINE'S CONSPIRACY.

[MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, the greatest of Roman orators and perhaps the second of all time, was born B.C. 106, of the nobility. Trained for the bar, his first important case obliged him to go into exile for fear of the dictator Sulla. Returning after Sulla's death, he became the leader of the bar and high in political life; rose to be consul, B.C. 63, and gained great credit for suppressing Catiline's conspiracy. Later, he was again exiled for taking sides against the tribune Clodius, and again recalled in a storm of popular enthusiasm. He sided with Pompey against Cæsar, but made peace with the latter after Pharsalia. After the murder of Cæsar, Cicero sided with Octavius, and thundered against Antony, who on his coalition with Octavius demanded Cicero's life as the price of the junction; Octavius consented, and Cicero was assassinated by an officer whose life he had once saved at the bar. His orations, his letters saved and published by his freedman Tiro, and his varied disquisitions keep his fame unfailingly bright.]

WHEN, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill — do not the watches posted throughout the city — does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men — does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place — do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before — where is it that you were — who was there that you summoned to meet you — what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Mælius when plotting a revolution in the state. There was — there was once such virtue in this republic, that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone — I say it openly — we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The senate once passed a decree that Lucius Opimius, the consul, should take care that the republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There was slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all his children. By a like decree of the senate the safety of the republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the pretor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment — buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live — and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls — ay, and even in the senate — planning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private houses cannot conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls — if everything is seen and displayed? Change your mind: trust me: forget the slaughter and conflagration you are meditating. You are hemmed in on all sides; all your plans are clearer than the day to us; let me remind you of them. Do you recollect that on the 21st of October I said in the senate, that on a certain day, which was to be the 27th of October, C. Manlius, the satellite and servant of your audacity, would be in arms? Was I mistaken, Catiline, not only in so important, so atrocious, so incredible a fact, but, what is much more remarkable, in the very day? I said also in the senate that you had fixed the massacre of the nobles for the 28th of October, when many chief men of the senate had left Rome, not so much for the sake of saving themselves as of checking your designs. Can you deny that on that very day you were so hemmed in by my guards and my vigilance, that you were unable to stir one finger against the republic; when you said that you would be content with the flight of the rest, and the slaughter of us who remained? What? when you made sure that you would be able to seize Præneste on the first of November by a nocturnal attack, did you not find that that colony was fortified by my order, by my garrison, by my watchfulness and care? You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing which I not only do not hear, but which I do not see and know every particular of.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more actively for the safety than you do for the destruction of the republic. I say that you came the night before (I will say nothing obscurely) into the Scythe-dealers' street, to the house of Marcus Lecca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there too. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal Gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here — here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer — I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so horrible, and so deadly an enemy to the republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my own friends, without exciting any disturbance publicly. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens ; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the republic ; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it ; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you — no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What? when lately by the death of your former wife you had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be seen to have existed in this city and not to have been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not to your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

Can the light of this life, O Catiline, can the breath of this atmosphere be pleasant to you, when you know that there is not one man of those here present who is ignorant that you, on the last day of the year, when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, stood in the assembly armed; that you had prepared your hand for the slaughter of the consuls and chief men of the state, and that no reason or fear of yours hindered your crime and madness, but the fortune of the republic? And I say no more of these things, for they are not unknown to every one. How often have you endeavored to slay me, both as consul elect and as actual consul? how many shots of yours, so aimed that they seemed impossible to be escaped, have I avoided by some slight stooping aside, and some dodging, as it were, of my body? You attempt nothing, you execute nothing, you devise nothing that can be kept hid from me at the proper time; and yet you do not cease to attempt and to contrive. How often already has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands? how often has it slipped through them by some chance, and dropped down? and yet you cannot any longer do without it; and to what sacred mysteries it is consecrated and devoted by you I know not, that you think it necessary to plunge it in the body of the consul.

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you, who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now, your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody? what of your having said, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, that you were willing to dwell in the house of Marcus Lepidus? And when you were not received by him, you dared even to come to me, and begged me to keep you in my house; and when you had received answer from me that I could not possibly be safe in the same house with you, when I considered myself in great danger as long as we were in the same city, you came to Quintus Metellus, the pretor, and being rejected by him, you passed on to your associate, that most excellent man, Marcus Marcellus, who would be, I suppose you thought, most diligent in guarding you, most sagacious in suspecting you, and most bold in punishing you; but how far can we think that man ought to be from bonds and imprisonment who has already judged himself deserving of being given into custody?

Since, then, this is the case, do you hesitate, O Catiline, if you cannot remain here with tranquillity, to depart to some distant land, and to trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude? Make a motion, say you, to the senate (for that is what you demand), and if this body votes that you ought to go into banishment, you say that you will obey. I will not make such a motion, — it is contrary to my principles, — and yet I will let you see what these men think of you. Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men? they permit it, they say nothing; why wait you for the authority of their words, when you see their wishes in their silence?

But had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. And not they alone, whose authority forsooth is dear to you, though their lives are unimportant, but the Roman knights too, those most honorable and excellent men, and the other virtuous citizens who are now surrounding the senate, whose numbers you could see, whose desires you could know, and whose voices you a few minutes ago could hear — ay, whose very hands and weapons I have for some time been scarcely able to keep off from you; but those, too, I will easily bring to attend you to the gates if you leave these places you have been long desiring to lay waste.

And yet, why am I speaking? that anything may change your purpose? that you may ever amend your life? that you may meditate flight or think of voluntary banishment? I wish the gods may give you such a mind; though I see, if alarmed at my words you bring your mind to go into banishment, what a storm of unpopularity hangs over me, if not at present, while the memory of your wickedness is fresh, at all events hereafter. But it is worth while to incur that, as long as that is but a private misfortune of my own, and is unconnected with the dangers of the republic. But we cannot expect that you should be concerned at your own vices, that you should fear the penalties of the laws, or that you should yield to the necessities of the republic, for you are not, O Catiline, one whom either shame can recall from infamy, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your impious banditti, so that you may not seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your own friends.

Though why should I invite you, by whom I know men have been already sent on to wait in arms for you at the forum Aurelium; who I know has fixed and agreed with Manlius upon a settled day; by whom I know that that silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and to all your friends, and to which there was set up in your house a shrine as it were of your crimes, has been already sent forward? Need I fear that you can long do without that which you used to worship when going out to murder, and from whose altars you have often transferred your impious hand to the slaughter of citizens?

You will go at last where your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained you, fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not only did you never desire quiet, but you never even desired any war but a criminal one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man. All the toils you have gone through have always pointed to this sort of life; your lying on the ground not merely to lie in wait to gratify your unclean desires, but even to accomplish crimes; your vigilance, not only when plotting against the sleep of husbands, but also against the goods of your murdered victims, have all been preparations for this. Now you have an opportunity of displaying your splendid endurance of hunger, of cold, of want of everything; by which in a short time you will find yourself worn out. All this I effected when I procured your rejection from the consulship, that you should be reduced to make attempts on your country as an exile, instead of being able to distress it as consul, and that that which had been wickedly undertaken by you should be called piracy rather than war.

Now that I may remove and avert, O conscript fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost hearts and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life — if all Italy — if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? Is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the rights of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine gratitude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your own actions, of no ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?"

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O conscript fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me to ever so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory, not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed the hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many, and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius, to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were put to death, I know that this disease of the republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself, and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will this full-grown plague of the republic be extinguished and eradicated, but also the root and seed of all future evils.

We have now for a long time, O conscript fathers, lived among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water, seem at first to be relieved, but afterward suffer more and more severely; so this disease which is in the republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone — let them separate themselves from the good — let them collect in one place — let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house — to surround the tribunal of the city pretor — to besiege the senate house with swords — to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the republic. I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline — everything checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples — from the houses and walls of the city — from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.[1]

By BESSIE R. PARKES.

Who calls the broad Campagna drear, —
  His eyes are dull! his heart is cold!
In every season of the year
  Her beauty is unthought, untold;
But chiefest when the April showers
Come brightly down and wake the flowers!

Athwart the classic Sabine hills
  The high white clouds come sailing on;
With sudden gloom each valley fills;
  A moment — and 'tis gone!
And o'er the vast enameled plain
The shadow sweeps and fades again.

Flung like a chain from mile to mile,
  Erect the Appian arches stand,
Like Roman knights in stately file
  Drawn out to guard the land.
The long-horned cattle stand and gaze
Beneath them; dumb with mild amaze.

Beside an ancient Norman Tower
  Built in the yesterday of Rome,
A maid from yonder mountain bower
  To meet her love has come;
And listens to the tender words
Of him who keeps the flocks and herds.

On every side the asphodel
  Grows thick as on the plains of Troy;
How bright is every bud and bell
  About the girl and boy!
How sweet the voice of Nature sings
To ears that count but twenty springs!

Yet these, the children of the soil,
  Who never knew a paler sky,
Whose hands are scarcely touched by toil,
  Whose sunlit hours unheeded fly;

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[1] By permission of author.

"Who calls the broad Campagna drear?"

Whose worst of hardship leaves them fair,
With those bright eyes, that shining hair;

Whose griefs allow them voice to sing,
  And feet to dance and lips to pray!
Can they be thankful for the Spring
  As we, who, on the Aurelian Way,
First see that far gray curve,—the Dome
Which rises o'er imperial Rome!

This is the Land by all beloved,—
  Which all in several ways desire.
For me, my inmost heart is moved,
  And lit as by interior fire
Of tenderness, when I but dream
Of Her who sits by Tiber's stream.

And of the plain where Tiber sweeps
  And broadens to the sea-girt west,
And fragrant woods where Silence sleeps
  Beside her bright unfurrowed breast,
Pine shaded, while each grassy glen
Brims o'er with purple cyclamen.

No more the nymphs and naiads play
  Together on the haunted shore;
In yonder wave the god of day
  With Dian's Bow contends no more;
Nor shadowy Trojan vessels glide
White-sailed against the golden tide.

But Ostia's empty tombs that lie
  In flowery fields beside the stream,
And temples roofless to the sky,
  And ancient fortress towers that seem
Forgotten by all human things,
And changeless through a thousand Springs,—

These are the themes that meet the sight
  And thrill the spiritual ear—
To painter's memory always bright,
  To poet's muse forever dear—
And make this land a place apart—
The Threshold of the World of Art!

CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN.

(From the "Commentaries.")

[Caius Julius Cæsar, founder of the Roman monarchy, was born B.C. 100 and murdered B.C. 44. He was of an important family; engaged in politics, with a profligacy and unscrupulousness equal to those of any other politician of his time, but with more humanity and generosity than most, and more sagacity and executive ability than any others; became a great military leader, and on his rival Pompey inducing the Senate to remove him from the command, refused obedience, invaded Italy, overthrew the Republic, and made himself dictator (B.C. 49). After crushing all resistance, he was made perpetual dictator early in B.C. 44, — king in all but name; this aroused the friends of popular freedom to take his life, which was done in March of the same year. His literary repute rests on his "Commentaries," a report of his campaigns in Gaul, Germany, and Britain.]

Though but a small part of the summer now remained, Cæsar resolved to pass over into Britain, having certain intelligence that in all his wars with the Gauls the enemies of the Commonwealth had ever received assistance from thence. He indeed foresaw that the season of the year would not permit him to finish the war; yet he thought it would be of no small advantage if he should but take a view of the island, learn the nature of the inhabitants, and acquaint himself with the coast, harbors, and landing places, to all which the Gauls were perfect strangers; for almost none but merchants resort to that island, nor have even they any knowledge of the country, except the seacoast and the parts opposite to Gaul. Having therefore called together the merchants from all parts, they could neither inform him of the largeness of the island, nor what or how powerful the nations were that inhabited it, nor of their customs, art of war, or the harbors fit to receive large ships. For these reasons, before he embarked himself, he thought proper to send C. Volusenus with a galley, to get some knowledge of these things, commanding him, as soon as he had informed himself in what he wanted to know, to return with all expedition. He himself marched with his own army into the territories of the Morini, because thence was the nearest passage into Britain. Here he ordered a great many ships from the neighboring ports to attend him, and the fleet he had made use of the year before in the Venetian war.

Meanwhile, the Britons having notice of his design by the merchants that resorted to their island, ambassadors from many of their states came to Cæsar, with an offer of hostages, and submission to the authority of the people of Rome. To these he gave a favorable audience, and, exhorting them to continue in the same mind, sent them back into their own country. Along with them he dispatched Comius, whom he had constituted king of the Atrebatians — a man in whose virtue, wisdom, and fidelity he greatly confided, and whose authority in the island was very considerable. To him he gave it in charge to visit as many states as he could, and persuade them to enter into an alliance with the Romans, letting them know at the same time that Cæsar designed as soon as possible to come over in person to their island. Volusenus, having taken a view of the country, as far as was possible for one who had resolved not to quit his ship or trust himself in the hands of the barbarians, returned on the fifth day and acquainted Cæsar with his discoveries.

While Cæsar continued in those parts, for the sake of getting ready his fleet, deputies arrived from almost all the cantons of the Morini, to excuse their late war with the people of Rome, as proceeding wholly from a national fierceness, and their ignorance of the Roman customs, promising likewise an entire submission for the future. This fell out very opportunely for Cæsar, who was unwilling to leave any enemies behind him, nor would the season of the year have even allowed him to engage in a war; besides, he judged it by no means proper so far to entangle himself in these trivial affairs as to be obliged to postpone the expedition into Britain. He therefore ordered them to send him a great number of hostages, and, on their being delivered, received them into his alliance. Having got together about eighty transports, which he thought would be sufficient for the carrying over two legions, he distributed the galleys he had over and above to the questor, lieutenants, and officers of the cavalry. There were, besides, eighteen transports detained by contrary winds at a port about eight miles off, which he appointed to carry over the cavalry. The rest of the army, under the command of Q. Titurius Sabinus and L. Arunculeius Cotta, were sent against the Manapians, and those cantons of the Morini which had not submitted. P. Sulpicius Rufus had the charge of the harbor where he embarked, with a strong garrison to maintain it.

Things being in this manner settled, and the winds springing up fair, he weighed anchor about one in the morning, ordering the cavalry to embark at the other port and follow him. But, as these orders were executed but slowly, he himself about ten in the morning reached the coast of Britain, where he saw all the cliffs covered with the enemy's forces. The nature of the place was such that, the sea being bounded by steep mountains, the enemy might easily launch their javelins on us from above. Not thinking this, therefore, a convenient landing place, he resolved to lie by till three in the afternoon, and wait the arrival of the rest of his fleet. Meanwhile, having called the lieutenants and military tribunes together, he informed them of what he had learned from Volusenus, instructed them in the part they were to act, and particularly exhorted them to do everything with readiness, and at a signal given, agreeable to the rules of military discipline, which in sea affairs especially required expedition and dispatch, because of all others the most changeable and uncertain. Having dismissed them, and finding both the wind and tide favorable, he made the signal for weighing anchor, and after sailing about eight miles further, stopped over against a plain and open shore.

But the barbarians, perceiving our design, sent their cavalry and chariots before, which they frequently make use of in battle, and, following with the rest of their forces, endeavored to oppose our landing. And indeed we found the difficulty very great on many accounts; for our ships, being large, required a great depth of water; and the soldiers, who were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed and laden with a weight of armor, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast-high amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy, while they, fighting on dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of all their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could boldly cast their darts and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances serving to spread a terror among our men, who were wholly strangers to this way of fighting, they pushed not the enemy with the same vigor and spirit as was usual for them in combats on dry ground.

Cæsar, observing this, ordered some galleys — a kind of shipping less common with the barbarians, and more easily governed and put in motion — to advance a little from the transports towards the shore, in order to set on the enemy in flank, and, by means of their engines, slings, and arrows, drive them to some distance. This proved of considerable service to our men, for, what with the surprise occasioned by the make of our galleys, the motion of the oars, and the playing of the engines, the enemy were forced to halt, and in a little time began to give back. But our men still demurring to leap into the sea, chiefly because of the depth of the water in those parts, the standard bearer of the tenth legion, having first invoked the gods for success, cried out aloud : "Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle into the hands of the enemy : for my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the Commonwealth." On this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy ; whereat, our men exhorting one another to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him ; which being perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they also did the like, and boldly approached the enemy.

The battle was obstinate on both sides ; but our men, as being neither able to keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their respective standards, — because, leaping promiscuously from their ships, every one joined the first ensign he met, — were thereby thrown into great confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, being well acquainted with the shallows, when they saw our men advancing singly from the ships, spurred on their horses, and attacked them in that perplexity. In one place great numbers would gather round a handful of the Romans ; others, falling on them in flank, galled them mightily with their darts, which Cæsar observing, ordered some small boats to be manned, and ply about with recruits. By this means the foremost ranks of our men, having got firm footing, were followed by all the rest, when, falling on the enemy briskly, they were soon put to the rout. But, as the cavalry were not yet arrived, we could not pursue or advance far into the island, which was the only thing wanting to render the victory complete.

The enemy, being thus vanquished in battle, no sooner got together after their defeat than they dispatched ambassadors to Cæsar to sue for peace, offering hostages, and an entire submission to his commands. Along with these ambassadors came Comius, the Atrebatian, whom Cæsar, as we have related above, had sent before him into Britain. The natives seized him as soon as he landed, and, though he was charged with a commission from Cæsar, threw him into irons. But on their late defeat they thought proper to send him back, throwing the blame of what had happened on the multitude, and begged of Cæsar to excuse a fault proceeding from ignorance. Cæsar, after some complaints of their behavior, in that, having of their own accord sent ambassadors to the continent to sue for peace, they had yet without any reason begun a war against him, told them at last he would forgive their fault, and ordered them to send a certain number of hostages. Part were sent immediately, and the rest, as living at some distance, they promised to deliver in a few days. Meantime they disbanded their troops, and the several chiefs came to Cæsar's camp, to manage their own concerns and those of the states to which they belonged.

A peace being thus concluded four days after Cæsar's arrival in Britain, the eighteen transports appointed to carry the cavalry, of whom we have spoken above, put to sea with a gentle gale. But when they had so near approached the coast as to be even within view of the camp, so violent a storm all on a sudden arose, that, being unable to hold on their course, some were obliged to return to the port whence they set out, and others driven to the lower end of the island, westward, not without great danger. There they cast anchor; but, the waves rising very high, so as to fill the ships with water, they were again in the night obliged to stand out to sea, and make for the continent of Gaul. That very night it happened to be full moon, when the tides on the seacoast always rise highest — a thing at that time wholly unknown to the Romans. Thus at one and the same time the galleys which Cæsar made use of to transport his men, and which he had ordered to be drawn up on the strand, were filled with the tide, and the tempest fell furiously on the transports that lay at anchor in the road; nor was it possible for our men to attempt anything for their preservation. Many of the ships being dashed to pieces, and the rest having lost their anchors, tackle, and rigging, which rendered them altogether unfit for sailing, a general consternation spread itself through the camp; for there were no other ships to carry back the troops, nor any materials to repair those that had been disabled by the tempest. And, as it had been all along Cæsar's design to winter in Gaul, he was wholly without corn to subsist the troops in those parts.

All this being known to the British chiefs who after the battle had repaired to Cæsar's camp, to perform the conditions of the treaty, they began to hold conferences among themselves; and as they plainly saw that the Romans were destitute both of cavalry, shipping, and corn, and easily judged, from the smallness of the camp, that the number of their troops was but inconsiderable — in which notion they were the more confirmed because Cæsar, having brought over the legions without baggage, had occasion to inclose but a small spot of ground — they thought this a convenient opportunity for taking up arms, and, by intercepting the Roman convoys, to protract the affair till winter; being confidently persuaded that by defeating these troops, or cutting off their return, they should effectually put a stop to all future attempts on Britain. Having therefore entered into a joint confederacy, they by degrees left the camp, and began to draw the islanders together; but Cæsar, though he was not yet apprised of their design, yet guessing in part at their intentions, by the disaster which had befallen his fleet, and the delays formed in relation to the hostages, determined to provide against all events. He therefore had corn daily brought into his camp, and ordered the timber of the ships that had been most damaged to be made use of in repairing the rest, sending to Gaul for what other materials he wanted. As the soldiers were indefatigable in their service, his fleet was soon in a condition to sail, having lost only twelve ships.

During these transactions, the seventh legion being sent out to forage, according to custom, as part were employed in cutting down the corn, and part in carrying it to the camp, without suspicion of attack, news was brought to Cæsar that a greater cloud of dust than ordinary was seen on that side where the legion was. Cæsar, suspecting how matters went, marched with the cohorts that were on guard, ordering two others to succeed in their room, and all the soldiers in the camp to arm and follow him as soon as possible. When he was advanced a little way from the camp, he saw his men overpowered by the enemy, and with great difficulty able to sustain the fight, being driven into a small compass, and exposed on every side to the darts of their adversaries. For, as the harvest was gathered in everywhere else, and one only field left, the enemy, suspecting that our men would come thither to forage, had hid themselves during the night in the woods, and waiting till our men had quitted their arms, and dispersed themselves to fall a reaping, they suddenly attacked them, killed some, put the rest into disorder, and began to surround them with their horses and chariots.

Their way of fighting with their chariots is this: First they drive their chariots on all sides, and throw their darts, insomuch that, by the very terror of the horses and noise of the wheels, they often break the ranks of the enemy. When they have forced their way into the midst of the cavalry, they quit their chariots, and fight on foot: meantime the drivers retire a little from the combat, and place themselves in such a manner as to favor the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part both of nimble horsemen and stable infantry; and by continual exercise and use have arrived at that expertness, that in the most steep and difficult places they can stop their horses on a full stretch, turn them which way they please, run along the pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity.

Our men being astonished and confounded with this new way of fighting, Cæsar came very timely to their relief; for on his approach the enemy made a stand, and the Romans began to recover from their fear. This satisfied Cæsar for the present, who, not thinking it a proper season to provoke the enemy and bring on a general engagement, stood facing them for some time, and then led back the legions to the camp. The continual rains that followed for some days after, both kept the Romans within their intrenchments, and withheld the enemy from attacking us. Meantime the Britons dispatched messengers into all parts, to make known to their countrymen the small number of the Roman troops, and the favorable opportunity they had of making immense spoils, and freeing their country forever from all future invasions, by storming the enemy's camp. Having by this means got together a great body of infantry and cavalry, they drew towards our intrenchments.

Cæsar, though he foresaw that the enemy, if beaten, would in the same manner as before escape the danger by flight, yet, having got about thirty horse, whom Comius, the Atrebatian, had brought over with him from Gaul, he drew up the legions in order of battle before the camp, and falling on the Britons, who were not able to sustain the shock of our men, soon put them to flight. The Romans, pursuing them as long as their strength would permit, made a terrible slaughter, and, setting

DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

fire to their houses and villages a great way round, returned to the camp.

The same day ambassadors came from the enemy to Cæsar, to sue for peace. Cæsar doubled the number of hostages he had before imposed on them, and ordered them to be sent over to him into Gaul, because, the equinox coming on, and his ships being leaky, he thought it not prudent to put off his return till winter. A fair wind offering, he set sail a little after midnight, and arrived safe in Gaul. Two of his transports, not being able to reach the same port with the rest, were driven into a haven a little lower in the country.

Only two of the British states sent hostages into Gaul, the rest neglecting to perform the conditions of the treaty. For these successes a thanksgiving of twenty days was decreed by the Senate.

* * *

JULIUS CÆSAR.

By SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I.

Cæsar —
Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.
Soothsayer —
Beware the ides of March.
Cæsar — What man is that?
Brutus —
A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæsar —
Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cassius —
Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.
Cæsar —
What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Soothsayer —
Beware the ides of March.
Cæsar —
He is a dreamer; let us leave him; — pass.
[*Flourish of instruments. Exeunt all but* Brutus *and* Cassius.
Cassius —
Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus —
Not I.
Cassius —
I pray you, do.
Brutus —
I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.
Cassius —
Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Brutus — Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cassius —
Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Brutus —
No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cassius —
'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus —
Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cassius —
Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Brutus —
What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cassius — Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus —
I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well: —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cassius —
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well: and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou,* Cassius, *now,*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me,* Cassius, *or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink,* Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Brutus—
Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cassius—
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Brutus —
That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius —
I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Reënter Cæsar *and his Train.*

Brutus —
The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cassius —
As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Brutus —
I will do so: — But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow.
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.
Cassius —
Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæsar —
Antonius, —
Antony —
Cæsar.
Cæsar —
Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Antony —
Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæsar —
Would he were fatter: — But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

ACT II.

Scene I. : Brutus' *Orchard.*

Enter Brutus.

Brutus —
What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to-day. — Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Lucius —
Called you, my lord?
Brutus —
Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius —
I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Brutus —
It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned: —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — That; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Reënter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Brutus —
Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius —
I know not, sir.

Brutus —
Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius —
I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Brutus —
The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake ——
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, etc. Thus, must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Reënter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
Sir, March has wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Brutus —
'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Reënter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus — Is he alone?
Lucius —
No, sir, there are more with him.
Brutus — Do you know them?
Lucius —
No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Brutus — Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

* * * * * * *

Enter PORTIA.

Portia — Brutus, my lord!
Brutus —
Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Portia —
Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did:
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seemed too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus —
I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia —
Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus —
Why, so I do: — good Portia, go to bed.

Portia —
Is Brutus sick; and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night;
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus — Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia —
I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus —
You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia —
If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed: Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus — O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows: —
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Scene II: A Room in CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his Nightgown.*

Cæsar —
Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant —
My lord?

Cæsar —
Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant —
I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Calphurnia —
What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar —
Cæsar shall forth: The things that threatened me,
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Calphurnia —
Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæsar — What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Calphurnia —
When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæsar —
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Reënter a Servant.

What say the augurers?
Servant —
They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæsar —
The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calphurnia — Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar —
Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius —
Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate house.

Cæsar —
And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Calphurnia —
Say, he is sick.

Cæsar — Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Decius —
Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at, when I tell them so.

Cæsar —
The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged, that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius —

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar —

And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius —

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar —

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
Give me my robe, for I will go. —

ACT III.

Scene I.: The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol: among them Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæsar —

The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer —

Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus —
Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Decius —
Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Artemidorus —
O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæsar —
What touches us ourself, shall be last served.
Artemidorus —
Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæsar —
What, is the fellow mad?
Publius — Sirrah, give place.
Cassius —
What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Popilius —
I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius —
What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius — Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Brutus —
What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius —
He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Brutus —
Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cassius —
Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus — Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cassius —
Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Decius —
Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus —
He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cinna —
Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæsar —
Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Metellus —
Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*

Cæsar — I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus —
Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Brutus —
I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar —
What, Brutus?

Cassius — Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar —
I could be well moved, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banished.
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna —
O Cæsar, ——

Cæsar — Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius —
Great Cæsar, ——

Cæsar — Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca —
Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of hi* *arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæsar —
Et tu, Brute? — Then, fall, Cæsar.
[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cinna —
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius —
Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Brutus —
People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca —
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius — And Cassius too.

Brutus —
Where's Publius?

Cinna —
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus —
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance ——
Brutus —
Talk not of standing; — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cassius —
And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Brutus —
Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Rëenter TREBONIUS.

Cassius —
Where's Antony?
Trebonius — Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Brutus —
Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cassius —
Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus —
Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market place:
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cassius —
Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Brutus —
How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius — So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called

The men that gave our country liberty.
Decius —
What, shall we forth?
Cassius — Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus —
Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Servant —
Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him;
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Brutus —
Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.
Servant — I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Brutus —
I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cassius —
I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Reënter ANTONY.

Brutus —
But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.
Antony —
O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus —
O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius —
Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus —
Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony — I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you: —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius —
Mark Antony, ——

Antony — Pardon me, Caius Cassius,
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius —
I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony —
Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus —
Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony — That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus —
You shall, Mark Antony.
Cassius — Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Brutus — By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cassius —
I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus —
Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Antony — Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Brutus —
Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Antony —
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Servant —
I do, Mark Antony.
Antony —
Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Servant —
He did receive his letters, and is coming.
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Cæsar! —— [*Seeing the body.*
Antony —
Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Servant —
He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Antony —
Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Scene II.: The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens —
We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus —
Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Citizen — I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Citizen —
I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 Citizen —
The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Brutus —
Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that ye may hear; believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens — None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Brutus — Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: Who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens —
Live, Brutus, live! live!
1 Citizen —
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Citizen —
Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Citizen —
Let him be Cæsar.
4 Citizen — Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.
1 Citizen —
We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.
Brutus —
My countrymen, ——
2 Citizen — Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 Citizen —
Peace, ho!
Brutus —
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
Citizens —
Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Citizen —
Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: — Noble Antony, go up.
Antony —
For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 Citizen —
What does he say of Brutus?
3 Citizen — He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 Citizen —
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 Citizen —
This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Citizen — Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2 Citizen —
Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony —
You gentle Romans, ——
Citizens — Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony —
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
Citizen —
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Citizen —
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrongs.
3 Citizen — Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4 Citizen —
Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 Citizen —
If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Citizen —
Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 Citizen —
There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 Citizen —
Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony —
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 Citizen —
We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens —
The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Antony —
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Citizen —
Read the will; we will hear it, Antony,
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Antony —
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Citizen —
They were traitors: Honorable men!

Citizens —
The will! the testament!

2 Citizen —
They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Antony —
You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens —
Come down.

2 Citizen —
Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 Citizen —
You shall have leave.

4 Citizen —
A ring; stand round.

1 Citizen —
Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Citizen —
Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Antony —
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens —
Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony —
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —

CLEOPATRA BEFORE CÆSAR

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 Citizen —
O piteous spectacle!

2 Citizen —
O noble Cæsar!

3 Citizen —
O woeful day!

4 Citizen —
O traitors, villains!

1 Citizen —
O most bloody sight!

2 Citizen —
We will be revenged.

Citizens —
Revenge: about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Antony —
Stay, countrymen.

1 Citizen —
Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2 Citizen — We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony —
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens —
We'll mutiny.
1 Citizen —
We'll burn the house of Brutus.
2 Citizen —
Away then, come, seek the conspirators.
Antony —
Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.
Citizens —
Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Antony —
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens —
Most true; — the will; — let's stay, and hear the will.
Antony —
Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 Citizen —
Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

From a painting by H. Picou

3 Citizen —
O royal Cæsar!
Antony —
Hear me with patience.
Citizens —
Peace, ho!
Antony —
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?
1 Citizen —
Never, never; — Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 Citizen —
Go, fetch fire.
3 Citizen —
Pluck down benches.
4 Citizen —
Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*
Antony —
Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By PLUTARCH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 558.]

The grandfather of Antony was the famous pleader, whom Marius put to death for having taken part with Sylla. His father was Antony, surnamed of Crete, not very famous or distinguished in public life, but a worthy good man, and particularly remarkable for his liberality, as may appear from a single example. He was not very rich, and was for that reason checked in the exercise of his good nature by his wife. A friend that stood in need of money came to borrow of him. Money he had none, but he bade a servant bring him water in a silver basin, with which, when it was brought, he wetted his face, as if he meant to shave, and, sending away the servant upon another errand, gave his friend the basin, desiring him to turn it to his purpose. And when there was afterwards a great inquiry for it in the house, and his wife was in a very ill humor, and was going to put the servants one by one to the search, he acknowledged what he had done, and begged her pardon.

His wife was Julia, of the family of the Cæsars, who, for her discretion and fair behavior, was not inferior to any of her time. Under her, Antony received his education, she being, after the death of his father, remarried to Cornelius Lentulus, who was put to death by Cicero for having been of Catiline's conspiracy. This, probably, was the first ground and occasion of that mortal grudge that Antony bore Cicero. He says, even, that the body of Lentulus was denied burial, till, by application made to Cicero's wife, it was granted to Julia. But this seems to be a manifest error, for none of those that suffered in the consulate of Cicero had the right of burial denied them.

Antony grew up a very beautiful youth, but by the worst of misfortunes he fell into the acquaintance and friendship of Curio, a man abandoned to his pleasures, who, to make Antony's dependence upon him a matter of greater necessity, plunged him into a life of drinking and dissipation, and led him through a course of such extravagance that he ran, at that early age, into debt to the amount of two hundred and fifty talents. For this sum, Curio became his surety ; on hearing which, the elder Curio, his father, drove Antony out of his house. After this, for some short time he took part with Clodius, the most insolent and outrageous demagogue of the time, in his course of violence and disorder ; but getting weary, before long, of his madness, and apprehensive of the powerful party forming against him, he left Italy and traveled into Greece, where he spent his time in military exercises and in the study of eloquence. He took most to what was called the Asiatic taste in speaking, which was then at its height, and was, in many ways, suitable to his ostentatious, vaunting temper, full of empty flourishes and unsteady efforts for glory.

After some stay in Greece, he was invited by Gabinius, who had been consul, to make a campaign with him in Syria, which at first he refused, not being willing to serve in a private character ; but receiving a commission to command the horse, he went along with him. His first service was against Aristobulus, who had prevailed with the Jews to rebel. Here he was himself the first man to scale the largest of the works, and beat Aristobulus out of all of them; after which he routed, in a pitched battle, an army many times over the number of his, killed almost all of them and took Aristobulus and his son prisoners. This war ended, Gabinius was solicited by Ptolemy to restore him to his kingdom of Egypt, and a promise made of ten thousand talents' reward. Most of the officers were against this enterprise, and Gabinius himself did not much like it, though sorely tempted by the ten thousand talents. But Antony, desirous of brave actions, and willing to please Ptolemy, joined in persuading Gabinius to go. And whereas all were of opinion that the most dangerous thing before them was the march to Pelusium, in which they would have to pass over a deep sand, where no fresh water was to be hoped for, along the Aeregma and the Serbonian marsh (which the Egyptians call Typhon's breathing hole, and which is, in probability, water left behind by, or making its way through from, the Red Sea, which is here divided from the Mediterranean by a narrow isthmus), Antony, being ordered thither with the horse, not only made himself master of the passes, but won Pelusium itself, a great city, took the garrison prisoners, and by this means rendered the march secure to the army, and the way to victory not difficult for the general to pursue. The enemy, also, reaped some benefit of his eagerness for honor. For when Ptolemy, after he had entered Pelusium, in his rage and spite against the Egyptians, designed to put them to the sword, Antony withstood him, and hindered the execution.

In all the great and frequent skirmishes and battles, he gave continual proofs of his personal valor and military conduct; and once in particular, by wheeling about and attacking the rear of the enemy, he gave the victory to the assailants in the front, and received for this service signal marks of distinction. Nor was his humanity towards the deceased Archelaus less taken notice of. He had been formerly his guest and acquaintance, and, as he was now compelled, he fought him bravely while alive, but on his death, sought out his body and buried it with royal honors. The consequence was that he left behind him a great name among the Alexandrians, and all who were serving in the Roman army looked upon him as a most gallant soldier.

He had also a very good and noble appearance; his beard was well grown, his forehead large, and his nose aquiline, giving him altogether a bold, masculine look, that reminded people of the faces of Hercules in paintings and sculptures. It was, moreover, an ancient tradition that the Antonys were descended from Hercules, by a son of his called Anton ; and this opinion he thought to give credit to by the similarity of his person just mentioned, and also by the fashion of his dress. For, whenever he had to appear before large numbers, he wore his tunic girt low about the hips, a broadsword on his side, and over all a large coarse mantle. What might seem to some very insupportable, his vaunting, his raillery, his drinking in public, sitting down by the men as they were taking their food, and eating, as he stood, off the common soldiers' tables, made him the delight and pleasure of the army. In love affairs, also, he was very agreeable : he gained many friends by the assistance he gave them in theirs, and took other people's raillery upon his own with good humor. And his generous ways, his open and lavish hand in gifts and favors to his friends and fellow-soldiers, did a great deal for him in his first advance to power, and after he had become great, long maintained his fortunes, when a thousand follies were hastening their overthrow. One instance of his liberality I must relate. He had ordered payment to one of his friends of twenty-five myriads of money or *decies*, as the Romans call it, and his steward, wondering at the extravagance of the sum, laid all the silver in a heap, as he should pass by. Antony, seeing the heap, asked what it meant ; his steward replied, "The money you have ordered to be given to your friend." So, perceiving the man's malice, said he, "I thought the *decies* had been much more ; 'tis too little ; let it be doubled." This, however, was at a later time.

When the Roman state finally broke up into two hostile factions, the aristocratical party joining Pompey, who was in the city, and the popular side seeking help from Cæsar, who was at the head of an army in Gaul, Curio, the friend of Antony, having changed his party and devoted himself to Cæsar, brought over Antony also to his service. And the influence which he gained with the people by his eloquence and by the money which was supplied by Cæsar enabled him to make Antony, first, tribune of the people, and then, augur. And Antony's accession to office was at once of the greatest advantage to Cæsar. In the first place, he resisted the consul Marcellus, who was putting under Pompey's orders the troops who were already collected, and was giving him power to raise new levies; he, on the other hand, making an order that they should be sent into Syria to reinforce Bibulus, who was making war with the Parthians, and that no one should give in his name to serve under Pompey. Next, when the senators would not suffer Cæsar's letters to be received or read in the senate, by virtue of his office he read them publicly, and succeeded so well, that many were brought to change their mind, — Cæsar's demands, as they appeared in what he wrote, being but just and reasonable. At length, two questions being put in the senate, the one, whether Pompey should dismiss his army, the other, if Cæsar his, some were for the former, for the latter all, except some few, when Antony stood up and put the question, if it would be agreeable to them that both Pompey and Cæsar should dismiss their armies. This proposal met with the greatest approval, they gave him loud acclamations, and called for it to be put to the vote. But when the consuls would not have it so, Cæsar's friends again made some few offers, very fair and equitable, but were strongly opposed by Cato, and Antony himself was commanded to leave the senate by the consul Lentulus. So, leaving them with execrations, and disguising himself in a servant's dress, hiring a carriage with Quintus Cassius, he went straight away to Cæsar, declaring at once, when they reached the camp, that affairs at Rome were conducted without any order or justice, that the privilege of speaking in the senate was denied the tribunes, and that he who spoke for common fair dealing was driven out and in danger of his life.

Upon this, Cæsar set his army in motion, and marched into Italy; and for this reason it is that Cicero writes in his Philippics, that Antony was as much the cause of the civil war, as Helen was of the Trojan. But this is but a calumny. For Cæsar was not of so slight or weak a temper as to suffer himself to be carried away, by the indignation of the moment, into a civil war with his country, upon the sight of Antony and Cassius seeking refuge in his camp meanly dressed and in a hired carriage, without ever having thought of it or taken any such resolution long before. This was to him, who wanted a pretense of declaring war, a fair and plausible occasion; but the true motive that led him was the same that formerly led Alexander and Cyrus against all mankind, the unquenchable thirst of empire, and the distracted ambition of being the greatest man in the world, which was impracticable for him, unless Pompey were put down. So soon, then, as he had advanced and occupied Rome, and driven Pompey out of Italy, he proposed first to go against the legions that Pompey had in Spain, and then cross over and follow him with the fleet that should be prepared during his absence, in the mean time leaving the government of Rome to Lepidus, as pretor, and the command of the troops and of Italy to Antony as tribune of the people. Antony was not long in getting the hearts of the soldiers, joining with them in their exercises, and for the most part living amongst them, and making them presents to the utmost of his abilities; but with all others he was unpopular enough. He was too lazy to pay attention to the complaints of persons who were injured; he listened impatiently to petitions: and he had an ill name for familiarity with other people's wives. In short, the government of Cæsar (which, so far as he was concerned himself, had the appearance of anything rather than a tyranny) got a bad repute through his friends. And of these friends, Antony, as he had the largest trust, and committed the greatest errors, was thought the most deeply in fault.

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This triumvirate was very hateful to the Romans, and Antony most of all bore the blame, because he was older than Cæsar, and had greater authority than Lepidus, and withal he was no sooner settled in his affairs, but he turned to his luxurious and dissolute way of living. Besides the ill reputation he gained by his general behavior, it was some considerable disadvantage to him his living in the house of Pompey the Great, who had been as much admired for his temperance and his sober, citizenlike habits of life, as ever he was for having triumphed three times. They could not without anger see the doors of that house shut against magistrates, officers, and envoys, who were shamefully refused admittance, while it was filled inside with players, jugglers, and drunken flatterers, upon whom were spent the greatest part of the wealth which violence and cruelty procured. For they did not limit themselves to the forfeiture of the estates of such as were proscribed defrauding the widows and families, nor were they contented with laying on every possible kind of tax and imposition; but hearing that several sums of money were as well by strangers as citizens of Rome deposited in the hands of the vestal virgins, they went and took the money away by force. When it was manifest that nothing would ever be enough for Antony, Cæsar at last called for a division of property.

Leaving Lucius Censorinus in Greece, he crossed over into Asia, and there laid his hands on the stores of accumulated wealth, while kings waited at his door, and queens were rivaling one another, who should make him the greatest presents or appear most charming in his eyes. Thus, whilst Cæsar in Rome was wearing out his strength amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing man, Metrodorus, and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in license and buffoonery the pests that had followed him out of Italy, came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was like the city in Sophocles, loaded, at one time,

——- with incense in the air,
Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair.

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like Bacchantes, and the men and boys like Satyrs and Fauns, and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus, the Giver of Joy, and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some, but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a single highly successful supper; and at last, when he was proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste, "if you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers and a double harvest time;" and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service: "If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men."

These words touched Antony to the quick, who was simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name; not that he was so indolent, as he was prone to trust frankly in all about him. For there was much simplicity in his character; he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was, indeed, the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence, not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finely corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him of goodness and a sound judgment. He fell into the snare thus. When making preparation for the Parthian war, he sent to command her to make her personal appearance in Cilicia, to answer an accusation that she had given great assistance, in the late wars, to Cassius. Dellius, who was sent on this message, had no sooner seen her face, and remarked her adroitness and subtlety in speech, but he felt convinced that Antony would not so much as think of giving any molestation to a woman like this; on the contrary, she would be the first in favor with him. So he set himself at once to pay his court to the Egyptian, and gave her his advice, "to go," in the Homeric style, to Cilicia, "in her best attire," and bade her fear nothing from Antony, the gentlest and kindest of soldiers.

She had some faith in the words of Dellius, but more in her own attractions; which, having formerly recommended her to Cæsar and the young Cnæus Pompey, she did not doubt might prove yet more successful with Antony. Their acquaintance was with her when a girl, young and ignorant of the world; but she was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity.

She made great preparation for her journey, of money, gifts and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford, but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal, while the word went through all the multitude, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit, and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible;

the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising because most of the kings, her predecessors, scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that, while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops, commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him commander in chief), were assembled in Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday, like a boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments, that most costly, as Antiphon says, of all valuables, time.

They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias, that having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute ill timed, it was spoiled; "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour."

This was Philotas' story; who related besides, that he afterwards came to be one of the medical attendants of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, and used to be invited pretty often, among other companions, to his table, when he was not supping with his father. One day another physician had talked loudly, and given great disturbance to the company, whose mouth Philotas stopped with this sophistical syllogism: "In some states of fever the patient should take cold water; every one who has a fever is in some state of fever; therefore in a fever cold water should always be taken." The man was quite struck dumb, and Antony's son, very much pleased, laughed aloud, and said, "Philotas, I make you a present of all you see there," pointing to a sideboard covered with plate. Philotas thanked him much, but was far enough from ever imagining that a boy of his age could dispose of things of that value. Soon after, however, the plate was all brought to him, and he was desired to set his mark upon it; and when he put it away from him, and was afraid to accept the present, "What ails the man?" said he that brought it; "do you know that he who gives you this is Antony's son, who is free to give it, if it were all gold? but if you will be advised by me, I would counsel you to accept of the value in money from us; for there may be amongst the rest some antique or famous piece of workmanship, which Antony would be sorry to part with." These anecdotes, my grandfather told us, Philotas used frequently to relate.

To return to Cleopatra: Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand. Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes; at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him; and when he exercised in arms, she was there to see. At night she would go rambling with him to disturb and torment people at their doors and windows, dressed like a servant woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise, and from these expeditions he often came home very scurvily answered, and sometimes even beaten severely, though most people guessed who it was.

However, the Alexandrians in general liked it all well enough, and joined good-humoredly and kindly in his frolic and play, saying they were much obliged to Antony for acting his tragic parts at Rome, and keeping his comedy for them.

It would be trifling without end to be particular in his follies, but his fishing must not be forgotten. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been already taken upon his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it. But, feigning great admiration, she told everybody how dexterous Antony was, and invited them next day to come and see him again. So, when a number of them had come on board the fishing boats, as soon as he had let down his hook, one of her servants was beforehand with his divers, and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus. Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey, and when, as may be imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the fishing rod, general, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, provinces, and kingdoms."

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[Cæsar and Antony] having parted good friends, Cæsar went immediately to make war with Pompey to conquer Sicily. And Antony, leaving in Cæsar's charge his wife and children, and his children by his former wife Fulvia, set sail for Asia.

But the mischief that thus long had lain still, the passion for Cleopatra, which better thoughts had seemed to have lulled and charmed into oblivion upon his approach to Syria, gathered strength again, and broke out into a flame. And, in fine, like Plato's restive and rebellious horse of the human soul, flinging off all good and wholesome counsel, and breaking fairly loose, he sends Fonteius Capito to bring Cleopatra into Syria. To whom at her arrival he made no small or trifling present, Phœnicia, Cœle-Syria, Cyprus, great part of Cilicia, that side of Judæa which produces balm, that part of Arabia where the Nabathæans extend to the outer sea; profuse gifts which much displeased the Romans. For although he had invested several private persons in great governments and kingdoms, and bereaved many kings of theirs, as Antigonous of Judæa, whose head he caused to be struck off (the first example of that punishment being inflicted on a king), yet nothing stung the Romans like the shame of these honors paid to Cleopatra. Their dissatisfaction was augmented also by his acknowledging as his own the twin children he had by her, giving them the name of Alexander and Cleopatra, and adding, as their surnames, the titles of Sun and Moon. But he who knew how to put a good color on the most dishonest action, would say, that the greatness of the Roman empire consisted more in giving than in taking kingdoms, and that the way to carry noble blood through the world was by begetting in every place a new line and series of kings; his own ancestor had thus been born of Hercules; Hercules had not limited his hopes of progeny to a single womb, nor feared any law like Solon's or any audit of procreation, but had freely let nature take her will in the foundation and first commencement of many families.

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Marching his army in great haste in the depth of winter through continual storms of snow, he lost eight thousand of his men, and came with much diminished numbers to a place called the White Village, between Sidon and Berytus, on the seacoast, where he waited for the arrival of Cleopatra. And, being impatient of the delay she made, he bethought himself of shortening the time in wine and drunkenness, and yet could not endure the tediousness of a meal, but would start from table and run to see if she were coming. Till at last she came into port, and brought with her clothes and money for the soldiers. Though some say that Antony only received the clothes from her and distributed his own money in her name.

A quarrel presently happened between the king of Media and Phraates of Parthia, beginning, it is said, about the division of the booty that was taken from the Romans, and creating great apprehension in the Median lest he should lose his kingdom. He sent, therefore, ambassadors to Antony, with offers of entering into a confederate war against Phraates. And Antony, full of hopes at being thus asked, as a favor, to accept that one thing, horse and archers, the want of which had hindered his beating the Parthians before, began at once to prepare for a return to Armenia, there to join the Medes on the Araxes, and begin the war afresh. But Octavia, in Rome, being desirous to see Antony, asked Cæsar's leave to go to him; which he gave her, not so much, say most authors, to gratify his sister, as to obtain a fair pretense to begin the war upon her dishonorable reception. She no sooner arrived at Athens, but by letters from Antony she was informed of his new expedition, and his will that she should await him there. And, though she were much displeased, not being ignorant of the real reason of this usage, yet she wrote to him to know to what place he would be pleased she should send the things she had brought with her for his use ; for she had brought clothes for his soldiers, baggage, cattle, money, and presents for his friends and officers, and two thousand chosen soldiers sumptuously armed, to form pretorian cohorts. This message was brought from Octavia to Antony by Niger, one of his friends, who added to it the praises she deserved so well.

Cleopatra, feeling her rival already, as it were, at hand, was seized with fear, lest if to her noble life and her high alliance, she once could add the charm of daily habit and affectionate intercourse, she should become irresistible, and be his absolute mistress forever. So she feigned to be dying for love of Antony, bringing her body down by slender diet ; when he entered the room, she fixed her eyes upon him in a rapture, and when he left, seemed to languish and half faint away. She took great pains that he should see her in tears, and, as soon as he noticed it, hastily dried them up and turned away, as if it were her wish that he should know nothing of it. All this was acting while he prepared for Media ; and Cleopatra's creatures were not slow to forward the design, upbraiding Antony with his unfeeling, hard-hearted temper, thus letting a woman perish whose soul depended upon him and him alone. Octavia, it was true, was his wife, and had been married to him because it was found convenient for the affairs of her brother that it should be so, and she had the honor of the title ; but Cleopatra, the sovereign queen of many nations, had been contented with the name of his mistress, nor did she shun or despise the character whilst she might see him, might live with him, and enjoy him ; if she were bereaved of this, she would not survive the loss. In fine, they so melted and unmanned him, that, fully believing she would die if he forsook her, he put off the war and returned to Alexandria, deferring his Median expedition until next summer, though news came of the Parthians being all in confusion with intestine disputes. Nevertheless, he did some time after go into that country, and made an alliance with the king of Media, by marriage of a son of his by Cleopatra to the king's daughter, who was yet very young ; and so returned, with his thoughts taken up about the civil war.

When Octavia returned from Athens, Cæsar, who considered she had been injuriously treated, commanded her to live in a separate house ; but she refused to leave the house of her husband, and entreated him unless he had already resolved, upon other motives, to make war with Antony, that he would on her account let it alone; it would be intolerable to have it said of the two greatest commanders in the world, that they had involved the Roman people in a civil war, the one out of passion for, the other out of resentment about, a woman. And her behavior proved her words to be sincere. She remained in Antony's house as if he were at home in it, and took the noblest and most generous care, not only of his children by her, but of those by Fulvia also. She received all the friends of Antony that came to Rome to seek office or upon any business, and did her utmost to prefer their requests to Cæsar; yet this her honorable deportment did but, without her meaning it, damage the reputation of Antony; the wrong he did to such a woman made him hated.

Nor was the division he made among his sons at Alexandria less unpopular; it seemed a theatrical piece of insolence and contempt of his country. For assembling the people in the exercise ground, and causing two golden thrones to be placed on a platform of silver, the one for him and the other for Cleopatra, and at their feet lower thrones for their children, he proclaimed Cleopatra queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Libya, and Cœle-Syria, and with her conjointly Cæsarion, the reputed son of the former Cæsar, who left Cleopatra with child. His own sons by Cleopatra were to have the style of kings of kings; to Alexander he gave Armenia and Media, with Parthia, so soon as it should be overcome; to Ptolemy, Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. Alexander was brought out before the people in Median costume, the tiara and upright peak, and Ptolemy, in boots and mantle and Macedonian cap done about with the diadem; for this was the habit of the successors of Alexander, as the other was of the Medes and Armenians. And as soon as they had saluted their parents, the one was received by a guard of Macedonians, the other by one of Armenians. Cleopatra was then, as at other times when she appeared in public, dressed in the habit of the goddess Isis, and gave audience to the people under the name of the New Isis.

Cæsar relating these things in the senate, and often complaining to the people, excited men's minds against Antony. And Antony also sent messages of accusation against Cæsar. The principal of his charges were these: first, that he had not made any division with him of Sicily, which was lately taken from Pompey; secondly, that he had retained the ships he had lent him for the war; thirdly, that after deposing Lepidus, their colleague, he had taken for himself the army, governments, and revenues formerly appropriated to him ; and lastly, that he had parceled out almost all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and left nothing for his. Cæsar's answer was as follows : that he had put Lepidus out of government because of his own misconduct ; that what he had got in war he would divide with Antony, so soon as Antony gave him a share of Armenia ; that Antony's soldiers had no claims in Italy, being in possession of Media and Parthia, the acquisitions which their brave actions under their general had added to the Roman empire.

Antony was in Armenia when this answer came to him, and immediately sent Canidius, with sixteen legions, towards the sea ; but he, in the company of Cleopatra, went to Ephesus, whither ships were coming in from all quarters to form the navy, consisting, vessels of burden included, of eight hundred vessels, of which Cleopatra furnished two hundred, together with twenty thousand talents, and provision for the whole army during the war. Antony, on the advice of Domitius and some others, bade Cleopatra return into Egypt, there to expect the event of the war ; but she, dreading some new reconciliation by Octavia's means, prevailed with Canidius, by a large sum of money, to speak in her favor with Antony, pointing out to him that it was not just that one that bore so great a part in the charge of the war should be robbed of her share of glory in the carrying it on ; nor would it be politic to disoblige the Egyptians, who were so considerable a part of his naval forces ; nor did he see how she was inferior in prudence to any one of the kings that were serving with him ; she had long governed a great kingdom by herself alone, and long lived with him, and gained experience in public affairs. These arguments (so the fate that destined all to Cæsar would have it) prevailed ; and when all their forces had met, they sailed together to Samos, and held high festivities. For, as it was ordered that all kings, princes, and governors, all nations and cities within the limits of Syria, the Mæotid Lake, Armenia, and Illyria, should bring or cause to be brought all munitions necessary for war, so was it also proclaimed that all stageplayers should make their appearance at Samos ; so that, while pretty nearly the whole world was filled with groans and lamentations, this one island for some days resounded with piping and harping, theaters filling, and choruses playing. Every city sent an ox as its contribution to the sacrifice, and the kings that accompanied Antony competed who should make the most magnificent feasts and the greatest presents; and men began to ask themselves, what would be done to celebrate the victory, when they went to such an expense of festivity at the opening of the war.

This over, he gave Priene to his players for a habitation, and set sail for Athens, where fresh sports and play acting employed him. Cleopatra, jealous of the honors Octavia had received at Athens (for Octavia was much beloved by Athenians), courted the favor of the people with all sorts of attentions. The Athenians, in requital, having decreed her public honors, deputed several of the citizens to wait upon her at her house; amongst whom went Antony as one, he being an Athenian citizen, and he it was that made the speech. He sent orders to Rome to have Octavia removed out of his house. She left it, we are told, accompanied by all his children, except the eldest by Fulvia, who was then with his father, weeping and grieving that she must be looked upon as one of the causes of the war. But the Romans pitied, not so much her, as Antony himself, and more particularly those who had seen Cleopatra, whom they could report to have no way the advantage of Octavia either in youth or in beauty.

The speed and extent of Antony's preparations alarmed Cæsar, who feared he might be forced to fight the decisive battle that summer. For he wanted many necessaries, and the people grudged very much to pay the taxes; freemen being called upon to pay a fourth part of their incomes, and freed slaves an eighth of their property, so that there were loud outcries against him, and disturbances throughout all Italy. And this is looked upon as one of the greatest of Antony's oversights, that he did not then press the war. For he allowed time at once for Cæsar to make his preparations and for the commotions to pass over. For while people were having their money called for, they were mutinous and violent; but, having paid it, they held their peace. Titius and Plancus, men of consular dignity and friends to Antony, having been ill-used by Cleopatra, whom they had most resisted in her design of being present in the war, came over to Cæsar, and gave information of the contents of Antony's will, with which they were acquainted. It was deposited in the hands of the vestal virgins, who refused to deliver it up, and sent Cæsar word, if he pleased, he should come and seize it himself, which he did. And, reading it over to himself, he noted those places that were most for his purpose, and, having summoned the senate, read them publicly. Many were scandalized at the proceeding, thinking it out of reason and equity to call a man to account for what was not to be until after his death.

Cæsar specially pressed what Antony said in his will about his burial; for he had ordered that even if he died in the city of Rome, his body, after being carried in state through the forum, should be sent to Cleopatra at Alexandria. Calvisius, a dependant of Cæsar's, urged other charges in connection with Cleopatra against Antony; that he had given her the library of Pergamus, containing two hundred thousand distinct volumes; that at a great banquet, in the presence of many guests, he had risen up and rubbed her feet, to fulfill some wager or promise; that he had suffered the Ephesians to salute her as their queen; that he had frequently at the public audience of kings and princes received amorous messages written in tablets made of onyx and crystal, and read them openly on the tribunal; that when Furnius, a man of great authority and eloquence among the Romans, was pleading, Cleopatra happening to pass by in her chair, Antony started up and left them in the middle of their cause, to follow at her side and attend her home.

Calvisius, however, was looked upon as the inventor of most of these stories. Antony's friends went up and down the city to gain him credit, and sent one of themselves, Geminius, to him, to beg him to take heed and not allow himself to be deprived by vote of his authority, and proclaimed a public enemy to the Roman state. But Geminius no sooner arrived in Greece but he was looked upon as one of Octavia's spies; at their suppers he was made a continual butt for mockery, and was put to sit in the least honorable places; all of which he bore very well, seeking only an occasion of speaking with Antony. So at supper, being told to say what business he came about, he answered he would keep the rest for a soberer hour, but one thing he had to say, whether full or fasting, that all would go well if Cleopatra would return to Egypt. And on Antony showing his anger at it, "You have done well, Geminius," said Cleopatra, "to tell your secret without being put to the rack." So Geminius, after a few days, took occasion to make his escape and go to Rome. Many more of Antony's friends were driven from him by the insolent usage they had from Cleopatra's flatterers, amongst whom were Marcus Silanus and Dellius the historian. And Dellius says he was afraid of his life, and that Glaucus, the physician, informed him of Cleopatra's design against him.

She was angry with him for having said that Antony's friends were served with sour wine, while at Rome Sarmentus, Cæsar's little page (his *delicia*, as the Romans call it), drank Falernian.

As soon as Cæsar had completed his preparations, he had a decree made, declaring war on Cleopatra, and depriving Antony of the authority which he had let a woman exercise in his place. Cæsar added that he had drunk potions that had bereaved him of his senses, and that the generals they would have to fight with would be Mardion the eunuch, Pothinus, Iras, Cleopatra's hair-dressing girl, and Charmion, who were Antony's chief state councilors.

These prodigies are said to have announced the war. Pisaurum, where Antony had settled a colony, on the Adriatic sea, was swallowed up by an earthquake; sweat ran from one of the marble statues of Antony at Alba for many days together, and though frequently wiped off, did not stop. When he himself was in the city of Patræ, the temple of Hercules was struck by lightning, and, at Athens, the figure of Bacchus was torn by a violent wind out of the Battle of the Giants, and laid flat upon the theater; with both which deities Antony claimed connection, professing to be descended from Hercules, and from his imitating Bacchus in his way of living having received the name of young Bacchus. The same whirlwind at Athens also brought down, from amongst many others which were not disturbed, the colossal statues of Fumenes and Attalus, which were inscribed with Antony's name. And in Cleopatra's admiral galley, which was called the Antonias, a most inauspicious omen occurred. Some swallows had built in the stern of the galley, but other swallows came, beat the first away, and destroyed their nests.

When the armaments gathered for the war, Antony had no less than five hundred ships of war, including numerous galleys of eight and ten banks of oars, as richly ornamented as if they were meant for a triumph. He had a hundred thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. He had vassal kings attending, Bocchus of Libya, Tarcondemus of the Upper Cilicia, Archelaus of Cappadocia, Philadelphus of Paphlagonia, Mithridates of Commagene, and Sadalas of Thrace; all these were with him in person. Out of Pontus Polemon sent him considerable forces, as did also Malchus from Arabia, Herod the Jew, and Amyntas, king of Lycaonia and Galatia; also the Median king sent some troops to join him. Cæsar had two hundred and fifty galleys of war, eighty thousand foot, and horse about equal to the enemy. Antony's empire extended from Euphrates and Armenia to the Ionian sea and the Illyrians; Cæsar's, from Illyria to the westward ocean, and from the ocean all along the Tuscan and Sicilian sea. Of Africa, Cæsar had all the coast opposite to Italy, Gaul, and Spain, as far as the Pillars of Hercules, and Antony the provinces from Cyrene to Æthiopia

But so wholly was he now the mere appendage to the person of Cleopatra, that, although he was much superior to the enemy in land forces, yet, out of complaisance to his mistress, he wished the victory to be gained by sea, and that, too, when he could not but see how, for want of sailors, his captains, all through unhappy Greece, were pressing every description of men, common travelers and ass drivers, harvest laborers and boys, and for all this the vessels had not their complements, but remained, most of them, ill-manned and badly rowed. Cæsar, on the other side, had ships that were built not for size or show, but for service, not pompous galleys, but light, swift, and perfectly manned; and from his headquarters at Tarentum and Brundusium he sent messages to Antony not to protract the war, but come out with his forces: he would give him secure roadsteads and ports for his fleet, and, for his land army to disembark and pitch their camp, he would leave him as much ground in Italy, inland from the sea, as a horse could traverse in a single course. Antony, on the other side, with the like bold language, challenged him to a single combat, though he were much the older; and, that being refused, proposed to meet him in the Pharsalian fields, where Cæsar and Pompey had fought before. But whilst Antony lay with his fleet near Actium, where now stands Nicopolis, Cæsar seized his opportunity, and crossed the Ionian sea, securing himself at a place in Epirus called the Ladle. And when those about Antony were much disturbed, their land forces being a good way off, "Indeed," said Cleopatra, in mockery, "we may well be frightened if Cæsar has got hold of the Ladle!"

On the morrow, Antony, seeing the enemy sailing up, and fearing lest his ships might be taken for want of the soldiers to go on board of them, armed all the rowers, and made a show upon the decks of being in readiness to fight; the oars were mounted as if waiting to be put in motion, and the vessels themselves drawn up to face the enemy on either side of the channel of Actium, as though they were properly manned, and ready for an engagement. And Cæsar, deceived by this stratagem, retired. He was also thought to have shown considerable skill in cutting off the water from the enemy by some lines of trenches and forts, water not being plentiful anywhere else, nor very good. And again, his conduct to Domitius was generous, much against the will of Cleopatra. For when he had made his escape in a little boat to Cæsar, having then a fever upon him, although Antony could not but resent it highly, yet he sent after him his whole equipage with his friends and servants; and Domitius, as if he would give a testimony to the world how repentant he had become on his desertion and treachery being thus manifest, died soon after. Among the kings, also, Amyntas and Deiotarus went over to Cæsar. And the fleet was so unfortunate in everything that was undertaken, and so unready on every occasion, that Antony was driven again to put his confidence in the land forces. Canidius, too, who commanded the legions, when he saw how things stood, changed his opinion, and now was of advice that Cleopatra should be sent back, and that, retiring into Thrace or Macedonia, the quarrel should be decided in a land fight. For Dicomes, also, the king of the Getæ, promised to come and join him with a great army, and it would not be any kind of disparagement to him to yield the sea to Cæsar, who, in the Sicilian wars, had had such long practice in ship fighting; on the contrary, it would be simply ridiculous for Antony, who was by land the most experienced commander living, to make no use of his well-disciplined and numerous infantry, scattering and wasting his forces by parceling them out in the ships. But for all this, Cleopatra prevailed that a sea fight should determine all, having already an eye to flight, and ordering all her affairs, not so as to assist in gaining a victory, but to escape with the greatest safety from the first commencement of a defeat.

There were two long walls, extending from the camp to the station of the ships, between which Antony used to pass to and fro without suspecting any danger. But Cæsar, upon the suggestion of a servant that it would not be difficult to surprise him, laid an ambush, which, rising up somewhat too hastily, seized the man that came just before him, he himself escaping narrowly by flight.

When it was resolved to stand to a fight at sea, they set fire to all the Egyptian ships except sixty; and of these the best and largest, from ten banks down to three, he manned with twenty thousand full-armed men, and two thousand archers. Here it is related that a foot captain, one that had fought often under Antony, and had his body all mangled with wounds, exclaimed: "O my general, what have our wounds and swords done to displease you, that you should give your confidence to rotten timbers? Let Egyptians and Phœnicians contend at sea, give us the land, where we know well how to die upon the spot or gain the victory." To which he answered nothing, but, by his look and motion of his hand seeming to bid him be of good courage, passed forwards, having already, it would seem, no very sure hopes, since when the masters proposed leaving the sails behind them, he commanded they should be put aboard, "For we must not," said he, "let one enemy escape."

That day and the three following the sea was so rough they could not engage. But on the fifth there was a calm, and they fought, — Antony commanding with Publicola the right, and Cœlius the left squadron, Marcus Octavius and Marcus Insteius the center. Cæsar gave the charge of the left to Agrippa, commanding in person on the right. As for the land forces, Canidius was general for Antony, Taurus for Cæsar, both armies remaining drawn up in order along the shore. Antony in a small boat went from one ship to another, encouraging his soldiers, and bidding them stand firm, and fight as steadily on their large ships as if they were on land. The masters he ordered that they should receive the enemy lying still as if they were at anchor, and maintain the entrance of the port, which was a narrow and difficult passage. Of Cæsar they relate, that, leaving his tent and going round, while it was yet dark, to visit the ships, he met a man driving an ass, and asked him his name. He answered him that his own name was "Fortunate, and my ass," says he, "is called Conqueror." And afterwards, when he disposed the beaks of the ships in that place in token of his victory, the statue of this man and his ass in bronze were placed amongst them. After examining the rest of his fleet, he went in a boat to the right wing, and looked with much admiration at the enemy lying perfectly still in the straits, in all appearance as if they had been at anchor. For some considerable length of time he actually thought they were so, and kept his own ships at rest, at a distance of about eight furlongs from them. But about noon a breeze sprang up from the sea, and Antony's men, weary of expecting the enemy so long, and trusting to their large tall vessels, as if they had been invincible, began to advance the left squadron. Cæsar was overjoyed to see them move, and ordered his own right squadron to retire, that he might entice them out to sea as far as he could, his design being to sail round and round, and so with his light and well-manned galleys to attack these huge vessels, which their size and their want of men made slow to move and difficult to manage.

When they engaged, there was no charging or striking of one ship by another, because Antony's, by reason of their great bulk, were incapable of the rapidity required to make the stroke effectual, and, on the other side, Cæsar's durst not charge head to head on Antony's, which were all armed with solid masses and spikes of brass; nor did they like even to run in on their sides, which were so strongly built with great squared pieces of timber, fastened together with iron bolts, that their vessels' beaks would easily have been shattered upon them. So that the engagement resembled a land fight, or, to speak yet more properly, the attack and defense of a fortified place; for there were always three or four vessels of Cæsar's about one of Antony's, pressing them with spears, javelins, poles, and several inventions of fire, which they flung among them, Antony's men using catapults also, to pour down missiles from wooden towers. Agrippa drawing out the squadron under his command to outflank the enemy, Publicola was obliged to observe his motions, and gradually to break off from the middle squadron, where some confusion and alarm ensued, while Arruntius engaged them. But the fortune of the day was still undecided, and the battle equal, when, on a sudden, Cleopatra's sixty ships were seen hoisting sail and making out to sea in full flight, right through the ships that were engaged. For they were placed behind the great ships, which, in breaking through, they put into disorder. The enemy was astonished to see them sailing off with a fair wind towards Peloponnesus. Here it was that Antony showed to all the world that he was no longer actuated by the thoughts and motives of a commander or a man, or indeed by his own judgment at all, and what was once said as a jest, that the soul of a lover lives in some one else's body, he proved to be a serious truth. For, as if he had been born part of her, and must move with her wheresoever she went, as soon as he saw her ship sailing away, he abandoned all that were fighting and spending their lives for him, and put himself aboard a galley of five banks of oars, taking with him only Alexander of Syria and Scellias, to follow her that had so well begun his ruin and would hereafter accomplish it.

She, perceiving him to follow, gave the signal to come aboard. So, as soon as he came up with them, he was taken into the ship. But without seeing her or letting himself be seen by her, he went forward by himself, and sat alone, without a word, in the ship's prow, covering his face with his two hands. In the mean while, some of Cæsar's light Liburnian ships, that were in pursuit, came in sight. But on Antony's commanding to face about, they all gave back except Eurycles the Laconian, who pressed on, shaking a lance from the deck, as if he meant to hurl it at him. Antony, standing at the prow, demanded of him, "Who is this that pursues Antony?" "I am," said he, "Eurycles, the son of Lachares, armed with Cæsar's fortune to revenge my father's death." Lachares had been condemned for a robbery, and beheaded by Antony's orders. However, Eurycles did not attack Antony, but ran with his full force upon the other admiral galley (for there were two of them), and with the blow turned her round, and took both her and another ship, in which was a quantity of rich plate and furniture. So soon as Eurycles was gone, Antony returned to his posture, and sat silent, and thus he remained for three days, either in anger with Cleopatra, or wishing not to upbraid her, at the end of which they touched at Tænarus. Here the women of their company succeeded first in bringing them to speak, and afterwards to eat and sleep together. And, by this time, several of the ships of burden and some of his friends began to come in to him from the rout, bringing news of his fleet's being quite destroyed, but that the land forces, they thought, still stood firm. So that he sent messengers to Canidius to march the army with all speed through Macedonia into Asia. And, designing himself to go from Tænarus into Africa, he gave one of the merchant ships, laden with a large sum of money, and vessels of silver and gold of great value, belonging to the royal collections, to his friends, desiring them to share it amongst them, and provide for their own safety. They refusing his kindness with tears in their eyes, he comforted them with all the goodness and humanity imaginable, entreating them to leave him, and wrote letters in their behalf to Theophilus, his steward, at Corinth, that he would provide for their security, and keep them concealed till such time as they could make their peace with Cæsar. This Theophilus was the father of Hipparchus, who had such interest with Antony, who was the first of all his freedmen that went over to Cæsar, and who settled afterwards at Corinth. In this posture were affairs with Antony.

But at Actium, his fleet, after a long resistance to Cæsar, and suffering the most damage from a heavy sea that set in right ahead, scarcely, at four in the afternoon, gave up the contest, with the loss of not more than five thousand men killed, but of three hundred ships taken, as Cæsar himself has recorded. Only a few had known of Antony's flight; and those who were told of it could not at first give any belief to so incredible a thing as that a general who had nineteen entire legions and twelve thousand horse upon the seashore, could abandon all and fly away; and he, above all, who had so often experienced both good and evil fortune, and had in a thousand wars and battles been inured to changes. His soldiers, however, would not give up their desires and expectations, still fancying he would appear from some part or other, and showed such a generous fidelity to his service, that when they were thoroughly assured that he was fled in earnest, they kept themselves in a body seven days, making no account of the messages that Cæsar sent to them. But at last, seeing that Canidius himself, who commanded them, was fled from the camp by night, and that all their officers had quite abandoned them, they gave way, and made their submission to the conqueror.

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Canidius now came, bringing word in person of the loss of the army before Actium. Then he received news, that Herod of Judæa was gone over to Cæsar with some legions and cohorts, and that the other kings and princes were in like manner deserting him, and that, out of Egypt, nothing stood by him. All this, however, seemed not to disturb him, but, as if he were glad to put away all hope, that with it he might be rid of all care, and leaving his habitation by the sea, which he called the Timoneum, he was received by Cleopatra in the palace, and set the whole city into a course of feasting, drinking, and presents. The son of Cæsar and Cleopatra was registered among the youths, and Antyllus, his own son by Fulvia, received the gown without the purple border, given to those that are come of age; in honor of which the citizens of Alexandria did nothing but feast and revel for many days. They themselves broke up the Order of the Inimitable Livers, and constituted another in its place, not inferior in splendor, luxury, and sumptuosity, calling it that of the Diers Together. For all those that said they would die with Antony and Cleopatra gave in their names, for the present passing their time in all manner of pleasures and a regular succession of banquets. But Cleopatra was busied in making a collection of all varieties of poisonous drugs, and, in order to see which of them were the least painful in the operation, she had them tried upon prisoners condemned to die. But, finding that the quick poisons always worked with sharp pains, and that the less painful were slow, she next tried venomous animals, and watched with her own eyes whilst they were applied, one creature to the body of another. This was her daily practice, and she pretty well satisfied herself that nothing was comparable to the bite of the asp, which, without convulsion or groaning, brought on a heavy drowsiness and lethargy, with a gentle sweat on the face, the senses being stupefied by degrees; the patient, in appearance, being sensible of no pain, but rather troubled to be disturbed or awakened like those that are in a profound natural sleep.

At the same time, they sent ambassadors to Cæsar into Asia, Cleopatra asking for the kingdom of Egypt for her children, and Antony, that he might have leave to live as a private man in Egypt, or, if that were thought too much, that he might retire to Athens. In lack of friends, so many having deserted, and others not being trusted, Euphronius, his son's tutor, was sent on this embassy. For Alexas of Laodicea, who, by the recommendation of Timagenes, became acquainted with Antony at Rome, and had been more powerful with him than any Greek, and was, of all the instruments which Cleopatra made use of to persuade Antony, the most violent, and the chief subverter of any good thoughts that from time to time might rise in his mind in Octavia's favor, had been sent before to dissuade Herod from desertion; but betraying his master, stayed with him, and confiding in Herod's interest, had the boldness to come into Cæsar's presence. Herod, however, was not able to help him, for he was immediately put in chains, and sent into his own country, where, by Cæsar's order, he was put to death. This reward of his treason Alexas received while Antony was yet alive.

Cæsar would not listen to any proposals for Antony, but he made answer to Cleopatra, that there was no reasonable favor which she might not expect, if she put Antony to death, or expelled him from Egypt. He sent back with the ambassadors his own freedman, Thyrsus, a man of understanding, and not at all ill-qualified for conveying the messages of a youthful general to a woman so proud of her charms and possessed with the opinion of the power of her beauty. But by the long audiences he received from her, and the special honors which she paid him, Antony's jealousy began to be awakened; he had him seized, whipped, and sent back, writing Cæsar word that the man's busy, impertinent ways had provoked him; in his circumstances he could not be expected to be very patient: "But if it offend you," he added, "you have got my freedman, Hipparchus, with you; hang him up and scourge him to make us even." But Cleopatra, after this, to clear herself, and to allay his jealousies, paid him all the attentions imaginable. When her own birthday came, she kept it as was suitable to their fallen fortunes; but his was observed with the utmost prodigality of splendor and magnificence, so that many of the guests sat down in want, and went home wealthy men. Meantime, continual letters came to Cæsar from Agrippa, telling him his presence was extremely required at Rome.

And so the war was deferred for a season. But, the winter being over, he began his march, — he himself by Syria, and his captains through Africa. Pelusium being taken, there went a report as if it had been delivered up to Cæsar by Seleucus, not without the consent of Cleopatra; but she, to justify herself, gave up into Antony's hands the wife and children of Seleucus to be put to death. She had caused to be built, joining to the temple of Isis, several tombs and monuments of wonderful height, and very remarkable for the workmanship; thither she removed her treasure, her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, cinnamon, and, after all, a great quantity of torchwood and tow. Upon which Cæsar began to fear lest she should, in a desperate fit, set all these riches on fire; and, therefore, while he was marching towards the city with his army, he omitted no occasion of giving her new assurances of his good intentions. He took up his position in the Hippodrome, where Antony made a fierce sally upon him, routed the horse, and beat them back into their trenches, and so returned with great satisfaction to the palace, where, meeting Cleopatra, armed as he was, he kissed her, and commended to her favor one of his men, who had most signalized himself in the fight, to whom she made a present of a breastplate and helmet of gold; which he having received, went that very night and deserted to Cæsar.

After this, Antony sent a new challenge to Cæsar to fight him hand-to-hand; who made him answer that he might find several other ways to end his life; and he, considering with himself that he could not die more honorably than in battle, resolved to make an effort both by land and sea. At supper, it is said, he bade his servants help him freely, and pour him out wine plentifully, since to-morrow, perhaps, they should not do the same, but be servants to a new master, whilst he should lie on the ground, a dead corpse, and nothing. His friends that were about him wept to hear him talk so; which he perceiving, told them he would not lead them to a battle in which he expected rather an honorable death than either safety or victory. That night, it is related, about the middle of it, when the whole city was in a deep silence and general sadness, expecting the event of the next day, on a sudden was heard the sound of all sorts of instruments, and voices singing in tune, and the cry of a crowd of people shouting and dancing, like a troop of bacchanals on its way. This tumultuous procession seemed to take its course right through the middle of the city to the gate nearest the enemy; here it became the loudest, and suddenly passed out. People who reflected considered this to signify that Bacchus, the god whom Antony had always made it his study to copy and imitate, had now forsaken him.

As soon as it was light, he marched his infantry out of the city, and posted them upon a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet make up to the enemy. There he stood in expectation of the event; but as soon as the fleets came near to one another, his men saluted Cæsar's with their oars; and on their responding, the whole body of the ships, forming into a single fleet, rowed up direct to the city. Antony had no sooner seen this, but the horse deserted him, and went over to Cæsar; and his foot being defeated, he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was dead. He, believing it, cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not," said he, "troubled, Cleopatra, to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but, suddenly turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony; "you show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself;" and so he ran himself into the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain, but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but, looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those that were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As, indeed, it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her efforts and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and, beating her breast with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony, stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink, either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that, among all the friends of Cæsar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome.

Just as he breathed his last, Proculeius arrived from Cæsar; for when Antony gave himself his wound, and was carried in to Cleopatra, one of his guards, Dercetæus, took up Antony's sword and hid it; and, when he saw his opportunity, stole away to Cæsar, and brought him the first news of Antony's death, and withal showed him the bloody sword. Cæsar, upon this, retired into the inner part of his tent, and giving some tears to the death of one that had been nearly allied to him in marriage, his colleague in empire, and companion in so many wars and dangers, he came out to his friends, and, bringing with him many letters, he read to them with how much reason and moderation he had always addressed himself to Antony, and in return what overbearing and arrogant answers he received. Then he sent Proculeius to use his utmost endeavors to get Cleopatra alive into his power; for he was afraid of losing a great treasure, and, besides, she would be no small addition to the glory of his triumph. She, however, was careful not to put herself in Proculeius' power; but from within her monument, he standing on the outside of a door, on the level of the ground, which was strongly barred, but so that they might well enough hear one another's voice, she held a conference with him; she demanding that her kingdom might be given to her children, and he bidding her to be of good courage, and trust Cæsar in everything.

Having taken particular notice of the place, he returned to Cæsar, and Gallus was sent to parley with her the second time; who, being come to the door, on purpose prolonged the conference, while Proculeius fixed his scaling ladders in the window through which the women had pulled up Antony. And so entering, with two men to follow him, he went straight down to the door where Cleopatra was discoursing with Gallus. One of the two women who were shut up in the monument with her cried out, "Miserable Cleopatra, you are taken prisoner!" Upon which she turned quick, and, looking at Proculeius, drew out her dagger which she had with her to stab herself. But Proculeius ran up quickly, and, seizing her with both his hands, "For shame," said he, "Cleopatra; you wrong yourself and Cæsar much, who would rob him of so fair an occasion of showing his clemency, and would make the world believe the most gentle of commanders to be a faithless and implacable enemy." And so, taking the dagger out of her hand, he also shook her dress to see if there were any poison hid in it. After this, Cæsar sent Epaphroditus, one of his freedmen, with orders to treat her with all the gentleness and civility possible, but to take the strictest precautions to keep her alive.

In the mean while, Cæsar made his entry into Alexandria, with Areius the philosopher at his side, holding him by the hand and talking with him; desiring that all his fellow-citizens should see what honor was paid to him, and should look up to him accordingly from the very first moment. Then, entering the exercise ground, he mounted a platform erected for the purpose, and from thence commanded the citizens (who, in great fear and consternation, fell prostrate at his feet) to stand up, and told them that he freely acquitted the people of all blame, first, for the sake of Alexander, who built their city, then for the city's sake itself, which was so large and beautiful, and, thirdly, to gratify his friend Areius.

Such great honor did Areius receive from Cæsar; and by his intercession many lives were saved, amongst the rest that of Philostratus, a man, of all the professors of logic that ever were, the most ready in extempore speaking, but quite destitute of any right to call himself one of the philosophers of the Academy. Cæsar, out of disgust at his character, refused all attention to his entreaties. So, growing a long white beard, and dressing himself in black, he followed behind Areius, shouting out the verse,

The wise, if they are wise, will save the wise.

Which Cæsar hearing, gave him his pardon, to prevent rather any odium that might attach to Areius, than any harm that Philostratus might suffer.

Of Antony's children, Antyllus, his son by Fulvia, being betrayed by his tutor, Theodorus, was put to death; and while the soldiers were cutting off his head, his tutor contrived to steal a precious jewel which he wore about his neck, and put it in his pocket, and afterwards denied the fact, but was convicted and crucified. Cleopatra's children, with their attendants, had a guard set on them, and were treated very honorably. Cæsarion, who was reputed to be the son of Cæsar the Dictator, was sent by his mother, with a great sum of money, through Æthiopia, to pass into India; but his tutor, a man named Rhodon, about as honest as Theodorus, persuaded him to turn back, for that Cæsar designed to make him king. Cæsar consulting what was best to be done with him, Areius, we are told, said,

> Too many *Cæsars* are not well.

So, afterwards, when Cleopatra was dead he was killed.

Many kings and great commanders made petition to Cæsar for the body of Antony, to give him his funeral rites; but he would not take away his corpse from Cleopatra, by whose hands he was buried with royal splendor and magnificence, it being granted to her to employ what she pleased on his funeral. In this extremity of grief and sorrow, and having inflamed and ulcerated her breasts with beating them, she fell into a high fever, and was very glad of the occasion, hoping, under this pretext, to abstain from food, and so to die in quiet without interference. She had her own physician, Olympus, to whom she told the truth, and asked his advice and help to put an end to herself as Olympus himself has told us, in a narrative which he wrote of these events. But Cæsar, suspecting her purpose, took to menacing language about her children, and excited her fears for them, before which engines her purpose shook and gave way, so that she suffered those about her to give her what meat or medicine they pleased.

Some few days after, Cæsar himself came to make her a visit and comfort her. She lay then upon her pallet bed in undress, and, on his entering in, sprang up from off her bed, having nothing on but the one garment next her body, and flung herself at his feet, her hair and face looking wild and disfigured, her voice quivering, and her eyes sunk in her head. The marks of the blows she had given herself were visible about her bosom, and altogether her whole person seemed no less afflicted than her soul. But, for all this, her old charm, and the boldness of her youthful beauty, had not wholly left her, and, in spite of her present condition, still sparkled from within, and let itself appear in all the movements of her countenance. Cæsar, desiring her to repose herself, sat down by her; and, on this opportunity, she said something to justify her actions, attributing what she had done to the necessity she was under, and to her fear of Antony; and when Cæsar, on each point, made his objections, and she found herself confuted, she broke off at once into language of entreaty and deprecation, as if she desired nothing more than to prolong her life. And at last, having by her a list of her treasure, she gave it into his hands; and when Seleucus, one of her stewards, who was by, pointed out that various articles were omitted, and charged her with secreting them, she flew up and caught him by the hair, and struck him several blows on the face. Cæsar smiling and withholding her, "Is it not very hard, Cæsar," said she, "when you do me the honor to visit me in this condition I am in, that I should be accused by one of my own servants of laying by some women's toys, not meant to adorn, be sure, my unhappy self, but that I might have some little present by me to make your Octavia and your Livia, that by their intercession I might hope to find you in some measure disposed to mercy?" Cæsar was pleased to hear her talk thus, being now assured that she was desirous to live. And, therefore, letting her know that the things she had laid by she might dispose of as she pleased, and his usage of her should be honorable above her expectation, he went away, well satisfied that he had overreached her; but, in fact, he was himself deceived.

There was a young man of distinction among Cæsar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra, and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Cæsar was about to return through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Cæsar that he would be pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner: "O dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you; then they were free, now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me; these are the last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt ; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below, with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned ; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you, since, amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time that I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and, coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs ; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and, suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Cæsar a letter which she had written and sealed ; and, putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Cæsar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but, changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing ; but on opening the doors they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet, and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress' diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion ?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings ; " and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew, but, when she took away some of the figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and held out her bare arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. But what really took place is known to no one. Since it was also said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture marks were found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Cæsar seems to have given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts. But Cæsar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave order that her body should be buried by Antony with royal splendor and magnificence. Her women, also, received honorable burial by his directions. Cleopatra had lived nine and thirty years, during twenty-two of which she had reigned as queen, and for fourteen had been Antony's partner in his empire. Antony, according to some authorities, was fifty-three, according to others, fifty-six years old.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By GENERAL LYTLE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
  Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me!
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart secrets,
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;

Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—
  'Twas his own that struck the blow,—
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the Gods bear witness—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell—
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
  Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

JOCULAR ORATORY.

By QUINTILIAN.

[M. Fabius Quintilianus, teacher of oratory, was born in the town now named Calahorra, in Spain, A.D. 40. Coming to Rome A.D. 68, he attained distinction as an orator. He also received pupils in oratory, the two grandnephews of the Emperor Domitian and Pliny the Younger being amongst the number. For nearly twenty years Quintilian devoted himself to this profession, and he is noted as being the first teacher who received remuneration from the imperial exchequer for his services. He died about 118. He composed the system of rhetoric called "De Institutione Oratoria," in twelve books, after his retirement from public duties.]

I AM now to treat of a matter quite the reverse of that I discussed in the last chapter, — I mean, the manner of dissipating melancholy impressions, of unbending the mind from too intense application, of renewing its powers and recruiting its strength, after being surfeited and fatigued.

Now, we may be sensible, from the examples of the two great fathers of Greek and Roman eloquence, how difficult a matter this is, for it is generally thought that Demosthenes had no talents, and Cicero no bounds, in raising laughter. The truth is Demosthenes was not at all averse from attempting it, as appears by the instances of that kind which he left behind him; which, though very few, are far from being answerable to his other excellences. Few, however, as they are, they show that he liked jocularity, but that he had not the art of hitting it off. But as to our countryman Cicero, he was thought to affect it too much, for it not only entered into his common discourse, but into his most solemn pleadings. For my part, call it want of judgment or prepossession in favor of the most eloquent of mankind, I think Cicero had a wonderful share of delicate wit. No man ever said so many good things as he did in ordinary conversation, in debating, and in examining of witnesses; and he artfully throws into the mouths of others all his insipid jokes concerning Verres, and brings them as so many evidences of the notoriety of the charges against him; thereby intimating that the more vulgar they were, it was the more probable they were the language of the public, and not invented to serve the purposes of the orator. I wish, however, that his freedman Tyro, or whoever he was who collected the three books of his jokes, had been a little more sparing in publishing the good things he said; and that in choosing them he had been as judicious as in compiling them he was industrious. The compiler then had been less liable to criticism; and yet the book, even as it has come to our hands, discovers the characteristics of Cicero's genius; for, however you may retrench from it, you can add nothing to it.

Several things concur to render this manner extremely difficult. In the first place, all ridicule has something in it that is buffoonish; that is, somewhat that is low, and oftentimes purposely rendered mean. In the next place, it is never attended with dignity, and people are apt to construe it in different senses; because it is not judged by any criterion of reason, but by a certain unaccountable impression which it makes upon the hearer. I call it unaccountable, because many have endeavored to account for it, but, I think, without success. Here it is that a laugh may arise, not only from an action or a saying, but even the very motion of the body may raise it; add to this, that there are many different motives for laughter. For we laugh not only at actions and sayings that are witty and pleasant, but such as are stupid, passionate, and cowardly. It is, therefore, of a motley composition; for very often we laugh *with* a man as well as laugh *at* him. For, as Cicero observes, "the province of ridiculousness consists in a certain meanness and deformity." The manner that points them out is termed wit or urbanity. If while we are pointing them out we make ourselves ridiculous, it is termed folly. Even the slightest matter, when it comes from a buffoon, an actor — nay, a dunce, may, notwithstanding, carry with it an effect that I may call irresistible, and such as it is impossible for us to guard against. The pleasure it gives us bursts from us even against our will, and appears not only in the expression of our looks and our voices, but is powerful enough even to shake the whole frame of our body. Very often, as I have already observed, one touch of the ridiculous may give a turn to the most serious affairs. We have an instance of this in some young Tarentines, who, having at an entertainment made very free with the character of King Pyrrhus, were next morning examined before him upon what they had said, which, though they durst not defend and could not deny, yet they escaped by a well-turned joke: "Sir," says one of them, "if our liquor had not failed us we would have murdered you." This turn of wit at once canceled all the guilt they were charged with.

Yet this knack, or whatever the reader pleases to call it, of joking, I will not venture to pronounce to be void of all art, for it admits of certain rules, which Greek and Roman writers have reduced into a system; I, however, affirm that its success is chiefly owing to nature and the occasion. Now, nature does not consist in the acuteness and skill which some possess above others in the inventive part (for that may be improved by art); but some people's manner and face are so well fitted for this purpose, that, were others to say the same thing, it would lose a great part of its gracefulness. With regard to the occasion and the subject, they are so very serviceable in matters of wit, that dunces and clowns have been known to make excellent repartees; and, indeed, everything has a better grace that comes by way of reply, than what is offered by way of attack. What adds to the difficulty is, that no rules can be laid down for the practice of this thing, and no masters can teach it. We know a great many who say smart things at entertainments, or in common conversation; and, indeed, they cannot avoid it, for they are hourly attempting it. But the wit that is required in an orator is seldom to be met with; it forms no part of his art, but arises from the habits of life. I know no objection, however, against prescribing exercises of this kind, to accustom young men to compositions of a brisk lively turn of wit: nay, the sayings which we call "good things," and which are so common on merrymaking and festival days, may be of very great service to the practice at the bar, could they be brought to answer any purpose of utility, or could they be brought in aid of any serious subject. At present, however, they serve no purpose but that of useless diversion to younger persons. . . .

We may either act or speak ridicule. Sometimes a grave way of doing an arch thing occasions great ridicule. Thus, when the consul Isauricus had broken the curule chair belonging to the pretor Marcus Cœlius, the latter erected another chair, slung upon leathern straps, because it was notorious that the consul, on a time, had been strapped by his father. Sometimes ridicule attacks objects that are past all sense of shame; for instance, the adventure of the casket, mentioned by Cicero in his pleading for Cœlius. But that was so scandalous a thing that no one in his senses could enlarge upon it. We may make the same observation when there is anything droll in the look or the manner; for they may be rendered extremely diverting, but never so much as when they appear to be very serious. For nothing is more stupid than to see a man always upon the titter, and, as it were, beating up for a laugh. But, though a grave serious look and manner add greatly to ridicule, and indeed are sometimes ridicule itself, by the person remaining quite serious, yet still it may be assisted by the looks and the powers of the face, and a certain pleasing adjustment of one's whole gesture: but always remember never to overdo.

As to the ridicule that consists in words, its character is either that of wantonness and jollity, as we generally saw in Galba; or cutting, such as the late Junius Bassus possessed; or blunt and rough, like the manner of Cassius Severus; or winning and delicate, like that of Domitius Afer. The place where we employ those different manners is of great importance, for at entertainments and in common discourse the vulgar are wanton, but all mankind may be cheerful. Meanwhile, let all malice be removed, and let us never adopt that maxim, "Rather to lose our friend than our jest." With regard to our practice at the bar, if I were to employ any of the manners I have mentioned, it should be that of the gentle, delicate kind. Though at the same time we are allowed to employ the most reproachful and cutting expressions against our adversaries; but that is in the case of capital impeachments, when justice is demanded upon an offender. But even in that case, we think it inhuman to insult the misery or the fallen state of another, for such are generally less to blame than they are represented, and insults may recoil upon the head of the person who employs them.

We are in the first place, therefore, to consider who the person is that speaks, what is the cause, who is the judge, who is the party, and what are the expressions. An orator ought by all means to avoid every distortion of look and gesture employed by comedians to raise a laugh. All farcical theatrical pertness is likewise utterly inconsistent with the character of an orator; and he ought to be so far from expressing, that he ought not to imitate anything that is offensive to modesty. Nay, though he should have an opportunity to expose it, it may be sometimes more proper to pass it over.

Further, though I think the manner of an orator ought at all times to be elegant and genteel, yet he should by no means affect being thought a wit. He should not, therefore, be always witty when he can; and he ought sometimes to sacrifice his jest to his character. What indignation does it give us in a trial upon atrocious crimes, to hear a pleader breaking his jokes, or an advocate merry, while he is speaking in defense of the miserable!

Besides, we are to reflect that some judges are of so serious a cast as not to endure anything that may raise a laugh. Sometimes it happens that the reproach we aim at our opponent hits the judge himself, or suits our own client. And some are so foolish that they cannot refrain from expressions that recoil upon themselves. This was the case with Longus Sulpicius, who, being himself a very ugly fellow, and pleading a cause that affected the liberty of another person, said, "Nature had not given that man the face of a free man." "Then," replies Domitius Afer to him, "you are in your soul and conscience of opinion that every man who has an ugly face ought to be a slave."

An orator likewise is to avoid everything that is ill-mannered, or haughty, offensive in the place, or unseasonable upon the occasion. He is likewise to say nothing that seems premeditated and studied before he came into court. Now, as I have already said, it is barbarous to joke upon the miseries of another; while some are so venerable, so amiable in their universal character, that a pleader only hurts himself by attacking them. . . .

One maxim is of use, not only to the purposes of an orator, but to the purposes of life; which is, never to attack a man whom it is dangerous to provoke, lest you be brought to maintain some disagreeable enmities, or to make some scandalous submissions. It is likewise highly improper to throw out any invectives that numbers of people may take to themselves; or to arraign, by the lump, nations, degrees, and ranks of mankind, or those pursuits which are common to many. A man of sense and good breeding will say nothing that can hurt his own character or probity. A laugh is too dearly bought when purchased at the expense of virtue.

It is, however, extremely difficult to point out all the different manners of raising a laugh, and the occasions that furnish it. Nay, it is next to impossible to trace all the different sources of ridicule. In general, however, a laugh may be raised either from the personal appearance of an opponent, or from his understanding, as it appears by his words or actions, or from exterior circumstances. These, I say, are the three sources of all vilifying, which, if urged with acrimony, become serious; if with pleasantry, ridiculous. Now, all the ridicule I have mentioned arises either from exposition, narrative, or characterizing.

Sometimes, but seldom, it happens that an object of ridicule actually presents itself upon the spot. This happened to Caius Julius, who told Helmius Mancia, who was deafening the whole court with his bawling, that he would show him what he resembled. The other challenging him to make good his promise, Julius pointed with his finger to the distorted figure of a Gaul, painted upon the shield of Marius, which was set up as a sign to one of the booths that stood round the forum, and in fact was very like Mancia. The narrative of imaginary circumstances may be managed with the greatest delicacy and oratorical art; witness Cicero's narrative concerning Cepasius and Fabricius, in his pleading for Cluentius; and the manner in which Marcus Cœlius represents the race run between Caius Lælius and his colleague, which should get first to his province. But all such recitals require every elegant, every genteel touch the orator can give them; and the whole must be brought up with the most delicate humor. How much ridicule does Cicero apply to the description of the retreat of Fabricius! "Thus he thought himself doing mighty matters, while he was, from his magazines of eloquence, playing off those most pathetic expressions: 'Look back upon the mutability of fortune; look back to the variety and alterations to which human life is subject; look back upon the old age of Fabricius.' Now, when he came to the last 'look back,' which he had so often repeated to embellish his discourse, he 'looked back' himself; but by this time Fabricius had stolen out of court." And what follows is in the same strain; for the passage is well known. All this high finishing did not contain a word that was fact, more than that Fabricius had left the court.

"These . . . outpoured fates of such kind in sacred song"

From a painting by Michael Angelo

THE SPINNING OF THE FATES.[1]

BY CATULLUS.

(Translated by Sir Richard F. Burton.)

[CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS, a leading Roman poet, was born at Verona, B.C. 87; died about B.C. 47. He was a wealthy and pleasure-loving gentleman, the friend of Cicero and other chief men of his time. He wrote lyrics, elegies, odes, etc.]

IN the mean time, with shaking bodies and infirm gesture, the Parcæ began to intone their veridical chant. Their trembling frames were enwrapped around with white garments, encircled with a purple border at their heels; snowy fillets bound each aged brow, and their hands pursued their never-ending toil, as of custom. The left hand bore the distaff enwrapped in soft wool; the right hand, lightly withdrawing the threads with upturned fingers, did shape them, then twisting them with the prone thumb it turned the balanced spindle with well-polished whirl. And then with a pluck of their tooth the work was always made even, and the bitten wool shreds adhered to their dried lips, which shreds at first had stood out from the fine thread. And in front of their feet wicker baskets of osier twigs took charge of the soft white woolly fleece. These, with clear-sounding voice, as they combed out the wool, outpoured fates of such kind in sacred song, in song which none age yet to come could tax with untruth.

"O with great virtues thine exceeding honor augmenting, stay of Emathia-land, most famous in thine issue, receive what the sisters make known to thee on this gladsome day, a weird veridical! But ye whom the fates do follow: Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Now Hesperus shall come unto thee bearing what is longed for by bridegrooms; with that fortunate star shall thy bride come, who ensteeps thy soul with the sway of softening love, and prepares with thee to conjoin in languorous slumber, making her smooth arms thy pillow round 'neath thy sinewy neck. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"No house ever yet inclosed such loves, no love bound lovers with such pact, as abideth with Thetis, as is the concord of Peleus. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

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[1] By permission of H. S. Nichols, Ltd.

"To ye shall Achilles be born, a stranger to fear, to his foemen not by his back, but by his broad breast known, who, ofttimes the victor in the uncertain struggle of the foot race, shall outrun the fire-fleet footsteps of the speedy doe. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"None in war with him may compare as a hero, when the Phrygian streams shall trickle with Trojan blood; and when besieging the walls of Troy with a long-drawn-out warfare, perjured Pelops' third heir shall lay that city waste. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"His glorious acts and illustrious deeds often shall mothers attest o'er funeral rites of their sons, when the white locks from their heads are unloosed amid ashes, and they bruise their discolored breasts with feeble fists. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"For as the husbandman bestrewing the dense wheat ears mows the harvest yellowed 'neath ardent sun, so shall he cast prostrate the corpses of Troy's sons with grim swords. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"His great valor shall be attested by Scamander's wave, which ever pours itself into the swift Hellespont, narrowing whose course with slaughtered heaps of corpses, he shall make tepid its deep stream by mingling warm blood with the water. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"And she a witness in fine shall be the captive maid handed to death, when the heaped-up tomb of earth built in lofty mound shall receive the snowy limbs of the stricken virgin. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"For instant fortune shall give the means to the war-worn Greeks to break Neptune's stone bonds of the Dardanian city, the tall tomb shall be made dank with Polyxena's blood, who as the victim succumbing 'neath two-edged sword, with yielding hams shall fall forward a headless corpse. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Wherefore haste ye to conjoin in the longed-for delights of your love. Bridegroom, thy goddess receive in felicitous compact; let the bride be given to her eager husband. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Nor shall the nurse at orient light returning, with yester-e'en's thread succeed in circling her neck. [Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.] Nor need her solicitous mother fear sad discord shall cause a parted bed for her daughter, nor need she cease to hope for dear grandchildren. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles."

With such soothsaying songs of yore did the Parcæ chant from divine breast the felicitous fate of Peleus. For of aforetime the heaven dwellers were wont to visit the chaste homes of heroes, and to show themselves in mortal assembly, ere yet their worship was scorned. Often the father of the gods, a resting in his glorious temple, when on the festal days his annual rites appeared, gazed on an hundred bulls strewn prone on the earth. Often wandering Liber on topmost summit of Parnassus led his yelling Thyiads with loosely tossed locks. . . . When the Delphians tumultuously trooping from the whole of their city joyously acclaimed the god with smoking altars. Often in lethal strife of war Mavors, or swift Triton's queen, or the Rhamnusian virgin, in person did exhort armed bodies of men. But after the earth was infected with heinous crime, and each one banished justice from their grasping mind, and brothers steeped their hands in fraternal blood, the son ceased grieving o'er departed parents, the sire craved for the funeral rites of his firstborn that freely he might take of the flower of unwedded stepdame, the unholy mother, lying under her unknowing son, did not fear to sully her household gods with dishonor: everything licit and lawless commingled with mad infamy turned away from us the just-seeing mind of the gods. Wherefore nor do they deign to appear at such like assemblies, nor will they permit themselves to be met in the daylight.

◆

EPITHALAMIUM.

By CATULLUS.

(Translated by John Hookham Frere.)

You that from the mother's side
Lead the lingering, blushing bride,
    Fair Urania's son —
Leave awhile the lonely mount,
The haunted grove and holy fount
    Of chilling Helicon.

With myrtle wreaths enweave thy hair —
Wave the torch aloft in air —
    Make no long delay:
With flowing robe and footsteps light,
And gilded buskin glancing bright,
    Hither bend thy way.

Join at once, with airy vigor,
In the dance's varied figure,
    To the cymbal's chime:
Frolic unrestrained and free —
Let voice, and air, and verse agree,
    And the torch beat time.

Hymen come, for Julia
Weds with Manlius to-day,
    And deigns to be a bride.
Such a form as Venus wore
In the contest famed of yore,
    On Mount Ida's side;

Like the myrtle or the bay,
Florid, elegant, and gay,
    With foliage fresh and new;
Which the nymphs and forest maids
Have fostered in sequestered shades,
    With drops of holy dew.

Leave, then, all the rocks and cells
Of the deep Aonian dells,
    And the caverns hoar;
And the dreary streams that weep
From the stony Thespian steep,
    Dripping evermore.

Haste away to new delights,
To domestic happy rites,
    Human haunts and ways;
With a kindly charm applied,
Soften and appease the bride,
    And shorten our delays.

Bring her hither, bound to move,
Drawn and led with bands of love,
    Like the tender twine

Which the searching ivy plies,
Clinging in a thousand ties
O'er the clasping vine.

Gentle virgins, you besides,
Whom the like event betides,
With the coming year;
Call on Hymen! call him now!
Call aloud! A virgin vow
Best befits his ear.

"Is there any deity
More beloved and kind than he —
More disposed to bless;
Worthy to be worshiped more;
Master of a richer store
Of wealth and happiness?

"Youth and age alike agree
Serving and adoring thee,
The source of hope and care:
Care and hope alike engage
The wary parent sunk in age
And the restless heir.

"She the maiden, half afraid,
Hears the new proposal made,
That proceeds from thee;
You resign and hand her over
To the rash and hardy lover
With a fixt decree.

"Hymen, Hymen, you preside,
Maintaining honor and the pride
Of women free from blame,
With a solemn warrant given,
Is there any power in heaven
That can do the same?

"Love, accompanied by thee,
Passes unreproved and free,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?

"Heirship in an honored line
Is sacred as a gift of thine,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?

"Rule and empire — royalty,
Are rightful, as derived from thee,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?"

The poet is here in his office as manager of the mob, mediating between them and the gentlefolks within. In the next stanza he speaks as the prolocutor of the rabble outside.

Open locks! unbar the gate!
Behold the ready troop that wait
The coming of the bride;
Behold the torches, how they flare!
Spreading aloft their sparkling hair,
Flashing far and wide.

Lovely maiden! here we waste
The timely moments; — Come in haste!
Come then . . . Out, alack!
Startled at the glare and din,
She retires to weep within,
Lingering, hanging back.

Bashful honor and regret,
For a while detain her yet,
Lingering, taking leave:
Taking leave and lingering still,
With a slow, reluctant will,
With grief that does not grieve.

Aurunculeia, cease your tears,
And when to-morrow's morn appears,
Fear not that the sun
Will dawn upon a fairer face, —
Nor in his airy, lofty race
Behold a lovelier one.

The town minstrels are here introduced; they begin with the same image which the poet has already employed in his proper person.

"Mark and hear us, gentle bride;
Behold the torches nimbly plied,
Waving here and there;
Along the street and in the porch,
See the fiery-tressed torch,
Spreads its sparkling hair.

"Like a lily, fair and chaste,
Lovely bride, you shall be placed
In a garden gay,
A wealthy lord's delight and pride;
Come away then, happy bride,
Hasten, hence away!

"Mark and hear us — he your lord
Will be true at bed and board,
Nor ever walk astray,
Withdrawing from your lovely side;
Mark and hear us, gentle bride,
Hasten, hence away!

"Like unto the tender vine,
He shall ever clasp and twine,
Clinging night and day,
Fairly bound and firmly tied;
Come away then, happy bride,
Hasten, hence away!"

Happy chamber, happy bed,
Can the joys be told or said
That await you soon;
Fresh renewals of delight,
In the silent fleeting night
And the summer noon.

Make ready. There I see within
The bride is veiled; the guests begin
To muster close and slow:
Trooping onward close about,
Boys, be ready with a shout —
"Hymen! Hymen! ho!"

Now begins the free career,—
For many a jest and many a jeer,
And many a merry saw;
Customary taunts and gibes,
Such as ancient use prescribes,
And immemorial law.

"Some at home, it must be feared,
Will be slighted and cashiered,
Pride will have a fall;
Now the favorites' reign is o'er:
Proud enough they were before—
Proud and nice withal.

"Full of pride and full of scorn,
Now you see them clipt and shorn,
Humbler in array;
Sent away, for fear of harm,
To the village or the farm,—
Packed in haste away.

"Other doings must be done,
Another empire is begun,
Behold your own domain!
Gentle bride! Behold it there!
The lordly palace proud and fair:—
You shall live and reign,

"In that rich and noble house,
Till age shall silver o'er the brows,
And nod the trembling head,
Not regarding what is meant,
Incessant uniform assent
To all that's done or said.

"Let the faithful threshold greet,
With omens fair, those lovely feet,
Lightly lifted o'er;
Let the garlands wave and bow
From the lofty lintel's brow
That bedeck the door."

See the couch with crimson dress—
Where, seated in the deep recess,
With expectation warm,

The bridegroom views her coming near,—
The slender youth that led her here
May now release her arm.

With a fixt intense regard
He beholds her close and hard
In awful interview:
Shortly now she must be sped
To the chamber and the bed,
With attendance due.

Let the ancient worthy wives,
That have past their constant lives
With a single mate,
As befits advised age,
With council and precaution sage
Assist and regulate.

She the mistress of the band
Comes again with high command,
"Bridegroom, go your way;
There your bride is in the bower,
Like a lovely lily flower,
Or a rose in May.

* * * * *

"Ay, and you yourself, in truth,
Are a goodly comely youth,
Proper, tall, and fair;
Venus and the Graces too
Have befriended each of you
For a lovely pair.

"There you go! may Venus bless
Such as you with good success
In the lawful track;
You that, in an honest way,
Purchase in the face of day
Whatsoe'er you lack."

Sport your fill and never spare—
Let us have an infant heir
Of the noble name;
Such a line should ever last,
As it has for ages past,
Another and the same.

Fear not! with the coming year
The new Torquatus will be here:
Him we soon shall see
With infant gesture fondly seek
To reach his father's manly cheek,
From his mother's knee.

With laughing eyes and dewy lip,
Pouting like the purple tip
That points the rose's bud;
While mingled with the mother's grace,
Strangers shall recognize the trace
That marks the Manlian blood.

So the mother's fair renown
Shall betimes adorn and crown
The child with dignity,
As we read in stories old
Of Telemachus the bold
And chaste Penelope.

Now the merry task is o'er,
Let us hence and close the door,
While loud adieus are paid;
"Live in honor, love, and truth,
And exercise your lusty youth
In matches fairly played."

PRAISE OF POVERTY.

By APULEIUS.

(From the "Vindication.")

[Lucius Apuleius, Roman story-writer, was born in Madaura, Africa, early in the second century A.D.; the time of his death is unknown. His fame rests on the immortal "Metamorphoses; or, the Golden Ass," a sort of early Decameron, with contents ranging from the grossest indecencies to the exquisite story of Cupid and Psyche; and on the amusing "Vindication," a defense to the charge of having used magic arts to make a rich middle-aged widow marry him.]

Poverty has long been the handmaid of Philosophy: frugal, temperate, contented with little, eager for praise, averse from the things sought by wealth, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right. No one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it. But it is your fosterlings of wealth who are in the habit of perpetrating these disgraceful excesses, and others of a kindred nature. If you review all the greatest enormities that have been committed in the memory of mankind, you will not find a single poor man among the perpetrators; whilst, on the other hand, in the number of illustrious men hardly any of the rich are to be found; poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend. Poverty, I say — she who in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventress of all arts, she who is guiltless of all offense, who is lavish of all glory, who has been honored with every praise among all nations. For this same Poverty it was that, among the Greeks, showed herself just in Aristides, humane in Phocion, resolute in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. It was this same Poverty, too, that for the Roman people laid the very earliest foundations of their sway, and that offers sacrifice to the immortal gods in their behalf, with the ladle and the dish of clay, even to this day.

If there were now sitting as judges at this trial C. Fabricius, Cneius Scipio, and Manius Curius, whose daughters, by reason of their poverty, went home to their husbands portioned at the public expense, carrying with them the glories of their family and the money of the public; if Publicola, the expeller of the kings, and Agrippa, the reconciler of the people, the expense of whose funeral was, in consequence of their limited fortunes, defrayed by the Roman people, by contributions of the smallest coins; if Attilius Regulus, whose little field was, in consequence of a like poverty, cultivated at the public expense; if, in fine, all those ancient families, ennobled by consulships, censorships, and triumphs, could obtain a short respite, and return to light, and take part in this trial, would you then have dared to reproach a philosopher for his poverty, in the presence of so many consuls distinguished for theirs? . . . I could show that none of us are poor who do not wish for superfluities, and who possess the things that are necessary, which, by nature, are but few indeed. For he has the most who desires the least; he who wants but little is most likely to have as much as he wants. It is with the mind just as with the body; in a healthy state it is lightly clad, but in sickness it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing;

and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. It is with life just as with swimming: that man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all incumbrances. . . . For my part, I have learned that in this especially the gods surpass mankind, that they have to satisfy no necessities. Hence it is that him among us who has the fewest possible necessities, I consider most strongly to resemble a god.

FROM LUCRETIUS.[1]

TRANSLATION BY W. H. MALLOCK.

[TITUS CARUS LUCRETIUS, Roman poet of the first rank, was born B.C. 95; committed suicide B.C. 55. His poem "On the Nature of Things" expounds the atomic theory and the Epicurean philosophy, to the result of atheism but with great splendor of thought and poetry.]

MOTHER and mistress of the Roman race,
  Pleasure of gods and men, O fostering
Venus, whose presence breathes in every place,
  Peopling all soils whence fruits and grasses spring,
And all the water's navigable ways,
  Water and earth and air and everything,
Since by thy power alone their life is given
To all beneath the sliding signs of heaven;

Goddess, thou comest, and the clouds before thee
  Melt, and the ruffian blasts take flight and fly;
The dædal lands, they know thee and adore thee,
  And clothe themselves with sweet flowers instantly;
Whilst pouring down its largest radiance o'er thee,
  In azure calm subsides the rounded sky,
To overarch thine advent; and for thee
A livelier sunlight laughs along the sea.

For lo, no sooner come the soft and glowing
  Days of the spring, and all the air is stirred
With amorous breaths of zephyr freshly blowing,
  Than the first prelude of thy power is heard
On all sides, in aërial music flowing
  Out of the bill of every pairing bird;
And every songster feels, on every tree,
Its small heart pulsing with the power of thee.

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[1] By permission of W. Blackwood & Sons. (Crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d.)

Next the herds feel thee; and the wild fleet races
  Bound o'er the fields, that smile in the bright weather,
And swim the streaming floods in fordless places,
  Led by thy chain, and captive in thy tether.
At last through seas and hills, thine influence passes,
  Through field and flood and all the world together,
And the birds' leafy homes; and thou dost fire
Each to renew his kind with sweet desire.

Wherefore, since thou, O lady, only thou
  Art she who guides the world upon its way;
Nor can aught rise without thee anyhow
  Up into the clear borders of the day,
Neither can aught without thee ever grow
  Lovely and sweet — to thee, to thee I pray —
Aid and be near thy suppliant as he sings
Of nature and the secret ways of things. . . .

When human life a shame to human eyes,
  Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
A cowering thing without the strength to rise,
  Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight —
Religion scowling downward from the skies,
  With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate —
First did a man of Greece presume to raise
His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.

Him not the tales of all the gods in heaven,
  Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing roar
Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
  By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
  Bars. And he gained the day; and, conqueror,
His spirit broke beyond our world, and past
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast.

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
  Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
Laying quite bare what can and cannot be,
  How to each force is set strong boundaries,
How no power raves unchained, and naught is free.
  So the times change; and now religion lies
Trampled by us; and unto us 'tis given
Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
We sin, and enter wicked ways of reason.
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
'Tis oft religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphianassa's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian maid?

Soon as the fillet round her virgin hair
Fell in its equal lengths down either cheek, —
Soon as she saw her father standing there,
Sad, by the altar, without power to speak,
And at his side the murderous minister,
Hiding the knife, and many a faithful Greek
Weeping — her knees grew weak, and with no sound
She sank, in speechless terror, on the ground.

But naught availed it in that hour accurst
To save the maid from such a doom as this,
That her lips were the baby lips that first
Called the king father with their cries and kiss.
For round her came the strong men, and none durst
Refuse to do what cruel part was his;
So silently they raised her up, and bore her,
All quivering, to the deadly shrine before her.

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died — a victim felled by its own sire —
That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas. Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds religion urges men.

* * * * * * *

'Tis sweet when tempests roar upon the sea
To watch from land another's deep distress
Amongst the waves — his toil and misery:
Not that his sorrow makes our happiness,
But that some sweetness there must ever be
Watching what sorrows we do not possess:
So, too, 'tis sweet to safely view from far
Gleam o'er the plains the savage ways of war.

But sweeter far to look with purgèd eyes
  Down from the battlements and topmost towers
Of learning, those high bastions of the wise,
  And far below us see this world of ours,
The vain crowds wandering blindly, led by lies,
  Spending in pride and wrangling all their powers
So far below — the pygmy toil and strife,
The pain and piteous rivalries of life.

O peoples miserable! O fools and blind!
  What night you cast o'er all the days of man,
And in that night before you and behind
  What perils prowl! But you nor will nor can
See that the treasure of a tranquil mind
  Is all that Nature pleads for, for this span,
So that between our birth and grave we gain
Some quiet pleasures, and a pause from pain.

Wherefore we see that for the body's need
  A pause from pain almost itself suffices.
For only let our life from pain be freed,
  It oft itself with its own smile entices,
And fills our healthy hearts with joys indeed,
  That leave us small desire for art's devices.
Nor do we sigh for more in hours like these,
Rich in our wealth of sweet simplicities.

What though about the halls no silent band
  Of golden boys on many a pedestal
Dangle their hanging lamps from outstretched hand,
  To flare along the midnight festival —
Though on our board no priceless vessels stand,
  Nor gold nor silver fret the dazzling wall,
Nor does the soft voluptuous air resound
From gilded ceilings with the cithern's sound;

The grass is ours, and sweeter sounds than these,
  As down we couch us by the babbling spring,
And overhead we hear the branching trees
  That shade us, whisper; and for food we bring
Only the country's simple luxuries.
  Ah, sweet is this, and sweetest in the spring,
When the sun goes through all the balmy hours,
And all the green earth's lap is filled with flowers!

Translation by DRYDEN.

What has this bugbear death to frighten man,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion hurled,
For the debated empire of the world,
Which awed with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
So when our mortal frame shall be disjoined,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not *feel*, because we shall not *be*,
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tossed.
Nay, e'en suppose, when we have suffered fate,
The soul should feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only *we*
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decayed.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mold anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tossed and variously combined
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled.
For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must *be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who *is* not, feels not woe,

(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
  And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his moldering limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain;
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other *He* could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other *He*,
No living *He* remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drenched in floods of honey to be soaked,
Embalmed to be at once preserved and choked;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Exposed to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppressed
With monumental marble on thy breast?
  But to be snatched from all the household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast;
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppressed
Thy care and courage now no more shall free:
Ah! wretch, thou criest, ah! miserable me!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
  Add one thing more, and all thou sayest is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanished too:
Which, well considered, were a quick relief

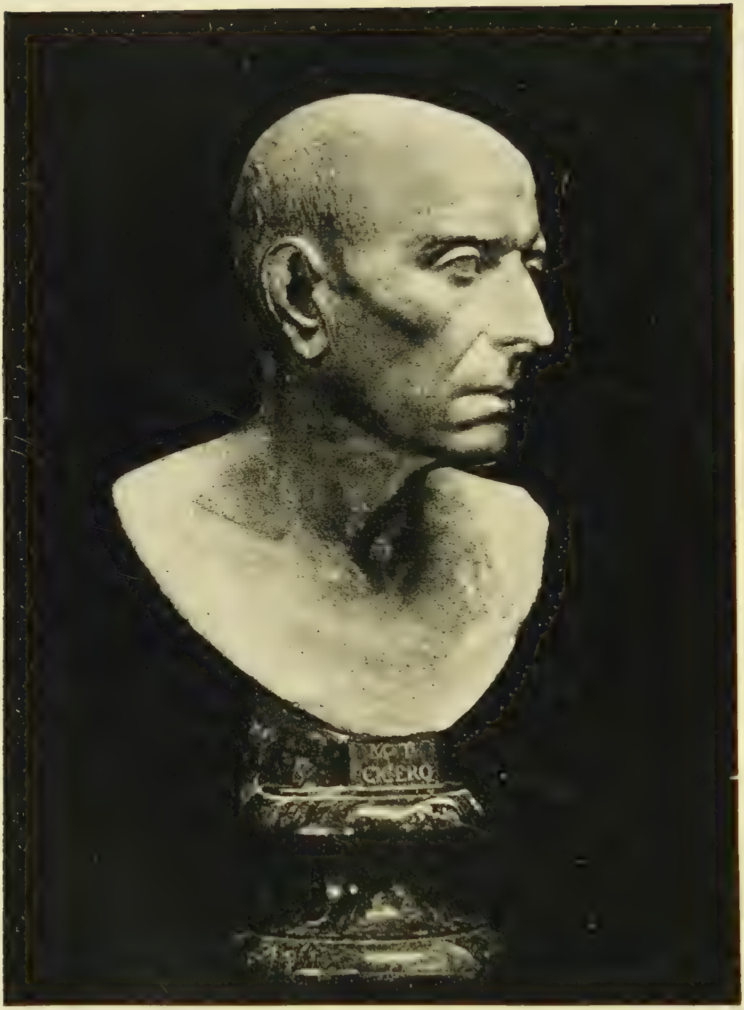
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worst that can befall thee, measured right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
    Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, "Let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give."
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
    For, even in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scattered from their heap, and puffed away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space.
    And last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
"What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain.
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,
Thou hast enjoyed, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leaked through thee like a sieve;
Why dost thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feast,
Crammed to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?
But if My blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys passed through, and would not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labors end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, and can supply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the selfsame scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live:
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give."
What can we plead against so just a bill?
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
    But if a wretch, a man oppressed by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
"Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain."
But if an old decrepit sot lament;
"What thou" (she cries) "who hast outlived content!
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoyed my store?
But this is still the effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, liking absent things;
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife
Within themselves, have tantalized thy life,
And ghastly death appeared before thy sight,
Ere thou hast gorged thy soul and senses with delight.
Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage."
    Is Nature to be blamed if thus she chide?
No, sure; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Changed, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot;
For life is not confined to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus mayest thou judge the future by the past.

What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on high:
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain, imagined wrath of vain imagined powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:
Not though his monstrous bulk had covered o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppressed,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robbed of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?
Which urged, and labored, and forced up with pain,
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.
Then still to treat thy ever craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damned in hell
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill;
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their snakes,

The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.
    Meantime when thoughts of death disturb thy head,
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs, with their mighty state,
Who ruled the world, were overruled by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves restrain,
(In vain they foamed, in vain they threatened wrack,
While his proud legions marched upon their back:)
Him Death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor spared his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common slave, by Fate in triumph led.
The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possessed the throne?
The immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving age invade
His body weakened, and his mind decayed,
Obeyed the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That stroke even Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpassed mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possessed;
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Daydreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,

Whose cause and cure thou never hopest to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
Oh, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodged within the breast;
Sure they would change their course, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But straight returns, for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner entered at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws;
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fixed, eternal state;
That never changing state, which all must keep,
Whom death has doomed to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintained with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possessed:
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The feverish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;



CICERO

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago.

ON OLD AGE.

By CICERO.

[For biographical sketch, see page 828.]

When I consider the several causes which are usually supposed to constitute the infelicity of old age, they may be reduced, I think, under four general articles. It is alleged that it incapacitates a man for acting in the affairs of the world; that it produces great infirmities of body; that it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of the sensual gratifications; and that it brings him within the immediate verge of death. Let us therefore, if you please, examine the force and validity of each of these particular charges.

Old age, it seems, disqualifies us from taking an active part in the great scenes of business. But in what scenes? let me ask. If in those which require the strength and vivacity of youth, I readily admit the charge; but are there no other — none which are peculiarly appropriated to the evening of life, and which, being executed by the powers of the mind, are perfectly consistent with a less vigorous state of body? Did Quintus Maximus, then, pass the latter end of his long life in total inactivity! Tell me, Scipio, was your father, and my son's father-in-law, the excellent Paulus Lucius, — were the Fabricii, the Curii, the Coruncanii, — utterly bereaved of all useful energy, when they supported the interests of the republic by the wisdom of their counsels, and the influence of their respectable authority? . . . Nothing can be more void of foundation than to assert that old age necessarily disqualifies a man for the great affairs of the world. As well might it be affirmed that the pilot is totally useless and unengaged in the business of the ship, because, while the rest of the crew are more actively employed in their respective departments, he sits quietly at the helm and directs its motions. If in the great scenes of business an old man cannot perform a part which requires the force and energy of vigorous years, he can act, however, in a nobler and more important character. It is not by exertions of corporeal strength and activity that the momentous affairs of state are conducted; it is by cool deliberation, by prudent counsel, and by that authoritative influence which ever attends on public esteem, — qualifications which are so far from being impaired, that they are usually strengthened and improved by increase of years. . . .

If you look into the history of foreign nations, you will find frequent instances of flourishing communities which, after having been well-nigh ruined by the impetuous measures of young and inexperienced statesmen, have been restored to their former glory by the prudent administration of more discreet years. "Tell me," says one of the personages in that dramatic piece of Nævius called "The School," addressing himself to a citizen of a certain republic, "tell me whence it happened that so considerable a state as yours has thus suddenly fallen into decay?" The person questioned assigned several reasons; but the principal was that a swarm of rash, unpracticed young orators had unhappily broken forth, and taken the lead amongst them. Temerity, indeed, is the usual characteristic of youth, as prudence is of old age.

But it is further urged that old age impairs the memory. This effect, I confess, it may probably have on those memories which were originally infirm, or whose native vigor has not been preserved by a proper exercise; but is there any reason to suppose that Themistocles, who had so strong a memory that he knew the name of every citizen in the commonwealth, lost this retentive power as his years increased, and addressed Aristides, for instance, by the appellation of Lysimachus? . . . I never yet heard of any veteran whose memory was so weakened by time as to forget where he had concealed his treasure. The aged, indeed, seem to be at no loss in remembering whatever is the principal object of their attention; and few there are at that period of life who cannot really call to mind what recognizances they have entered into, or with whom they have had any pecuniary transactions. Innumerable instances of a strong memory in advanced years might be produced from among our celebrated lawyers, pontiffs, augurs, and philosophers; for the faculties of the mind will preserve their powers in old age, unless they are suffered to lose their energy and become languid for want of due cultivation. And the truth of this observation may be confirmed not only by those examples I have mentioned from the more active and splendid stations of the world, but from instances equally frequent in the paths of studious and retired life. . . .

The next imputation thrown on old age is, that it impairs our strength; and it must be acknowledged the charge is not altogether without foundation. But, for my own part, I no more regret the want of that vigor which I possessed in my youth, than I lamented in my youth that I was not endowed with the force of a bull or an elephant. It is sufficient if we exert with spirit, on every proper occasion, that degree of strength which still remains with us. Nothing can be more truly contemptible than a circumstance which is related concerning the famous Milo of Croton. This man, when he had become old, observing a set of athletic combatants that were exercising themselves in the public circus, "Alas!" said he, bursting into a flood of tears and stretching forth his arm, "Alas! these muscles are now totally relaxed and impotent." Frivolous old man! it was not so much the debility of thy body as the weakness of thy mind thou hadst reason to lament; as it was by the force of mere animal prowess, and not by those superior excellences which truly ennoble man, that thou hadst rendered thy name famous. Never, I am well persuaded, did a lamentation of this unworthy kind escape the mouth of Coruncanius, or Ælius, or the late Publius Crassus; men whose consummate abilities in the science of jurisprudence were generously laid out for the common benefit of their fellow-citizens, and whose superior strength of understanding continued in all its force and vigor to the conclusion of their numerous years. . . .

As to those effects which are the necessary and natural evils attendant on long life, it imports us to counteract their progress by a constant and resolute opposition, and to combat the infirmities of old age as we would resist the approach of a disease. To this end we should be regularly attentive to the article of health, use moderate exercise, and neither eat nor drink more than is necessary for repairing our strength, without oppressing the organs of digestion. Nor is this all: the intellectual faculties must likewise be assisted by proper care, as well as those of the body; for the powers of the body, like the flame in a lamp, will become languid and extinct by time, if not duly and regularly recruited. Indeed, the mind and body equally thrive by a suitable exertion of their powers; with this difference, however, that bodily exercise ends in fatigue, whereas the mind is never wearied by its activity. . . . He who fills up every hour of his life in such kind of labors and pursuits as those I have mentioned, will insensibly glide into old age without perceiving its arrival; and his powers, instead of being suddenly and prematurely extinguished, will gradually decline by the gentle and natural effect of accumulated years.

Let us now proceed to examine the third article of complaint against old age, as bereaving us, it seems, of the sensual gratifications. Happy effect, indeed, if it deliver us from those snares which allure youth into some of the worst vices to which that age is addicted! Inestimable surely are the advantages of old age, if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition; from the angry and contentious passions; from every inordinate and irrational desire; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves, and look for happiness in our own bosoms. If to these moral benefits, naturally resulting from length of days, be added that sweet food of the mind which is gathered in the fields of science, I know not any season of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. . . .

It remains only to consider the fourth and last imputation on that period of life at which I am arrived: Old age, it seems, must necessarily be a state of much anxiety and disquietude, from the near approach of death. That the hour of dissolution cannot possibly be far distant from an old man is most undoubtedly certain: but unhappy indeed must he be if in so long a course of years he has yet to learn that there is nothing in that circumstance which can reasonably alarm his fears: on the contrary, it is an event either utterly to be disregarded, if it extinguish the soul's existence; or much to be wished, if it convey her to some region where she shall continue to exist forever. One of those two consequences must necessarily follow the disunion of the soul and body: there is no other possible alternative. What, then, have I to fear, if after death I shall either not be miserable, or shall certainly be happy? But, after all, is there any man, how young soever he may be, who can be so weak as to promise himself, with confidence, that he shall live even till night? In fact, young people are more exposed to mortal accidents than even the aged: they are also not only more liable to natural diseases, but, as they are generally attacked by them in a more violent manner, are obliged to obtain their cure, if they happen to recover, by a more painful course of medical operations. Hence it is that there are but few among mankind who arrive at old age; and this (to remark it by the way) will suggest a reason why the affairs of the world are no better conducted: for age brings along with it experience, discretion, and judgment, without which no well-formed government could have been established, or can be maintained. But, not to wander from the point under our present consideration, why should death be deemed an evil peculiarly impending on old age, when daily experience proves that it is common to every other period of human life?

It will be replied, perhaps, that youth may at least entertain the hope of enjoying many additional years, whereas an old man cannot rationally encourage so pleasing an expectation. But, admitting that the young may indulge this expectation with the highest reason, still the advantage evidently lies on the side of the old, as the latter is in possession of that length of life which the former can only hope to attain. Length of life, did I say? What is there in the utmost extent of human duration that can properly be called long? In my own opinion, no portion of time can justly be deemed long that will necessarily have an end; since the longest, when once it is elapsed, leaves not a trace behind; and nothing valuable remains with us but the conscious satisfaction of having employed it well. Thus, hours and days, months and years, glide imperceptibly away; the past never to return, the future involved in impenetrable obscurity! But, whatever the extent of our present duration may prove, a wise and good man ought to be contented with the allotted measure; remembering that it is in life as on the stage, where it is not necessary, in order to be approved, that the actor's part should continue to the conclusion of the drama: it is sufficient, in whatever scene he shall make his final exit, that he supports the character assigned him with deserved applause. . . .

Every event agreeable to the course of nature ought to be looked on as a real good; and surely none can be more natural than for an old man to die. It is true, youth likewise stands exposed to the same dissolution; but it is a dissolution contrary to Nature's evident intentions, and in direct opposition to her strongest efforts. In the latter instance, the privation of life may be resembled to a fire forcibly extinguished by a deluge of water; in the former, to a fire spontaneously and gradually going out from a total consumption of its fuel. Or, to have recourse to another illustration: as fruit, before it is ripe, cannot without some degree of force be separated from the stalk, but drops of itself when perfectly mature, so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by dint of violence, but is wrought in the old by a mere fullness and completion of years. This ripeness for death I perceive in myself with much satisfaction; and I look forward to my dissolution as to a secure haven, where I shall at length find a happy repose from the fatigues of a long voyage. . . .

The distaste with which, in passing through the several stages of our present being, we leave behind us the respective enjoyments peculiar to each, must necessarily, I should think, in the close of its latest period, render life itself no longer desirable. Infancy and youth, manhood and old age, have each of them their peculiar and appropriate pursuits: but does youth regret the toys of infancy, or manhood lament that it has no longer a taste for the amusements of youth? The season of manhood has also its suitable objects, that are exchanged for others in old age; and these too, like all the preceding, become languid and insipid in their turn. Now, when this state of absolute satiety is at length arrived; when we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to old age, till we have no longer any relish remaining for them; it is then that death may justly be considered as a mature and seasonable event.

The nearer death advances towards me, the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature. The soul, during her confinement within this prison of the body, is doomed by fate to undergo a severe penance: for her native seat is in heaven; and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their moral conduct the same beautiful order and uniformity, so conspicuous in those splendid orbs. This opinion I am induced to embrace, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but in just deference also to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers. . . . When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endued; its amazing celerity; its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and sagacity in discerning future; together with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences — I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows (as it is absurd to suppose the soul would desert itself) that its activity must continue forever. . . .

Tell me, my friends, whence it is that those men who have made the greatest advances in true wisdom and genuine philosophy are observed to meet death with the most perfect equanimity, while the ignorant and unimproved part of our species generally see its approach with the utmost discomposure and reluctance? Is it not because, the more enlightened the mind is, and the farther it extends its view, the more clearly it discerns in the hour of its dissolution (what narrow and vulgar souls are too shortsighted to discover) that it is taking its flight into some happier region? For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this my earnest wish confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected: I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing: and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer: having well-nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? or rather, indeed, to what evils does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many; yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. For I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation: on the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed on me, as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which Nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

O glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits; and not with those only whom I just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best of sons and most valuable of men! It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when by the course of nature I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back on me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained: it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated.

Thus to think, and thus to act, has enabled me, Scipio, to bear up under a load of years with that ease and complacency which both you and Lælius have so frequently, it seems, remarked with admiration; as, indeed, it has rendered my old age not only no inconvenient state to me, but even an agreeable one. And, after all, should this my firm persuasion of the soul's immortality prove to be a mere delusion, it is at least a pleasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath. I have the satisfaction in the mean time to be assured that if death should utterly extinguish my existence, as some minute philosophers assert, the groundless hope I entertained of an after life in some better state cannot expose me to the derision of these wonderful sages when they and I shall be no more. At all events, and even admitting that our expectations of immortality are utterly vain, there is a certain period, nevertheless, when death would be a consummation most earnestly to be desired:

for Nature has appointed to the days of man, as to all things else, their proper limits, beyond which they are no longer of any value. In fine, old age may be considered as the last scene in the great drama of life; and one would not, surely, wish to lengthen out his part till he sank down sated with repetition and exhausted with fatigue.

THE GLORY OF ATHENS.

(From "Paradise Regained.")

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Doriani lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In chorus of iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous Orators repair,

Those ancients whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.

ATTICA.

BY LORD BYRON.

("Childe Harold," Canto II., 87, 88.)

YET are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds;
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare:
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athenæ's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

ENCOMIUM ON FLIES.

By LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

[For biographical sketch, see page 578.]

THE fly has as much the advantage in its size over the gnat and such like insects, as it wants in competition with the bee. And as it may be reckoned among the kingdom of birds, so the beauty and delicacy of its wings as far excels those of other birds as linen or woolen is inferior to silk. It is not covered with feathers, like other fowls, but has a fine lawn, like the grasshopper; and when you see it in the sunshine, there is as great a variety of curious colors as in a peacock's tail or a pigeon's neck. It does not fly by the strength of its wings, as birds do, nor by skips, as the grasshopper, but turns in a moment. The sound of its flight is not so rough as that of wasps or drones, but bears the same disproportion thereto as the pipe to the trumpet. Its eye is large, and even with the head, which is hard and shines like horn; being not fastened to the body as the grasshopper's is, but continued by a neck that moves every way. Its body is joined together; its legs long — though the wasp's are short; several shining divisions cover the belly like plates of a coat of armor. It does not hurt, like bees, with a sting, but has a small trunk that does the office of a mouth, having at the end of it a sort of tooth; and it is with this that it wounds or draws up blood or milk, though without any great pain. It has six legs in all; the two foremost supply the want of hands. With these he scours and dresses himself, and feeds himself besides. With the other four it executes the same offices as men employ theirs to. Its original is base, being engendered by putrefaction; it is at first but a worm, then, by little and little, it turns to a bird, shooting out its legs and wings. . . .

It is in man's company as long as it lives, and takes the freedom to taste of all his food — oil only excepted, because it is poison to him. And though its life is but short, — for the fates have allowed him but a very little line, — it seems to live only in the light, and is seen flying about only in that; for it rests all night, when it neither flies, nor sings, nor moves. I might say that his prudence is not small, when he flies his ambushed enemy, the spider. For he discovers him in ambuscade, and observes him, declining his force, lest he be caught in his net, and fall into the meshes of the little beast.

I need not say much as to his strength or courage: since Homer, the greatest of all the poets, when he considered how he should praise the most excellent of heroes, compares not his strength and vigor to a lion, pard, or boar, but to the constant and intrepid mind and boldness of a fly. For he says that he is not rash, but bold and confident; for though you remove and drive him away, he yet will not be gone, but hovers about, seeking the means of giving his bite. But Homer is so large in the praise of the fly, and is so very fond of him, that he mentions him, not once or seldom, but frequently, and in many places, so much does the speaking of him adorn his verse. For here he describes his gregarious flight to the milk; and when he compares Minerva declining the dart from any mortal part of Menelaus to a mother careful of her sleeping child, a fly is again brought for an example. Besides, he adorns them with a very pretty epithet—calling them sweet, and their flock, nations.

But he is so strong, and of such force, that by his bite he inflicts a wound; not only in a man's skin, but in that of an ox and a horse. They say that he is likewise troublesome to the elephant, when he gets into his wrinkles and, with his little proboscis, makes an incision in proportion to his bigness. . . .

Though the fly be a sort of idle lazy creature, yet he reaps the fruit of the labor of others, and everywhere finds a full table. For him are goats milked, and the bees make honey for the flies as well as for men. For him do the confectioners make their sweetmeats, and he tastes them before the kings themselves, with whom he feasts, marching about the table, and eating with them in all things.

He builds his nest or house not always in one place, but, taking a wandering flight, like the journeys of the Scythians, he makes his house and his bed wherever night overtakes him. But in the dark, as I have already observed, he does nothing; for he will do nothing secretly; nor does he think anything done by him base, which done in the light would not be a dishonor to him.

The fable tells us that the fly was originally a very beautiful but very loquacious woman, a perpetual tattler, and a singer into the bargain. She was rival to the Moon in her love with Endymion; and the Moon, being in a rage with her, turned her into a fly. And for this reason she still seems to envy everybody's

HORACE AND HIS FRIENDS

From a painting by Ch. Jalabert

sleep, especially the tender and young, retaining in her memory the sleep of Endymion. But her bites and thirst of blood proceed not from her cruelty, but humanity and love. For she enjoys beauty the way she is capable of, and crops some balmy particles from it.

There was besides a certain woman among the ancients whose name was Musca (*i.e.* a fly), a very learned and beautiful poetess. Nor did parents disdain to give their children this name. For this reason Tragedy itself has with a just praise mentioned the fly, to this purpose —

> That the fly may be with dreadful slaughter filled,
> She flies with wondrous force upon the body,
> And armed warriors fear her little dart.

I have a great deal to say of a fly from Pythagoras, were not that known to everybody. There are a sort of flies which the vulgar call militant, others dog flies, making a sharp sound with a swift wing. These flies are of a very long life, and subsist all the winter without food, contracting and hiding themselves, chiefly under the roofs of houses. I could say many more things on this head; but I will put an end to my oration, lest I should verify the old proverb, making an elephant of a fly.

ODES OF HORACE.[1]

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

[QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, the most popular of Roman poets, was born B.C. 65; superbly educated; at eighteen joined Brutus' army, and fought at Philippi; had his estate confiscated, but through Virgil's intercession with Mæcenas received it again, and gained Augustus' friendship as well as that of Mæcenas, who presented him with the immortal "Sabine Farm." He died B.C. 8. His odes are enduringly valued for their charm of style and genial Epicureanism of philosophy.]

BOOK I., ODE 9.

To Thaliarchus.

ONE dazzling mass of solid snow
  Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
  Beneath their load; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

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[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons.

Pile on great fagots and break up
  The ice: let influence more benign
  Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup:

Leave to the gods all else. When they
  Have once bid rest the winds that war
  Over the passionate seas, no more
Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring.
  Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
  To be: nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere time thy April youth hath changed
  To sourness. Park and public walk
  Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings prearranged;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
  In what dim corner lurks thy love;
  And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

Ode 11.

To Leuconöe.

Seek not, for thou shalt not find it, what my end, what thine shall be;
Ask not of Chaldæa's science what God wills, Leuconöe:
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many a wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains to be thy last,
Which flings now the flagging sea wave on the obstinate sandstone reef.
Be thou wise: fill up the wine cup; shortening, since the time is brief,
Hopes that reach into the future. While I speak, hath stolen away
Jealous Time. Mistrust To-morrow, catch the blossom of To-day.

Book III., Ode 1.

I scorn and shun the rabble's noise.
  Abstain from idle talk. A thing
  That ear hath not yet heard, I sing,
The Muses' priest, to maids and boys.

To Jove the flocks which great kings sway,
  To Jove great kings allegiance owe.
  Praise him: he laid the giants low:
All things that are, his nod obey.

This man may plant in broader lines
  His fruit trees: that, the pride of race
  Enlists a candidate for place:
In worth, in fame, a third outshines

His mates; or, thronged with clients, claims
  Precedence. Even-handed Fate
  Hath but one law for small and great:
That ample urn holds all men's names.

He o'er whose doomed neck hangs the sword
  Unsheathed, the dainties of the South
  Shall lack their sweetness in his mouth:
No note of bird or harpsichord

Shall bring him Sleep. Yet Sleep is kind,
  Nor scorns the huts of laboring men;
  The bank where shadows play, the glen
Of Tempe dancing in the wind.

He, who but asks "Enough," defies
  Wild waves to rob him of his ease;
  He fears no rude shocks, when he sees
Arcturus set or Hædus rise:

When hailstones lash his vines, or fails
  His farm its promise, now of rains
  And now of stars that parch the plains
Complaining, or unkindly gales.

—In straitened seas the fish are pent;
  For dams are sunk into the deep:
  Pile upon pile the builders heap,
And he, whom earth could not content,

The Master. Yet shall Fear and Hate
  Climb where the Master climbs: nor e'er
  From the armed trireme parts black Care;
He sits behind, the horseman's mate.

And if red marble shall not ease
  The heartache; nor the shell that shines
  Star-bright; nor all Falernum's vines,
All scents that charmed Achæmenes:

Why should I rear me halls of rare
  Design, on proud shafts mounting high?
  Why bid my Sabine vale good-by
For doubled wealth and doubled care?

ODE 2.

Friend! with a poor man's straits to fight
  Let warfare teach thy stalwart boy:
  Let him the Parthian's front annoy
With lance in rest, a dreaded knight:

Live in the field, inure his eye
  To danger. From the foeman's wall
  May the armed tyrant's dame, with all
Her damsels, gaze on him, and sigh,

"Dare not, in war unschooled, to rouse
  Yon Lion — whom to touch is death,
  To whom red Anger ever saith,
'*Slay and slay on*' — O prince, my spouse!"

— Honored and blest the patriot dies.
  From death the recreant may not flee:
  Death shall not spare the faltering knee
And coward back of him that flies.

Valor — unbeat, unsullied still —
  Shines with pure luster: all too great
  To seize or drop the sword of state,
Swayed by a people's veering will.

Valor — to souls too great for death
  Heaven opening — treads the untrodden way:
  And this dull world, this damp cold clay,
On wings of scorn, abandoneth.

— Let too the sealed lip honored be.
  The babbler, who'd the secrets tell
  Of holy Ceres, shall not dwell
Where I dwell; shall not launch with me

A shallop. Heaven full many a time
  Hath with the unclean slain the just:
  And halting-footed Vengeance must
O'ertake at last the steps of crime.

Book III., Ode 3.

The just man's single-purposed mind
  Not furious mobs that prompt to ill
  May move, nor kings' frowns shake his will
Which is as rock; not warrior winds

That keep the seas in wild unrest;
  Nor bolt by Jove's own finger hurled:
  The fragments of a shivered world
Would crash round him still self-possest.

Jove's wandering son reached, thus endowed,
  The fiery bastions of the skies;
  Thus Pollux; with them Cæsar lies
Beside his nectar, radiant-browed.

Honored for this, by tigers drawn
  Rode Bacchus, reining necks before
  Untamed; for this War's horses bore
Quirinus up from Acheron.

To the pleased gods had Juno said
  In conclave: "Troy is in the dust;
  Troy, by a judge accursed, unjust,
And that strange woman prostrated.

"The day Laomedon ignored
  His god-pledged word, resigned to me
  And Pallas ever pure, was she,
Her people, and their traitor lord.

"Now the Greek woman's guilty guest
  Dazzles no more: Priam's perjured sons
  Find not against the mighty ones
Of Greece a shield in Hector's breast:

"And, long drawn out by private jars,
  The war sleeps. Lo! my wrath is o'er:
  And him the Trojan vestal bore
(Sprung of that hated line) to Mars,

"To Mars restore I. His be rest
  In halls of light: by him be drained
  The nectar bowl, his place obtained
In the calm companies of the blest.

"While betwixt Rome and Ilion raves
A length of ocean, where they will
Rise empires for the exiles still:
While Paris's and Priam's graves

"Are trod by kine, and she-wolves breed
Securely there, unharmed shall stand
Rome's lustrous Capitol, her hand
Curb with proud laws the trampled Mede.

"Wide-feared, to far-off climes be borne
Her story; where the central main
Europe and Libya parts in twain,
Where full Nile laves a land of corn:

"The buried secret of the mine,
(Best left there) let her dare to spurn,
Nor unto man's base uses turn
Profane hands laying on things divine.

"Earth's utmost end, where'er it be,
Let her hosts reach; careering proud
O'er lands where watery rain and cloud,
Or where wild suns hold revelry.

"But, to the warriors of Rome,
Tied by this law, such fates are willed;
That they seek never to rebuild,
Too fond, too bold, their grandsires' home.

"With darkest omens, deadliest strife,
Shall Troy, raised up again, repeat
Her history; I the victor fleet
Shall lead, Jove's sister and his wife.

"Thrice let Apollo rear the wall
Of brass; and thrice my Greeks shall hew
The fabric down: thrice matrons rue
In chains their sons', their husbands' fall."

Ill my light lyre such notes beseem.
Stay, Muse; nor, wayward still, rehearse
Sayings of Gods in meager verse
That may but mar a mighty theme.

Book III., Ode 5.

Jove we call King, whose bolts rive heaven;
  Then a god's *presence* shall be felt
  In Cæsar, with whose power the Celt
And Parthian stout in vain have striven.

Could Crassus' men wed alien wives,
  And greet, as sons-in-law, the foe?
  In the foes' land (oh Romans, oh
Lost honor!) end, in shame, their lives,

'Neath the Mede's sway? They, Marsians and
  Apulians — shields and rank and name
  Forgot, and that undying flame —
And Jove still reign, and Rome still stand?

This thing wise Regulus could presage:
  He brooked not base conditions; he
  Set not a precedent to be
The ruin of a coming age:

"No," cried he, "let the captives die,
  Spare not. I saw Rome's ensigns hung
  In Punic shrines; with sabers, flung
Down by Rome's sons ere blood shed. I

"Saw our free citizens with hands
  Fast pinioned; and, through portals now
  Flung wide, our soldiers troop to plow,
As once they trooped to waste, the lands.

"'Bought by our gold, our men will fight
  But keener.' What? To shame would you
  Add loss? As wool, its natural hue
Once gone, may not be *painted* white;

"True Valor, from her seat once thrust,
  Is not replaced by meaner wares.
  Do stags, delivered from the snares,
Fight? Then shall *he* fight, who did trust

"His life to foes who spoke a lie:
  And *his* sword shatter Carthage yet,
  Around whose arms the cords have met,
A sluggard soul, that feared to die!

"Life, howe'er bought, he treasured: he
Deemed war a thing of trade. Ah fie! —
Great art thou, Carthage — towerest high
O'er shamed and ruined Italy!"

As one uncitizened — men said —
He put his wife's pure kiss away.
His little children; and did lay
Stern in the dust his manly head:

Till those unequaled words had lent
Strength to the faltering sires of Rome;
Then from his sorrow-stricken home
Went forth to glorious banishment.

Yet knew he, what wild tortures lay
Before him: knowing, put aside
His kin, his countrymen — who tried
To bar his path, and bade him stay:

He might be hastening on his way, —
A lawyer freed from business — down
To green Venafrum, or a town
Of Sparta, for a holiday.

Epode 2.

Alphius.

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum, with its wordy jars,
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
He with the stately poplar tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
  Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
  Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
  Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
  Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
  A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
  Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
  Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
  On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
  And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
  And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
  Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
  Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
  In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the traveled crane, and timorous hare,
  Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
  The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
  And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
  The cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
  Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
  Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
  Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
  A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast, — oh then, not more
  Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
  If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
  Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
  Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich ánd ripe,
  Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
  Or lamb foredoomed upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
  Or kidling which the wolf hath marked for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
  Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come;
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
  Dragging the upturned plowshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
  To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
  And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
  Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent; —
  But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

Book III., Ode 29.

To Mœcenas.

Translated by TALLMADGE A. LAMBERT.

O thou, Mæcenas, who canst trace
Descent from 'Truria's royal race,
My humble store I pray thee grace
Of unbroached wine,
And at my board resume the place
Forever thine!

Make no delay, but once again
Forsake wet Tibur's moistened plain,
And Æsula, whose fields attain
The hill's steep side,
And Telegon, red with the stain
Of parricide.

Thy cloying wealth and honors proud,
Thy palace rearing to the cloud,
And all the sycophantic crowd,
Leave for a time;
Avoid the din, the smoky shroud
Of Rome sublime.

The wealthy ofttimes welcome change;
And oft the farmer's humble grange,
Where cleanliness and health arrange
The plain repast,
Restores the brow which cares derange
And overcast.

Bright Cepheus rises in the sky,
And Procyon fiercely burns on high,
While Leo's star, of lurid dye,
Portends the drouth,
And glowing Phœbus, drawing nigh,
Deserts the south.

The shepherd, now, and panting sheep
Close to the thicket's shading keep,
And in the cooling streamlet steep
Their languid limbs;
The sluggish waters onward creep
Uncurled by winds.

But thou, engaged in state affairs,
And pressed by weight of civic cares,
Must needs inquire what best appears
For thine own Rome,
How China, Bactria, Tanais fares,
The Parthian's home.

An all-wise Power conceals from sight
Our after fortunes, dark or bright,
And o'er them sets a rayless night
Of Stygian shade,
And laughs whenever mortal might
Would fain invade.

Enjoy to-day: as yonder stream
Whose waters, smooth-revolving, seem
To bear within their depths a gleam
Of Tuscan sea,
So life 'neath fortune's favoring beam
Flows happily.

But like those waters when they sweep,
A swollen torrent, broad and deep,
And headlong every stay o'erleap
In mad career,
So life a turbid course will keep,
Impelled by care.

He nobly o'er himself holds sway,
And truly lives, who thus can say,
As evening seals each well-spent day:
"I've lived my life!
The Father may arouse the sea
And winds to strife—

"But lo, he cannot render vain
What fleeting Time hath backward ta'en,
Nor yet avoid nor change again
That which is past.
Thus, Memory's joys must e'en remain
Unto the last!"

Fair Fortune, pleasing but to grieve,
Exciting hope but to deceive,
Exulting when she may bereave
With keenest pain,

The transient honors I receive
Will take again.

I praise her — with me — when I see
Her, fluttering, rise, about to flee;
I give up all and tranquilly
Behold her go,
And seek undowered poverty
Whence virtues flow.

'Tis not for me, when Afric's blast
Bends low the sailless, creaking mast, —
'Tis not for me, with eyes upcast,
To supplicate
That through the storm my ship hold fast
Its precious freight.

Not mine to strive, with bargaining vows,
The heavenly deities to rouse,
Lest my rich Cyprian, Tyrian prows
Sink on the deep;
For griefless poverty allows
Unbroken sleep.

The Twins my trusting course shall guide
As o'er the fickle waves I glide,
Assisted by the winds and tide,
In my swift bark;
And every storm I'll safely ride,
A scathless mark!

* * *

HORACE ON CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.[1]

(From the "Satires," I. 3.)

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

TRUE love, we know, is blind; defects, that blight
The loved one's charms, escape the lover's sight,
Nay, pass for beauties; as Balbinus shows
A passion for the wen on Agna's nose.
Oh, with our friendships that we did the same,
And screened our blindness under virtue's name!

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[1] From "Ancient Classics for English Readers." By permission of W Blackwood & Sons. 28 vols., crown 8vo., cloth, price 2*s*. 6*d*. each.

For we are bound to treat a friend's defect
With touch most tender, and a fond respect;
Even as a father treats a child's, who hints,
The urchin's eyes are roguish, if he squints:
Or if he be as stunted, short, and thick,
As Sisyphus the dwarf, will call him "chick!"
If crooked all ways, in back, in legs, and thighs,
With softening phrases will the flaw disguise.
So, if one friend too close a fist betrays,
Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways;
Or is another — such we often find —
To flippant jest and braggart talk inclined,
'Tis only from a kindly wish to try
To make the time 'mongst friends go lightly by;
Another's tongue is rough and overfree,
Let's call it bluntness and sincerity;
Another's choleric; him we must screen,
As cursed with feelings for his peace too keen.
This is the course, methinks, that makes a friend,
And, having made, secures him to the end.

* * *

TO HILDA.

By W. R. BRADSHAW.

"Not Aphrodite, but an English rose
  Transplanted in Hesperian fields afar."
I hear thee murmur, but thine eyes disclose
  A Sapphic soul there shining like a star.
Thy Jason, searching for his Fleece of Gold,
  Hath borne thee westward over foaming seas —
Cargo more precious than great gifts unrolled,
  Richer by far than many Argosies.
Thou gavest him the crown of thine own worth,
  Thy truth, thy tenderness, and, being thine,
He must be wiser than the sons of Earth,
  He seems to thee a god, almost divine.
If I thy worth should write — this then will be my scroll:
Sweeter than lutes, Hilda, sweeter than lutes, thy soul!

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

(From the Fifth Edition, 1894.)

[EDWARD FITZGERALD, English poet, was born in Suffolk in 1809, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1830. He was a man of independent fortune, who spent his life mainly in studying such Oriental and South-European literature as attracted him, and in making versions of it and of the Greek classics, which are largely new work based on the nominal originals. The highest in quality is the world-famous rendering of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám; next is the version of Æschylus' "Agamemnon," and perhaps next those of Calderon's "Vida es Sueño" and "El Magico Prodigioso"; and there is high merit in the translations of Attar's "Bird Parliament," Sophocles' "Œdipus," and others. He died in 1883.]

[OMAR KHAYYÁM (Omar the Tent Maker), whose full name was Ghias ud-din Abul Fath Omar Ibn Ibrahim, a Persian poet, was born some time not known, at Naishápúr, and died about 1123. He was not only a poet, but also a great mathematician and astronomer. His references to wine are generally explained in a mystical sense, and what his real character was is not known. The word "Rubáiyát" means quatrains, and Omar wrote of these several hundred — the exact number is not known — disconnected and full of curious contradictions and often pessimistic thought. Edward Fitzgerald was the first to introduce him to modern readers.]

PROLOGUE.

Of Fate, of the Beloved, of Gardens, Flowers,
Of Joy and Sorrow in these Earthly Bowers,
Of gurgling Wine cups, Omar sang and sought
To quaff the secret of Life's changeful hours.

How tastes the Wine of Life that from the Vat
Pours Sweet or Bitter? Omar listening sat
And to his soul's fierce questioning replied
Scattering the jewels of the Rubáiyát!

I.

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

XIV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
But not the Master Knot of Human Fate.

" Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return "

From a painting by Elihu Vedder

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
  Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
  Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:
  And Lip to Lip it murmured—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

* * * * *

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
  And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heaven and Hell:"

LXVII.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
  Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
  Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checkerboard of Nights and Days;
  Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
  And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

THE STORY OF ALI BABA, AND THE FORTY ROBBERS DESTROYED BY A SLAVE.

(From the "Arabian Nights.")

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Their father left them no great property; but as he had divided it equally between them, it should seem their fortune would have been equal; but chance directed otherwise.

Cassim married a wife, who, soon after their marriage, became heiress to a plentiful estate, and a good shop and warehouse full of rich merchandises: so that he all at once became one of the richest and most considerable merchants, and lived at his ease.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who married a woman as poor as himself, lived in a very mean habitation, and had no other means to maintain his wife and children but his daily labor, by cutting of wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon three asses, which were his whole substance, to town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach towards him. He observed it very attentively, and distinguished a large body of horse coming briskly on; and though they did not talk of robbers in that country, Ali Baba began to think that they might prove so; and, without considering what might become of his asses, he was resolved to save himself. He climbed up a large thick tree, whose branches, at a little distance from the ground, divided in a circular form so close to one another, that there was but little space between them. He placed himself in the middle, from whence he could see all that passed without being seen; and this tree stood at the bottom of a single rock, which was very high above it, and so steep and craggy, that nobody could climb up it.

This troop, who were all well mounted, and well armed, came to the foot of this rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and, by their looks and equipage, never doubted they were thieves. Nor was he mistaken in his opinion; for they were a troop of banditti, who, without doing any hurt to the neighborhood, robbed at a distance, and made that place their rendezvous; and what confirmed him in this opinion was, every man unbridled his horse, and tied him to some shrub or other, and hung about his neck a bag of corn, which they brought behind them. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver by their weight. One, who was most personable amongst them, and whom he took to be their captain, came with his portmanteau on his back under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid, and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words so distinctly, *Open, Sesame*, that Ali Baba heard him. As soon as the captain of the robbers had uttered these words, a door opened; and after he had made all his troop go in before him, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared that some one, or all of them together, should come out and catch him, if he should endeavor to make his escape, was obliged to sit patiently in the tree. He was, nevertheless, tempted once or twice to get down, and mount one of their horses, and lead another, driving his asses before him with all the haste he could to town; but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safest way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him; and then Ali Baba heard him make the door close, by pronouncing these words, *Shut, Sesame.* Every man went and bridled his horse, fastening his portmanteau and mounting again; and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately quit his tree: For, said he to himself, They may have forgotten something and come back again, and then I shall be taken. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and after that stayed a considerable time before he came down. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers made use of to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, he stood before it, and said, *Open, Sesame.* The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark dismal place, was very much surprised to see it well lighted and spacious, cut out by men's hands in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, cut in like manner. He saw all sorts of provisions, and rich bales of merchandises, of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; and, above all, gold and silver in great heaps, and money in great leather purses. The sight of all these riches made him believe that this cave had been occupied for ages by robbers, who succeeded one another.

Ali Baba did not stand long to consider what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he was in, the door shut again. But this did not disturb him, because he knew the secret to open it again. He never regarded the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, at several times, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had done, he collected his asses, which were dispersed, and when he had loaded them with the bags, laid the wood on them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had done, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, *Shut, Sesame*, the door closed after him, for it had shut of itself while he was within, and remained open while he was out. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife, who sat on a sofa.

His wife handled the bags, and finding them full of money, suspected that her husband had been robbing, insomuch that when he brought them all in, she could not help saying, Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to— Be quiet, wife, interrupted Ali Baba; do not frighten yourself: I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from robbers. You will no longer entertain an ill opinion of me, when I shall tell you my good fortune. Then he emptied the bags, which raised such a great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes: and when he had done, he told her the whole adventure from the beginning to the end; and, above all, recommended it to her to keep it secret.

The wife, recovered and cured of her fears, rejoiced with her husband at their good luck, and would count the money piece by piece. — Wife, replied Ali Baba, You do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole and bury it; there is no time to be lost. — You are in the right of it, husband, replied the wife, but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will go and borrow a small measure in the neighborhood, and measure it, while you dig the hole. — What you are going to do is to no purpose, wife, said Ali Baba; if you would take my advice, you had better let it alone; but be sure to keep the secret, and do what you please.

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, but was not then at home; and, addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew very well Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and bethought herself of artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with an excuse, that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, at a small distance upon the sofa, till she had done: and she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. — While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold stuck at the bottom. Sister, said she, giving it to her again, You see that I have not kept your measure long: I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks.

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in an inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stuck to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. What! said she, has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold? Cassim, her husband, was not at home, as I said before, but at his shop, which he left always in the evening. His wife waited for him, and thought the time an age; so great was her impatience to tell him the news, at which he would be as much surprised.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him, Cassim, I warrant you, you think yourself rich, but you are much mistaken; Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it. Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had made use of to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old a coin that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, conceived a mortal jealousy, and could not sleep all that night for it, but went to him in the morning before sunrise. — Now Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot him. Ali Baba, said he, accosting him, you are very reserved in your affairs: you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. — How, brother! replied Ali Baba; I do not know what you mean: explain yourself. — Do you pretend ignorance, replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him. How many of these pieces, added he, have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to keep secret; but what was done could not be recalled; therefore without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and told his brother by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and in what place it was; and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret. — I expect as much, replied Cassim, haughtily; but I will know exactly where this treasure is, and the signs and tokens how I may go to it myself when I have a mind; otherwise I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have got, and I shall have my share for my information.

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good temper than frightened by the insulting menaces of a barbarous brother, told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to go into the cave and to come out again.

Cassim, who wanted no more of Ali Baba, left him, resolving to be beforehand with him, and hoping to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early the next morning a long time before the sun, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests, which he designed to fill; proposing to carry many more the next time, according to the riches he found; and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. He was not long before he came to the rock, and found out the place by the tree, and other marks his brother had given him.—When he came to the door, he pronounced these words, *Open*, *Sesame*, and it opened; and when he was in, shut again. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he apprehended by Ali Baba's relation. He was so covetous and fond of riches, that he could have spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with so much treasure, if the thought that he came to carry some away with him, and loading his mules, had not hindered him. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry away at the door, and coming at last to open the door, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word; but instead of *Sesame*, said *Open*, *Barley*, and was much amazed to find that the door did not open, but remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, all but the right, and the door would not open.

Cassim never expected such an accident, and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word *Sesame*, the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it in his life before. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked hastily up and down the cave, without having the least regard to all the riches that were round him. In this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and at some distance from it saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this novelty they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, which Cassim had neglected to fasten, and they strayed away through the forest so far, that they were soon out of sight. The robbers never gave themselves the trouble to pursue the mules, they were more concerned to know who they belonged to. And while some of them searched about the rock, the captain and the rest went directly to the door, with their naked sabers in their hands, and pronouncing the words it opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet from the middle of the cave, never doubted of the coming of the robbers and his approaching death, but resolved to make one effort to escape from them. To this end he stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word *Sesame*, which he had forgotten, and saw the door open, but he jumped briskly out, and threw the captain down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their sabers soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to go into the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be more ready to load his mules with, and carried them all back again to their places, without perceiving what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this matter, they guessed that Cassim when he was in, could not get out again ; but then could not imagine how he got in. It came into their heads that he might have got down by the top of the cave ; but the opening by which it received light was so high, and the top of the rock so inaccessible without, besides that nothing showed that he had done so, that they believed it impracticable for them to find out. That he came in at the door they could not satisfy themselves, unless he had the secret of making it open. — In short, none of them could imagine which way he entered ; for they were all persuaded that nobody knew their secret, little imagining that Ali Baba had watched them. But, however it happened, it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches. They agreed, therefore, to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave, to terrify any person that should attempt the same thing, determining not to return to the cave till the stench of the body was completely exhaled.

They had no sooner taken this resolution, but they executed it ; and when they had nothing more to detain them, they left the place of their retreat well closed. They mounted their horses, and went to beat the roads again, and to attack the caravans they should meet.

In the mean time Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night came and her husband was not returned. She ran to Ali Baba in a terrible fright, and said, I believe, brother-in-law, that you know that Cassim, your brother, is gone to the forest, and upon what account: it is now night, and he is not returned: I am afraid some misfortune has come to him. — Ali Baba, who never disputed but that his brother, after what he had said to him, would go to the forest, declined going himself that day, for fear of giving him any umbrage; therefore told her, without any reflection upon her husband's unhandsome behavior, that she need not frighten herself, for that certainly Cassim did not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife, considering how much it concerned her husband to keep this thing secret, was the more easily persuaded to believe him. She went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled with grief the more sensible, because she durst not vent it, nor show it, but was forced to keep it secret from the neighborhood. Then, as if her fault had been irreparable, she repented of her foolish curiosity, and cursed her desire of penetrating into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-law. She spent all that night in weeping; and as soon as it was day, went to them, telling them, by her tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to desire him to go and see what was become of Cassim, but went immediately with his three asses, begging of her at first to moderate her affliction. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock, and having seen neither his brother nor his mules on the way, he was very much surprised to see some blood spilt by the door, which he took for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the word, and the door opened, he was much more startled at the dismal sight of his brother's quarters. He was not long in determining how he should pay the last dues to his brother, and without remembering the little brotherly friendship he had for him, went into the cave, to find something to wrap them in, and loaded one of his asses with them, and covered them over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with wood also as before; and then bidding the door shut, came away; but was so cautious as to stop some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a cunning, intelligent slave, fruitful in inventions to insure success in the most difficult undertakings: and Ali Baba knew her to be such. When he came into the court, he unloaded the ass, and, taking Morgiana aside, said to her, The first thing I ask of you is an inviolable secrecy, which you will find is necessary both for your mistress' sake and mine. Your master's body is contained in these two bundles, and our business is to bury him as if he died a natural death. Go, tell your mistress I want to speak with her; and mind what I say to you.

Morgiana went to her mistress, and Ali Baba followed her. Well, brother, said she, with great impatience, what news do you bring me of my husband? I perceive no comfort in your countenance.—Sister, answered Ali Baba, I cannot tell you anything before you hear my story from the beginning to the end, without speaking a word; for it is as of great importance to you as to me to keep what has happened secret.—Alas! said she, this preamble lets me know that my husband is dead: but at the same time I know the necessity of the secrecy you require of me, and I must constrain myself: say on; I will hear you.

Then Ali Baba told his sister the success of his journey, till he came to the finding of Cassim's body. Now, said he, sister, I have something to tell you, which will afflict you much the more, because it is what you so little expect: but it cannot now be remedied; and if anything can comfort you, I offer to put that little which God hath sent me, to what you have, and marry you; assuring you that my wife will not be jealous, and that we shall live happily together. If this proposal is agreeable to you, we must think of acting so as that my brother should appear to have died a natural death. I think you may leave the management of it to Morgiana, and I will contribute all that lies in my power.

What could Cassim's widow do better than accept of this proposal? For though her first husband had left behind him plentiful substance, this second was much richer, and by the discovery of this treasure might be much more so. Instead of rejecting the offer, she looked upon it as a reasonable motive to comfort her; and drying up her tears, which began to flow abundantly, and suppressing the outcries usual with women who have lost their husbands, showed Ali Baba she approved of his proposal. — Ali Baba left the widow, and recommended to Morgiana to act her part well, and then returned home with his ass.

Morgiana went out at the same time to an apothecary, and asked him for a sort of lozenges, which he prepared, and were very efficacious in the most dangerous distempers. The apothecary asked her who was sick at her master's. She replied with a sigh, Her good master Cassim himself: that they knew not what his distemper was, but that he could neither eat nor speak. — After these words Morgiana carried the lozenges home with her, and the next morning went to the same apothecary's again, and, with tears in her eyes, asked for an essence which they used to give to sick people only when at the last extremity. Alas! said she, taking it from the apothecary, I am afraid that this remedy will have no better effect than the lozenges, and that I shall lose my good master.

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were often seen to go between Cassim's and their own house all that day, and to seem melancholy, nobody was surprised in the evening to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told it everywhere that her master was dead.

The next morning soon after day appeared, Morgiana, who knew a certain old cobbler that opened his stall early, before other people, went to him, and, bidding him good morrow, put a piece of gold into his hand. — Well, said Baba Mustapha, which was his name, and who was a merry old fellow, looking on the gold, though it was hardly daylight, and seeing what it was, this is good hansel: what must I do for it? I am ready.

Baba Mustapha, said Morgiana, you must take with you your sewing tackle, and go with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when you come to such a place.

Baba Mustapha seemed to boggle a little at these words. Oh, oh! replied he, you would have me do something against my conscience, or against my honor. — God forbid! said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand, that I should ask anything that is contrary to your honor; only come along with me and fear nothing.

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had bound his eyes with a handkerchief, at the place she told him of, carried him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he came into the room where she had put the corpse together. — Baba Mustapha, said she, you must make haste, and sew these quarters together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold.

After Baba Mustapha had done, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold, as she promised, recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned to his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her, and then went home.

By the time Morgiana had warmed some water to wash the body, Ali Baba came with incense to embalm it, and bury it with the usual ceremonies. Not long after, the joiner, according to Ali Baba's orders, brought the coffin, which Morgiana, that he might find out nothing, received at the door, and helped Ali Baba to put the body into it; and as soon as he had nailed it up, she went to the mosque to tell the iman that they were ready. The people of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, but she told them it was done already.

Morgiana had scarce got home before the iman and the other ministers of the mosque came. Four neighbors carried the corpse on their shoulders to the burying ground, following the iman, who recited some prayers. Morgiana, as a slave to the deceased, followed the corpse, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair; and Ali Baba came after with some neighbors, who often relieved the others in carrying the corpse to the burying ground.

Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighborhood, who came according to custom during the funeral, and, joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed and hushed up between Ali Baba, his wife, Cassim's widow, and Morgiana, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of it.

Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods to his brother's widow's house; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night; and soon after the marriage with his sister-in-law was published, and as these marriages are common in our religion, nobody was surprised.

As for Cassim's shop, Ali Baba gave it to his own eldest son, who had been some time out of his apprenticeship to a great merchant, promising him withal, that if he managed well, he would soon give him a fortune to marry very advantageously according to his situation.

Let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the beginning of his good fortune, and return to the forty robbers.

They came again at the appointed time to visit their retreat in the forest; but how great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, and some of their bags of gold. We are certainly discovered, said the captain, and shall be undone, if we do not take care and speedily apply some remedy; otherwise we shall insensibly lose all the riches which our ancestors have been so many years amassing together with so much pains and danger. All that we can think of this loss which we have sustained is, that the thief whom we have surprised had the secret of opening the door, and we came luckily as he was coming out: but his body being removed, and with it some of our money, plainly shows that he has an accomplice; and as it is likely that there were but two who had got this secret, and one has been caught, we must look narrowly after the other. What say you to it, my lads!

All the robbers thought the captain's proposal so reasonable, that they unanimously approved of it, and agreed that they must lay all other enterprises aside, to follow this closely, and not give it up till they had succeeded.

I expected no less, said the captain, from your courage and bravery: but, first of all, one of you who is bold, artful, and enterprising must go into the town dressed like a traveler and stranger, and exert all his contrivance to try if he can hear any talk of the strange death of the man whom we have killed, as he deserved, and to endeavor to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance for us to know, that we may do nothing which we may have reason to repent of, by discovering ourselves in a country where we have lived so long unknown, and where we have so much reason to continue; but to warn that man who shall take upon himself this commission, and to prevent our being deceived by his giving us a false report, which may be the cause of our ruin, I ask you all, if you do not think it fit that in that case he shall submit to suffer death?

Without waiting for the suffrages of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, I submit to this law, and think it an honor to expose my life, by taking such a commission upon me; but remember, at least, if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor good will to serve the troop.

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak; and walked up and down till he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops of the town.

Baba Mustapha was set on his seat with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was very old, he said, Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that any one of your age can see so well? I question, if it was somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch.

Certainly, replied Baba Mustapha, you must be a stranger, and do not know me; for, old as I am, I have extraordinarily good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now.

The robber was overjoyed to think that he had addressed himself, at his first coming into the town, to a man who gave him the intelligence he wanted, without asking him. — A dead body! replied he with amazement, to make him explain himself. What could you sew up a dead body for? added he: you mean, you sewed up his winding sheet. — No, no, answered Baba Mustapha, I know what I say; you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more.

The robber wanted no greater insight to be persuaded that he had discovered what he came about. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him, I do not want to know your secret, though I can assure you that I would not divulge it, if you trusted me with it. The only thing which I desire of you, is to do me the favor to show the house where you stitched up the dead body.

If I would do you that favor which you ask of me, replied Baba Mustapha, holding the money in his hand, ready to return it, I assure you I cannot; and you may believe me, on my word, I was carried to a certain place, where they first blinded me, and then led me to the house, and brought me back again after the same manner; therefore you see the impossibility of doing what you desire.

Well, replied the robber, you may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together by the same way and turnings; perhaps you may remember some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you: gratify me in what I ask you. So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, thinking with himself what he should do; but at last he pulled out his purse, and put them in. I cannot assure you, said he to the robber, that I remember the way exactly; but, since you desire it, I will try what I can do. At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great satisfaction of the robber, and without shutting up his shop, where he had nothing valuable to lose, he led the robber to the place where Morgiana bound his eyes. — It was here, said Baba Mustapha, I was blindfolded; and I turned as you see me. The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped, partly leading him, and partly guided by him. I think, said Baba Mustapha, I went no farther, and he had now stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba lived then; upon which the thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand; and when he pulled it off, he asked him if he knew whose house that was: to which Baba Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighborhood he could not tell.

The robber, finding that he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had given him, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house for something, and coming home again, seeing the mark the robber had made, she stopped to observe it. What is the meaning of this mark? said she to herself; somebody intends my master no good, or else some boy has been playing the rogue with it: with whatever intention it was done, added she, it is good to guard against the worse. Accordingly she went and fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the mean time the thief rejoined his troop again in the forest, and told them the good success he had, — expatiating upon his good fortune, in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction, when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said, Comrades, we have no time to lose : let us all set off well armed, without its appearing who we are ; and that we may not give any suspicion, let one or two go privately into the town together, and appoint the rendezvous in the great square ; and in the mean time our comrade, who brought us the good news, and I, will go and find out the house, that we may consult what is best to be done.

This speech and plan were approved by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in small parcels of two or three, at the proper distance from each other ; and all got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain and he that came in the morning as a spy, came in last of all. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's house, and when they came to one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But going a little farther, to prevent being taken notice of, the captain observed that the next door was chalked after the same manner, and in the same place : and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was so confounded, that he knew not what answer to make ; and much less, when he and the captain saw five or six houses besides marked after the same manner. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest so like to that which he marked, and owned, in that confusion, he could not distinguish it.

The captain, finding that their design proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told the first of his troop that he met, that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave the same way as they came. He himself set the example, and they all returned as they came.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning ; and presently the conductor was declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and kneeled down to receive the stroke from him that was appointed to cut off his head.

But as it was the safety of the troop that an injury should not go unpunished, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself, and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it, in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing after the same manner with herself, marked the other neighbors' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself very much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from his neighbors'; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town in the same manner as before; and when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty, at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; and the robber, as the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information about Ali Baba's house. He found, by their example, that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions, and therefore resolved to take upon himself this important commission.

Accordingly he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same piece of service he had done to the former. He never amused himself with setting any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, very well satisfied with his journey, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for him, he said, Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge; I am certain of the house, and in my way hither I have thought how to put it in execution, and if any one knows a better expedient, let him communicate it. Then he told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, he ordered them to go into the towns and villages about, and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight large leather jars, one full, and the others all empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there, after supper, to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, and addressed himself to him, and said, I have brought some oil here, a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late, that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged to you.

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible for him to know him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave he had, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, not only to put them into the stable, but to give them corn and hay; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a good hot supper for his guest, and make him a good bed.

He did more. To make his guest as welcome as possible, when he saw the captain had unloaded his mules, and that they were put into the stable as he ordered, and he was looking for a place to pass the night in the air, he brought him into the hall where he received his company, telling him he would not suffer him to be in the court. The captain excused himself, on pretense of not being troublesome, but really to have room to execute his design; and it was not till after the most pressing importunity that he yielded. Ali Baba, not content to keep company with the man who had a design on his life, till supper was ready, continued talking with him till it was ended, and repeating his offer of service.

The captain rose up at the same time, and went with him to the door; and while Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the yard, under pretense of looking at his mules. Ali Baba, after charging Morgiana afresh to take great care of his guest, said to her, To-morrow I design to go to the bath before day: take care my bathing linen be ready, and give them to Abdallah, — which was the slave's name, — and make me some good broth against I come back. After this he went to bed.

In the mean time, the captain of the robbers went from the stable to give his people orders what to do; and beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, said to each man, As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to cut the jar open with the knife you have about you, pointed and sharpened for the purpose, and come out, and I will be presently with you. — After this he returned into the kitchen, and Morgiana taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where, after she had asked him if he wanted anything, she left him: and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise again.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdallah, who was not then gone to bed, to set on the pot for the broth; but while she skimmed the pot the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdallah seeing her very uneasy, said, Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars.

Morgiana thanked Abdallah for his advice; and while he went to bed, near Ali Baba's room, that he might be the better able to rise and follow Ali Baba to the bath, she took the oil pot, and went into the yard; and as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, Is it time?

Though the robber spoke low, Morgiana was struck with the voice the more, because the captain, when he unloaded the mules, opened this and all the other jars, to give air to his men, who were ill enough at their ease, without wanting room to breathe.

Any other slave but Morgiana, so surprised as she was to find a man in a jar, instead of the oil she wanted, would have made such a noise, as to have given an alarm, which would have been attended with ill consequences ; whereas Morgiana, apprehending immediately the importance of keeping the secret, and the danger Ali Baba, his family, and she herself, were in, and the necessity of applying a speedy remedy without noise, conceived at once the means, and collecting herself without showing the least emotion, answered, Not yet, but presently. — She went in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means, Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba, who thought that he had entertained an oil merchant, had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house , looking on this pretended merchant as their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned into her kitchen ; where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, and went again to the oil jar, filled the kettle, and set it on a great wood fire to boil ; and as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door ; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out also the lamp, and remained silent ; resolving not to go to bed till she had observed what was to follow through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard, as far as the darkness of the night permitted.

She had not waited a quarter of an hour, before the captain of the robbers waked, got up, and opened the window ; and finding no light, and hearing no noise, nor any one stirring in the house, gave the signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. Then he listened, and neither hearing nor perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, and threw stones again a second and third time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer to his signal : cruelly alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, and asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was asleep, he smelled the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar, and knew thereby that his plot to murder Ali Baba and plunder his house was discovered. Examining all the jars one after another, he found that all his gang were dead ; and by the oil he missed out of the last jar, he guessed at the means and manner of their deaths. Enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and, climbing over the walls of several gardens, at last made his escape.

When Morgiana heard no noise, and found, after waiting some time, that the captain did not return, she guessed that he chose rather to make his escape by the gardens than by the street door, which was double locked ; satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well, and secured the house, she went to bed and fell asleep.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the amazing accident that had happened at home ; for Morgiana did not think it right to wake him before for fear of losing her opportunity ; and afterwards she thought it needless to disturb him.

When he returned from the baths, and the sun had risen, he was very much surprised to see the oil jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, and had let all things stand as they were, that he might see them, the reason of it. — My good master, answered she, God preserve you and all your family! You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will give yourself the trouble to follow me.

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her ; and when she brought him into the yard, she bade him look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back frightened, and cried out. Do not be afraid, said Morgiana ; the man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead. — Ah, Morgiana! said Ali Baba, what is it you show me? Explain the meaning of it to me. — I will, replied Morgiana ; moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your neighbors; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look in all the other jars.

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in it, he found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking on the jars, and sometimes on Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise: at last, when he had recovered himself, he said, And what is become of the merchant?

Merchant! answered she: he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing.

While Ali Baba went into his chamber, Morgiana went into the kitchen to fetch the broth, and carry it to him: but before he would drink it, he first bade her satisfy his impatience, and tell him the story with all its circumstances; and she obeyed him.

Last night, sir, said she, when you were gone to bed, I got your bathing linen ready, and gave them to Abdallah; afterwards I set on the pot for the broth, and as I was skimming the pot, the lamp, for want of oil, went out; and as there was not a drop more in the house, I looked for a candle, but could not find one. Abdallah, seeing me vexed, put me in mind of the jars of oil which stood in the yard. I took the oil pot, and went directly to the jar which stood nearest to me; and when I came to it, I heard a voice within it say, Is it time? Without being dismayed, and comprehending immediately the malicious intention of the pretended oil merchant, I answered, Not yet, but presently. Then I went to the next, and another voice asked me the same question, and I returned the same answer; and so on, till I came to the last, which I found full of oil; with which I filled my pot.

When I considered that there were thirty-seven robbers in the yard, who only waited for a signal to be given by the captain, whom you took to be an oil merchant, and entertained so handsomely, I thought there was no time to be lost: I carried my pot of oil into the kitchen, lighted the lamp, and afterwards took the biggest kettle I had, went and filled it full of oil, and set it on the fire to boil, and then went and poured as much into each jar as was sufficient to prevent them from executing the pernicious design they came about: after this I retired into the kitchen, and put out the lamp; but before I went to bed, I waited at the window to know what measures the pretended merchant would take.

After I had watched some time for the signal, he threw some stones out of the window against the jars, and neither hearing nor perceiving anybody stirring, after throwing three times, he came down, and I saw him go to every jar, after which, through the darkness of the night, I lost sight of him. I waited some time longer, and finding that he did not return, I never doubted but that, seeing he had missed his aim, he had made his escape over the walls of the garden. Persuaded that the house was now safe, I went to bed.

This, said Morgiana, is the account you asked of me; and I am convinced it is the consequence of an observation which I had made for two or three days before, but did not think fit to acquaint you with: for when I came in one morning early, I found our street door marked with white chalk, and the next morning with red; and both times, without knowing what was the intention of those chalks, I marked two or three neighbors' doors on each hand after the same manner. If you reflect on this, and what has since happened, you will find it to be a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whose gang there are two wanting, and now they are reduced to three: all this shows that they had sworn your destruction, and it is proper you should stand upon your guard, while there is one of them alive: for my part I shall not neglect anything necessary to your preservation, as I am in duty bound.

When Morgiana had left off speaking, Ali Baba was so sensible of the great service she had done him, that he said to her, I will not die without rewarding you as you deserve: I owe my life to you, and for the first token of my acknowledgment I will give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend. I am persuaded with you that the forty robbers have laid all manner of snares for me: God, by your means, has delivered me from them, and I hope will continue to preserve me from their wicked designs, and by averting the danger which threatened me, will deliver the world from their persecution and their cursed race. All that we have to do is to bury the bodies of these pests of mankind immediately, and with all the secrecy imaginable, that nobody may suspect what has become of them. But that Abdallah and I will undertake.

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther end by a great number of large trees. Under these trees he and the slave went and dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold all the robbers, and as the earth was light, they were not long doing it. Afterwards they lifted the bodies out of the jars, took away their weapons, carried them to the end of the garden, laid them in the trench, and leveled the ground again. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as for the mules, as he had no occasion for them, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent the public from knowing how he came by his riches in so short a time, the captain of the forty robbers returned to the forest in most inconceivable mortification; and in the agitation, or rather confusion, he was in at his success, so contrary to what he had promised himself, he entered the cave, not being able, all the way from the town, to come to any resolution what to do to Ali Baba.

The loneliness of the dark place seemed frightful to him. Where are you, my brave lads, cried he, old companions of my watchings, inroads, and labor? What can I do without you? Did I collect you to lose you by so base a fate, and so unworthy your courage? Had you died with your sabers in your hands, like brave men, my regret had been less! When shall I get so gallant a troop again? And if I could, can I undertake it without exposing so much gold and treasure to him, who hath already enriched himself out of it? I cannot, I ought not to think of it, before I have taken away his life. I will undertake that myself, which I could not accomplish with so powerful assistance; and when I have taken care to secure this treasure from being pillaged, I will provide for it new masters and successors after me, who shall preserve and augment it to all posterity. This resolution being taken, he was not at a loss how to execute it, but, easy in his mind, and full of hopes, he slept all that night very quietly.

When he awoke early next morning, as he had proposed, he dressed himself, agreeably to the project he had in his head, and went to the town, and took a lodging in a khan. And as he expected what had happened at Ali Baba's might make a great noise in the town, he asked his host, by way of discourse, what news there was in the city. Upon which the innkeeper told him a great many things, which did not concern him in the least. He judged by this that the reason why Ali Baba kept this affair so secret was for fear people should know where the treasure lay, and the means of coming at it, and because he knew his life would be sought upon account of it. And this urged him the more to neglect nothing to rid himself of so dangerous a person.

The next thing that the captain had to do was to provide himself with a horse, to convey a great many sorts of rich stuffs and fine linen to his lodging, which he did by a great many journeys to the forest, but with all the necessary precautions imaginable to conceal the place whence he brought them. In order to dispose of the merchandises, when he had amassed them together, he took a furnished shop, which happened to be opposite to that which was Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had not long occupied.

He took upon him the name of Cogia Houssain, and as a newcomer, was, according to custom, extremely civil and complaisant to all the merchants his neighbors. And as Ali Baba's son was young and handsome, and a man of good sense, and was often obliged to converse with Cogia Houssain, he soon made them acquainted with him. He strove to cultivate his friendship, more particularly when, two or three days after he was settled, he recognized Ali Baba, who came to see his son, and stopped to talk with him as he was accustomed to do; and when he was gone, he learnt from his son who he was. He increased his assiduities, caressed him after the most engaging manner, made him some small presents, and often asked him to dine and sup with him; and treated him very handsomely.

Ali Baba's son did not care to lie under such obligation to Cogia Houssian without making the like return; but was so much straitened for want of room in his house, that he could not entertain him so well as he wished; and therefore acquainted his father Ali Baba with his intention, and told him that it did not look well for him to receive such favors from Cogia Houssain without inviting him again.

Ali Baba, with great pleasure, took the treat upon himself. Son, said he, to-morrow (Friday), which is a day that the shops of such great merchants as Cogia Houssain and yourself are shut, get him to take a walk with you after dinner, and as you come back, pass by my door, and call in. It will look better to have it happen accidentally, than if you gave him a formal invitation. I will go and order Morgiana to provide a supper.

The next day, after dinner, Ali Baba's son and Cogia Houssain met by appointment, and took their walk, and as they returned, Ali Baba's son led Cogia Houssain through the street where his father lived; and when they came to the house, he stopped and knocked at the door. This, sir, said he, is my father's house, who, upon the account I have given him of your friendship, charged me to procure him the honor of your acquaintance; and I desire you to add this pleasure to those I am already indebted to you for.

Though it was the sole aim of Cogia Houssain to introduce himself into Ali Baba's house, that he might kill him without hazarding his own life or making any noise; yet he excused himself, and offered to take his leave. But a slave having opened the door, Ali Baba's son took him obligingly by the hand, and in a manner forced him in.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain with a smiling countenance, and in the most obliging manner he could wish. He thanked him for all the favors he had done his son; adding withal, the obligation was the greater, as he was a young man not very well acquainted with the world, and that he might contribute to his information.

Cogia Houssain returned the compliment by assuring Ali Baba that though his son might not have acquired the experience of older men, he had good sense equal to the experience of many others. After a little more conversation on different subjects, he offered again to take his leave; when Ali Baba stopping him, said, Where are you going, sir, in so much haste? I beg you would do me the honor to sup with me, though what I have to give you is not worth your acceptance; but such as it is, I hope you will accept it as heartily as I give it.—Sir, replied Cogia Houssain, I am thoroughly persuaded of your good will; and if I ask the favor of you not to take it ill that I do not accept of your obliging invitation, I beg of you to believe that it does not proceed from any slight or intention to affront, but from a certain reason, which you would approve of if you knew it.

And what may that reason be, sir, replied Ali Baba, if I may be so bold as to ask you?—It is, answered Cogia Houssain, that I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them; therefore judge how I should look at your table.—If that is the only reason, said Ali Baba, it ought not to deprive me of the honor of your company at supper; for, in the first place, there is no salt ever put into my bread, and for the meat we shall have to-night

I promise you there shall be none. I will go and take care of that. Therefore you must do me the favor to stay; I will come again immediately.

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no salt to the meat that was to be dressed that night; and to make quickly two or three ragouts besides what he had ordered, but be sure to put no salt in them.

Morgiana, who was always ready to obey her master, could not help, this time, seeming dissatisfied at his new order. Who is this difficult man, said she, who eats no salt with his meat? Your supper will be spoiled, if I keep it back so long. — Do not be angry, Morgiana, replied Ali Baba, he is an honest man; therefore do as I bid you.

Morgiana obeyed, though with no little reluctance, and had a curiosity to see this man who ate no salt. To this end, when she had done what she had to do in the kitchen, and Abdallah laid the cloth, she helped to carry up the dishes; and looking at Cogia Houssain, knew him at the first sight to be the captain of the robbers, notwithstanding his disguise; and examining him very carefully, perceived that he had a dagger hid under his garment. — I am not in the least amazed, said she to herself, that this wicked wretch, who is my master's greatest enemy, would eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him.

When Morgiana had sent up the supper by Abdallah, while they were eating, she made the necessary preparations for executing one of the boldest acts which could be thought on, and had just done, when Abdallah came again for the dessert of fruit, which she carried up, and as soon as Abdallah had taken the meat away, set it upon the table: after that, she set a little table and three glasses by Ali Baba, and going out, took Abdallah along with her to go to supper together, and to give Ali Baba the more liberty of conversation with his guest.

Then the pretended Cogia Houssain, or rather captain of the robbers, thought he had a favorable opportunity to kill Ali Baba. I will, said he to himself, make the father and son both drunk; and then the son, whose life I intend to spare, will not be able to prevent my stabbing his father to the heart; and while the slaves are at supper, or asleep in the kitchen, I can make my escape over the gardens as before.

Instead of going to supper, Morgiana, who penetrated into the intentions of the counterfeit Cogia Houssain, would not give him leave to put his villainous design in execution, but dressed herself neatly with a suitable headdress like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, to which there hung a poniard with a hilt and guard of the same metal, and put a handsome mask on her face. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdallah, Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his son's guest, as we do sometimes when he is alone.

Abdallah took his tabor, and played before Morgiana all the way into the hall, who, when she came to the door, made a low courtesy, with a deliberate air, to make herself taken notice of, and by way of asking leave to show what she could do. Abdallah, seeing that his master had a mind to say something, left off playing. — Come in, Morgiana, said Ali Baba, and let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of you. But, sir, said he, turning towards Cogia Houssain, do not think that I put myself to any expense to give you this diversion, since these are my slave and my cook and housekeeper; and I hope you will not find the entertainment they give us disagreeable.

Cogia Houssain, who did not expect this diversion after supper, began to fear that he should not have the opportunity that he thought he had found; but hoped, if he missed it now, to have it another time, by keeping up a friendly correspondence with the father and son; therefore, though he could have wished Ali Baba would have let it alone, he pretended to be obliged to him for it, and had the complaisance to express a pleasure at what he saw pleased his host.

As soon as Abdallah saw that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had done talking, he began to play on the tabor, and accompanied it with an air; to which Morgiana, who was an excellent dancer, danced after such a manner as would have created admiration in any other company but that before which she now exhibited, among whom, perhaps, none but the false Cogia Houssain was in the least attentive to her.

After she had danced several dances with the same propriety and strength, she drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, danced a dance in which she outdid herself by the many different figures and light movements, and the surprising leaps and wonderful exertions, with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she presented the poniard to one's breast, and sometimes to another's, and oftentimes seeming to strike her own. At

"She drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, danced"

last, as if she was out of breath, she snatched the tabor from Abdallah, with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, presented the other side of the tabor, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and solicit the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabor, as did also his son; and Cogia Houssain, seeing that she was coming to him, had pulled his purse out of his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage and resolution worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, frightened at this action, cried out aloud. Unhappy wretch! exclaimed Ali Baba, what have you done to ruin me and my family?—It was to preserve you, not to ruin you, answered Morgiana; for see here, said she (opening Cogia Houssain's garment, and showing the dagger), what an enemy you had entertained! Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the pretended oil merchant, and the captain of the gang of forty robbers. Remember, too, that he would eat no salt with you; and what would you have more to persuade you of his wicked design? Before I saw him, I suspected him as soon as you told me you had such a guest. I saw him, and you now find that my suspicion was not groundless.

Ali Baba, who immediately felt the new obligation he had to Morgiana for saving his life a second time, embraced her: Morgiana, said he, I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there, but that I would soon complete it. The time is come for me to give you a proof of it, by making you my daughter-in-law. Then addressing himself to his son, he said to him, I believe you, son, to be so dutiful a child, that you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Houssain sought your friendship with a treacherous design to take away my life; and, if he had succeeded, there is no doubt but he would have sacrificed you also to his revenge. Consider, that by marrying Morgiana, you marry the support of my family and your own.

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily consented to the marriage; not only because he would not disobey his father, but that his inclination prompted him to it.

After this, they thought of burying the captain of the robbers with his comrades, and did it so privately that nobody knew anything of it till a great many years after, when not any one had any concern in the publication of this remarkable history.

A few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the nuptials of his son and Morgiana with great solemnity and a sumptuous feast, and the usual dancing and spectacles; and had the satisfaction to see that his friends and neighbors, whom he had invited, had no knowledge of the true motives of that marriage; but that those who were not unacquainted with Morgiana's good qualities commended his generosity and goodness of heart.

Ali Baba forbore, a long time after this marriage, from going again to the robbers' cave, from the time he brought away his brother Cassim, and some bags of gold on three asses, for fear of finding them there, and being surprised by them. He kept away after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, supposing the other two robbers, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

But at the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave, and saw no footsteps of men or horses, he looked upon it as a good sign. He alighted off his horse, and tied him to a tree; and presenting himself before the door, and pronouncing these words, *Open*, *Sesame*, the door opened. He went in, and by the condition he found things in, he judged that nobody had been there since the false Cogia Houssain, when he fetched the goods for his shop, and that the gang of forty robbers was completely destroyed, and never doubted he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was solely at his disposal; and having brought with him a wallet, into which he put as much gold as his horse would carry, he returned to town.

Afterward Ali Baba carried his son to the cave, taught him the secret, which they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honor and splendor, serving the greatest offices of the city.

THE OPPRESSION OF GWENHIDWY.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, the friend and executor of Shelley, was born at Weymouth, Oct. 18, 1785. For many years he led the life of a student, without following any profession, but in 1819 he entered the home service of the East India Company, and succeeded James Mill as Chief Examiner. He retired in 1856, and died in 1866. His most celebrated works are his humorous novels, composed in a style entirely peculiar to himself. Several of them treat more or less of Wales, in which country he had spent much time in his youth. "The Misfortunes of Elphin," from which the following extract is taken, is a skilful interweaving of the Welsh traditions respecting the inundation which submerged the kingdom of King Gwthvm; the finding and bringing up of Taliesin; and the abduction of Queen Guenevere by King Melvas.]

A SIDE door, at the upper end of the hall, to the left of Seithenyn's chair, opened, and a beautiful young girl entered the hall, with her domestic bard, and her attendant maidens.

It was Angharad, the daughter of Seithenyn. The tumult had drawn her from the solitude of her chamber, apprehensive that some evil might befall her father in that incapability of self-protection to which he made a point of bringing himself by set of sun. She gracefully saluted Prince Elphin, and directed the cupbearers (who were bound by their office to remain half-sober till the rest of the company were finished off, after which they indemnified themselves at leisure)—she directed the cupbearers to lift up Prince Seithenyn, and bear him from the hall. The cupbearers reeled off with their lord, who had already fallen asleep, and who now began to play them a pleasant march with his nose, to inspirit their progression.

Elphin gazed with delight on the beautiful apparition, whose gentle and serious loveliness contrasted so strikingly with the broken trophies and fallen heroes of revelry that lay scattered at her feet.

"Stranger," she said, "this seems an unfitting place for you: let me conduct you where you will be more agreeably lodged."

"Still less should I deem it fitting for you, fair maiden," said Elphin.

She answered, "The pleasure of her father is the duty of Angharad."

Elphin was desirous to protract the conversation, and this very desire took from him the power of speaking to the purpose. He paused for a moment to collect his ideas, and Angharad stood still, in apparent expectation that he would show symptoms of following, in compliance with her invitation.

In this interval of silence, he heard the loud dashing of the sea, and the blustering of the wind through the apertures of the walls.

This supplied him with what has been, since Britain was Britain, the alpha and omega of British conversation. He said, "It seems a stormy night."

She answered, "We are used to storms: we are far from the mountains, between the lowlands and the sea, and the winds blow round us from all quarters."

There was another pause of deep silence. The noise of the sea was louder, and the gusts pealed like thunder through the apertures. Amidst the fallen and sleeping revellers, the confused and littered hall, the low and wavering torches, Angharad, lovely always, shone with single and surpassing loveliness. The gust died away in murmurs, and swelled again into thunder, and died away in murmurs again; and, as it died away, mixed with the murmurs of ocean, a voice, that seemed one of the many voices of the wind, pronounced the ominous words, "Beware of the oppression of Gwenhidwy."

They looked at each other, as if questioning whether all had heard alike.

"Did you not hear a voice?" said Angharad, after a pause.

"The same," said Elphin, "which has once before seemed to say to me, 'Beware of the oppression of Gwenhidwy.'"

Teithrin hurried forth on the rampart: Angharad turned pale, and leaned against a pillar of the hall. Elphin was amazed and awed, absorbed as his feelings were in her. The sleepers on the floor made an uneasy movement, and uttered an articulate cry.

Teithrin returned. "What saw you?" said Elphin.

Teithrin answered, "A tempest is coming from the west. The moon has waned three days, and is half hidden in clouds, just visible above the mountains: the bank of clouds is black in the west; the scud is flying before them; and the white waves are rolling to the shore."

"This is the highest of the spring-tides," said Angharad, "and they are very terrible in the storms from the west, when the spray flies over the embankment, and the breakers shake the tower which has its foot in the surf."

"Whence was the voice," said Elphin, "which we heard erewhile? Was it the cry of a sleeper in his drink, or an error of the fancy, or a warning voice from the elements?"

"It was surely nothing earthly," said Angharad, "nor was it an error of the fancy, for we all heard the words, 'Beware of the oppression of Gwenhidwy.' Often and often, in the storms of the spring-tides, have I feared to see her roll her power over the fields of Gwaelod."

"Pray heaven she do not to-night," said Teithrin.

"Can there be such a danger?" said Elphin.

"I think," said Teithrin, "of the decay I have seen, and I fear the voice I have heard."

A long pause of deep silence ensued, during which they heard the intermitting peals of the wind, and the increasing sound of the rising sea swelling progressively into wilder and more menacing tumult, till, with one terrific impulse, the whole violence of the equinoctial tempest seemed to burst upon the shore. It was one of those tempests which occur once in several centuries, and which, by their extensive devastations, are chronicled to eternity; for a storm that signalizes its course with extraordinary destruction, becomes as worthy of celebration as a hero for the same reason. The old bard seemed to be of this opinion; for the turmoil which appalled Elphin, and terrified Angharad, fell upon his ears as the sound of inspiration: the *awen* came upon him; and, seizing his harp, he mingled his voice and his music with the uproar of the elements:

THE SONG OF THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind from the north: the young spring day
Is pleasant on the sunny mead;
The merry harps at evening play;
The dance gay youths and maidens lead:
The thrush makes chorus from the thorn:
The mighty drinker fills his horn.

Wind from the east: the shore is still;
The mountain-clouds fly tow'rds the sea;
The ice is on the winter-rill;
The great hall fire is blazing free:
The prince's circling feast is spread:
Drink fills with fumes the brainless head.

Wind from the south: in summer shade
'Tis sweet to hear the loud harp ring;
Sweet is the step of comely maid,
Who to the bard a cup doth bring:
The black crow flies where carrion lies:
Where pignuts lurk, the swine will work.

Wind from the west: the autumnal deep
Rolls on the shore its billowy pride:
He, who the ramparts watch must keep,
Will mark with awe the rising tide:
The high spring-tide that bursts its mound,
May roll o'er miles of level ground.

Wind from the west: the mighty wave
Of ocean bounds o'er rock and sand;
The foaming surges roar and rave
Against the bulwarks of the land:
When waves are rough, and winds are high,
Good is the land that's high and dry.

Wind from the west: the storm-clouds rise:
The breakers rave: the whirlblasts roar;
The mingled rage of seas and skies
Bursts on the low and lonely shore:
When safety's far, and danger nigh,
Swift feet the readiest aid supply.

Wind from the west—

His song was cut short by a tremendous crash. The tower, which had its foot in the sea, had long been sapped by the waves; the storm had prematurely perfected the operation, and the tower fell into the surf, carrying with it a portion of the wall of the main building, and revealing through the chasm the white raging of the breakers beneath the blackness of the midnight storm. The wind rushed into the hall, extinguishing the torches within the line of its course, tossing the grey locks and loose mantle of the bard, and the light white drapery and long black tresses of Angharad. With the crash of the falling tower, and the simultaneous shriek of the women, the sleepers started from the floor, staring with drunken amazement; and, shortly after, reeling like an Indian from the wine-rolling Hydaspes, in staggered Seithenyn ap Seithyn.

Seithenyn leaned against a pillar, and stared at the sea through the rifted wall with wild and vacant surprise. He perceived that there was an innovation, and he felt that he was injured: how, and by whom, he did not quite so clearly discern. He looked at Elphin and Teithrin, at his daughter, and at the members of his household, with a long and dismal aspect of blank and mute interrogation, modified by the struggling consciousness of puzzled self-importance, which seemed to require from his chiefship some word of command in this incomprehensible emergency. But the longer he looked, the less clearly he saw; and the longer he pondered, the less he understood. He felt the rush of the wind; he saw the white foam of the sea; his ears were dizzy with their mingled roar. He remained at length motionless, leaning against the pillar, and gazing on the breakers with fixed and glaring vacancy.

"The sleepers of Gwaelod," said Elphin, "they who sleep in peace and security, trusting to the vigilance of Seithenyn, what will become of them?

"Warn them with the beacon fire," said Teithrin, "if there be fuel on the summit of the landward tower."

"That, of course, has been neglected too," said Elphin.

"Not so," said Angharad; "that has been my charge."

Teithrin seized a torch, and ascended the eastern tower, and in a few minutes, the party in the hall beheld the breakers reddening with the reflected fire, and deeper, and yet deeper, crimson tinging the whirling foam, and sheeting the massy darkness of the bursting waves.

Seithenyn turned his eyes on Elphin. His recollection of him was extremely faint, and the longer he looked on him he remembered him the less. He was conscious of the presence of strangers, and of the occurrence of some signal mischief, and associated the two circumstances in his dizzy perceptions with a confused, but close connection. He said at length, looking sternly at Elphin, "I do not know what right the wind has to blow upon me here; nor what business the sea has to show itself here; nor what business you have here: but one thing is very evident, that either my castle or the sea is on fire; and I shall be glad to know who has done it, for terrible shall be the vengeance of Seithenyn ap Seithyn. Show me the enemy," he pursued, drawing his sword furiously, and flourishing it over his head, "Show me the enemy, show me the enemy!"

An unusual tumult mingled with the roar of the waves; a sound, the same in kind, but greater in degree, with that produced by the loose stones of the beach, which are rolled to and fro by the surf.

Teithrin rushed into the hall, exclaiming, "All is over! the mound is broken; and the spring-tide is rolling through the breach!"

Another portion of the castle wall fell into the mining waves, and by the dim and thickly-clouded moonlight, and the red blaze of the beacon fire, they beheld a torrent pouring in from the sea upon the plain, and rushing immediately beneath the castle walls, which, as well as the points of the embankment that formed the sides of the breach, continued to crumble away into the waters.

"Who has done this?" vociferated Seithenyn. "Show me the enemy."

"There is no enemy but the sea," said Elphin, "to which you, in your drunken madness, have abandoned the land. Think, if you can think, of what is passing in the plain. The storm drowns the cries of your victims; but the curses of the perishing are upon you."

"Show me the enemy," vociferated Seithenyn, flourishing his sword more furiously.

Angharad looked deprecatingly at Elphin, who abstained from further reply.

"There is no enemy but the sea," said Teithrin, "against which your sword avails not."

"Who dares to say so?" said Seithenyn. "Who dares to say that there is an enemy on earth against whom the sword of Seithenyn ap Seithyn is unavailing? Thus, thus I prove the falsehood."

And, springing suddenly forward, he leaped into the torrent, flourishing his sword as he descended.

"Oh, my unhappy father!" sobbed Angharad, veiling her face with her arm on the shoulder of one of her female attendants, whom Elphin dexterously put aside, and substituted himself as the supporter of the desolate beauty.

"We must quit the castle," said Teithrin, "or we shall be buried in its ruins. We have but one path of safety, along the summit of the embankment, if there be not another breach between us and the high land, and if we can keep our footing in this hurricane. But there is no alternative. The walls are melting away like snow."

The bard, who was now recovered from his *awen*, and beginning to be perfectly alive to his own personal safety, conscious at the same time that the first duty of his privileged order was to animate the less-gifted multitude by examples of right conduct in trying emergencies, was the first to profit by Teithrin's admonition, and to make the best of his way through the door that opened to the embankment, on which he had no sooner set his foot than he was blown down by the wind, his harp-strings ringing as he fell. He was indebted to the impediment of his harp for not being rolled down the mound into the waters which were rising within.

Angharad, recovering from the first shock of Seithenyn's catastrophe, became awake to the imminent danger. The spirit of the Cymric female, vigilant and energetic in peril, disposed her and her attendant maidens to use their best exertions for their own preservation. Following the advice and example of Elphin and Teithrin, they armed themselves with spears, which they took down from the walls.

Teithrin led the way, striking the point of his spear firmly into the earth, and leaning from it on the wind: Angharad followed in the same manner: Elphin followed Angharad, looking as earnestly to her safety as was compatible with moderate care of his own; the attendant maidens followed Elphin; and the bard, whom the result of his first experiment had rendered unambitious of the van, followed the female train. Behind them went the cupbearers, whom the accident of sobriety had qualified to march; and behind them reeled and roared those of the bacchanal rout who were able and willing to move; those more especially who had wives or daughters to support their tottering steps. Some were incapable of locomotion, and others, in the heroic madness of liquor, sat down to await their destiny, as they finished the half-drained vessels.

The bard, who had somewhat of a picturesque eye, could not help sparing a little leisure from the care of his body, to observe the effects before him; the volumed blackness of the storm; the white bursting of the breakers in the faint and scarcely-perceptible moonlight; the rushing and rising of the waters within the mound; the long floating hair and waving drapery of the young women; the red light of the beacon fire falling on them from behind; the surf rolling up the side of the embankment, and breaking almost at their feet; the spray flying above their heads; and the resolution with which they impinged the stony ground with their spears, and bore themselves up against the wind.

Thus they began their march. They had not proceeded far, when the tide began to recede, the wind to abate somewhat of its violence, and the moon to look on them at intervals through the rifted clouds, disclosing the desolation of the inundated plain, silvering the tumultuous surf, gleaming on the distant mountains, and revealing a lengthened prospect of their solitary path, that lay in its irregular line like a ribbon on the deep.

MANAWYDDAN THE SON OF LLYR.

(From "The Mabinogion.")

TRANSLATED BY LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST.

Now Manawyddan, when he set out to return to Dyved, took with him a burden of wheat. And he proceeded towards Narberth, and there he dwelt. And never was he better pleased than when he saw Narberth again, and the lands where he had been wont to hunt with Pryderi and with Rhiannon. And he accustomed himself to fish, and to hunt the deer in their covert. And then he began to prepare some ground and he sowed a croft, and a second, and a third. And no wheat in the world ever sprung up better.

And thus passed the seasons of the year until harvest came. And he went to look at one of his crofts, and behold it was ripe. "I will reap this to-morrow," said he. And that night he went back to Narberth, and on the morrow in the grey dawn he went to reap the croft, and when he came there he found nothing but the bare straw. Every one of the ears of wheat was cut off the stalk, and all the ears carried entirely away, and nothing but the straw left.

Then he went to look at another croft, and behold that also was ripe. "Verily," said he, "this will I reap to-morrow." And on the morrow he came with the intent to reap it, and when he came there he found nothing but the bare straw. "Oh, gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I know that whosoever has begun my ruin is completing it, and has also destroyed the country with me."

Then he went to look at the third croft, and when he came there, finer wheat had there never been seen, and this also was ripe. "Evil betide me," said he, "if I watch not here to-night. Whoever carried off the other corn will come in like manner to take this. And I will know who it is." So he took his arms, and began to watch the croft. And he told Kieva all that had befallen. "Verily," said she, "what thinkest thou to do?" "I will watch the croft to-night," said he.

And he went to watch the croft. And at midnight, lo, there arose the loudest tumult in the world. And he looked, and behold the mightiest host of mice in the world, which could neither be numbered nor measured. And he knew not what it was until the mice had made their way into the croft, and each of them climbing up the straw and bending it down with its weight, had cut off one of the ears of wheat, and had carried it away, leaving there the stalk, and he saw not a single straw there that had not a mouse on it. And they all took their way, carrying the ears with them.

In wrath and anger did he rush upon the mice, but he could no more come up with them than if they had been gnats, or birds in the air, except one only, which though it was but sluggish, went so fast that a man on foot could scarce overtake it And after this one he went, and he caught it and put it in his glove, and tied up the opening of the glove with a string, and kept it with him, and returned to the palace. Then he came to the hall where Kicva was, and he lighted a fire, and hung the glove by the string upon a peg. "What hast thou there, lord?" said Kicva. "A thief," said he, "that I found robbing me." "What kind of thief may it be, lord, that thou couldst put into thy glove?" said she. "Behold I will tell thee," he answered. Then he showed her how his fields had been wasted and destroyed, and how the mice came to the last of the fields in his sight. "And one of them was less nimble than the rest, and is now in my glove; to-morrow I will hang it, and before Heaven, if I had them, I would hang them all." "My lord," said she, "this is marvellous; but yet it would be unseemly for a man of dignity like thee to be hanging such a reptile as this. And if thou doest right, thou wilt not meddle with the creature, but wilt let it go." "Woe betide me," said he, "if I would not hang them all could I catch them, and such as I have I will hang."

And then he went to the Gorsedd of Narberth, taking the mouse with him. And he set up two forks on the highest part of the Gorsedd. And while he was doing this, behold he saw a scholar coming towards him, in old and poor and tattered garments. And it was now seven years since he had seen in that place either man or beast, except those four persons who had remained together until two of them were lost.

"My lord," said the scholar, "good day to thee." "Heaven prosper thee, and my greeting be unto thee. And whence dost thou come, scholar?" asked he. "I come, lord, from singing in Lloegyr; and wherefore dost thou inquire?" "Because for the last seven years," answered he, "I have seen no man here save four secluded persons, and thyself this moment." "Truly, lord," said he, "I go through this land unto mine own. And what work art thou upon, lord?" "I am hanging a thief that I caught robbing me," said he. "What manner of thief is that?" asked the scholar. "I see a creature in thy hand like unto a mouse, and ill does it become a man of rank equal to thine to touch a reptile such as this. Let it go forth free." "I will not let it go free, by Heaven," said he. "I caught it robbing me, and the doom of a thief will I inflict upon it, and I will hang it." "Lord," said he, "rather than see a man of rank equal to thine at such a work as this, I would give thee a pound which I have received as alms, to let the reptile go forth free." "I will not let it go free," said he, "by Heaven, neither will I sell it." "As thou wilt, lord," he answered, "except that I would not see a man of rank equal to thine touching such a reptile, I care nought." And the scholar went his way.

And as he was placing the crossbeam upon the two forks, behold a priest came towards him upon a horse covered with trappings. "Good day to thee, lord," said he. "Heaven prosper thee," said Manawyddan; "thy blessing." "The blessings of Heaven be upon thee. And what, lord, art thou doing?" "I am hanging a thief that I caught robbing me," said he. "What manner of thief, lord?" asked he. "A creature," he answered, "in form of a mouse. It has been robbing me, and I am inflicting upon it the doom of a thief." "Lord," said he, "rather than see thee touch this reptile, I would purchase its freedom." "By my confession to Heaven, neither will I sell it nor set it free." "It is true, lord, that it is worth nothing to buy; but rather than see thee defile thyself by touching such a reptile as this, I will give thee three pounds to let it go." "I will not, by Heaven," said he, "take any price for it. As it ought, so shall it be hanged."

"Willingly, lord, do thy pleasure." And the priest went his way.

Then he noosed the string around the mouse's neck, and as he was about to draw it up, behold, he saw a bishop's retinue with his sumpter-horses, and his attendants. And the bishop himself came towards him. And he stayed his work "Lord bishop," said he, "thy blessing." "Heaven's blessing be upon thee," said he, "what work art thou upon?" "Hanging a thief that I caught robbing me," said he. "Is not that a mouse that I see in thy hand?" "Yes," answered he. "And she has robbed me." "Aye," said he, "since I have come at the doom of this reptile, I will ransom it of thee. I will give thee seven pounds for it, and that rather than see a man of rank equal to thine destroying so vile a reptile as this. Let it loose and thou shalt have the money." "I declare to Heaven that I will not set it loose." "If thou wilt not loose it for this, I will give thee four-and-twenty pounds of ready money to set it free." "I will not set it free, by Heaven, for as much again," said he. "If thou wilt not set it free for this, I will give thee all the horses that thou seest in this plain, and the seven loads of baggage, and the seven horses that they are upon." "By Heaven, I will not," he replied. "Since for this thou wilt not, do so at what price soever thou wilt." "I will do so," said he. "I will that Rhiannon and Pryderi be free," said he. "That thou shalt have," he answered. "Not yet will I loose the mouse, by Heaven." "What then wouldst thou?" "That the charm and the illusion be removed from the seven Cantrevs of Dyved." "This shalt thou have also, set therefore the mouse free." "I will not set it free, by Heaven," said he. "I will who the mouse may be." "She is my wife." "Even though she be, I will not set her free. Wherefore came she to me?" "To despoil thee," he answered. "I am Llwyd the son of Kilcoed, and I cast the charm over the seven Cantrevs of Dyved. And it was to avenge Gwawl the son of Clud, from the friendship I had towards him, that I cast the charm. And upon Pryderi did I revenge Gwawl the son of Clud, for the game of Badger in the Bag, that Pwyll Pen Annwn played upon him, which he did unadvisedly in the Court of Heveydd Hên. And when it was known that thou wast come to dwell in the land, my household came and besought me to transform them into mice, that they might destroy thy corn. And it was my own household that went the first night. And the second night also they went, and they destroyed thy two crofts. And the third night came unto me my wife and the ladies of the Court, and besought me to transform them. And I transformed them. Now she is pregnant. And had she not been pregnant thou wouldst not have been able to overtake her; but since this has taken place, and she has been caught, I will restore thee Pryderi and Rhiannon; and I will take the charm and illusion from off Dyved. I have now told thee who she is. Set her therefore free." "I will not set her free, by Heaven," said he. "What wilt thou more?" he asked. "I will that there be no more charm upon the seven Cantrevs of Dyved, and that none shall be put upon it henceforth." "This thou shalt have," said he. "Now set her free." "I will not, by my faith," he answered. "What wilt thou furthermore?" asked he. "Behold," said he, "this will I have; that vengeance be never taken for this, either upon Pryderi or Rhiannon, or upon me." "All this shalt thou have. And truly thou hast done wisely in asking this. Upon thy head would have lighted all this trouble." "Yea," said he, "for fear thereof was it, that I required this." "Set now my wife at liberty." "I will not, by Heaven," said he, "until I see Pryderi and Rhiannon with me free." "Behold, here they come," he answered.

And thereupon behold Pryderi and Rhiannon. And he rose up to meet them, and greeted them, and sat down beside them. "Ah, Chieftain, set now my wife at liberty," said the bishop. "Hast thou not received all thou didst ask?" "I will release her gladly," said he. And thereupon he set her free.

Then Llwyd struck her with a magic wand, and she was changed back into a young woman, the fairest ever seen.

"Look around upon thy land," said he, "and then thou wilt see it all tilled and peopled, as it was in its best state." And he rose up and looked forth. And when he looked he saw all the lands tilled, and full of herds and dwellings. "What bondage," he inquired, "has there been upon Pryderi and Rhiannon?" "Pryderi has had the knockers of the gate of my palace about his neck, and Rhiannon has had the collars of the asses, after they have been carrying hay, about her neck."

And such has been their bondage.

And by reason of this bondage is this story called the Mabinogi of Mynnweir and Mynord.

And thus ends this portion of the Mabinogi.

KING DATHY'S DEATH.

(Translated from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan.)

[James Clarence Mangan, an Irish poet, was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. As a boy he was a copyist and attorney's clerk, and worked at the former trade intermittently all his life. Extreme poverty, overwork, bohemian irregularity and exposure, and opium, made him a physical wreck; and he died of cholera June 20, 1849. Several partial editions of his poems have been published. The bulk of them, and his best work, are translations.]

King Dathy assembled his Druids and Sages,
And thus he spake them: "Druids and Sages!
What of King Dathy?
What is revealed in Destiny's pages
Of him or his? Hath he
Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?
Good to rejoice in, or evil to flee?
Is he a foe of the Gall —
Fitted to conquer or fated to fall?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus, —
A priest of a hundred years was he: —
"Dathy! thy fate is not hidden from us!
Hear it through me! —
Thou shalt work thine own will!
Thou shalt slay, thou shalt prey,
And be Conqueror still!
Thee the Earth shall not harm!
Thee we charter and charm
From all evil and ill!
Thee the laurel shall crown!
Thee the wave shall not drown!
Thee the chain shall not bind!
Thee the spear shall not find!
Thee the sword shall not slay!
Thee the shaft shall not pierce!
Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce!
And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be Victor o'er all!"

So Dathy he sailed away, away,
Over the deep resounding sea;

Sailed with his hosts in armor gray
Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day;
And many an islet conquered he,
He and his hosts in armor gray.
And the billow drowned him not,
And a fetter bound him not,
And the blue spear found him not,
And the red sword slew him not,
And the swift shaft knew him not,
And the foe o'erthrew him not:
Till, one bright morn, at the base
Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
His men stood marshaled face to face
With the mighty Roman legions.
Noble foes!
Christian and Heathen stood there amongst those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When, behold! from a temple anear
Came forth an agèd priestlike man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
Who, turning to Eirè's Ceann,
Spake him as thus: "King Dathy! hear!
Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! Repent in time
The invader's crime;
Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"
But Dathy replied: "False Nazarene!
Dost thou then menace Dathy? thou!
And dreamest thou that he will bow
To One unknown, to One so mean,
So powerless as a priest must be?
He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
On! on, my men! to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eirè's King,
The Irish rush to meet the foe;
And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
When, lo!
Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
And the cleft plains reel and rock;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
Thunder crashes,
Lightning flashes,

"Came forth an agéd priestlike man"

And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
Then, mournfully and dolefully,
    The Irish warriors sailed away
    Over the deep resounding sea,
Till wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's Bay.—
Thus the Seanachies and Sages
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

* * *

THE MAGUIRE.

WHERE is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night? mavrone!
O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh!
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through and through,
    Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or, was that red livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him
    Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide;
Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong ocean's tide,
    Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
    This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly as in a dream he strays! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
    The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief—it cuts me to the heart—
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate!
O, woe is me! where is he? Wandering houseless, desolate,
    Alone, without or guide or chart!

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet shower
blinds
The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne; that this unsparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by frost;
While through some icicle-hung thicket, as One lorn and lost,
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds;
The lawns and pasture grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by none;
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side;
It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide;
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now
strays;
As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but manly brow, —
O! what a sword wound to that tender heart of his were now
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his, — thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of MacNee, —
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire!

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
And white ice gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er,
A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he ever wore, —
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

Hugh marched forth to the fight — I grieved to see him so depart;
And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed:
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid
In ashes warms the hero's heart!

PRECHRISTIAN IRISH LITERATURE.

THE DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF USNACH.

(From the King Conor MacNessa Cycle. Time: first century B.C. Abridged by Lady Ferguson.)

[KING CONOR goes to a banquet in the house of Feilimid, his story-teller. During the festivity, Deirdré, the daughter of Feilimid, is born. Cathbad, the Druid, foretells her future beauty and the destruction it will bring on Ulster and on the king and nobles. Thereupon, the nobles demand the death of the infant; but the king orders her to be shut up in a strong tower until she grows old enough to become his wife.]

Notwithstanding the precautions of Conor, Deirdré saw and loved Naisi, the son of Usnach. He was sitting in the midst of the plain of Emania, playing on a harp. Sweet was the music of the sons of Usnach — great also was their prowess; they were fleet as hounds in the chase — they slew deer with their speed. As Naisi sat singing, he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she came near him, and would have passed in silence. "Gentle is the damsel who passeth by," said Naisi. Then the maiden, looking up, replied, "Damsels may well be gentle when there are no youths." Then Naisi knew it was Deirdré, and great dread fell upon him. "The king of the province is betrothed to thee, O damsel," he said. "I love him not," she replied; "he is an aged man. I would rather love a youth like thee." "Say not so, O damsel," answered Naisi, "the king is a better spouse than the king's servant." "Thou sayest so," said Deirdré, "that thou mayest avoid me." Then plucking a rose from a brier, she flung it towards him, and said, "Now thou art ever disgraced if thou rejectest me." "Depart from me, I beseech thee, damsel," said Naisi. "If thou dost not take me to be thy wife," said Deirdré, "thou art dishonored before all the men of Erin after what I have done." Then Naisi said no more, and Deirdré took the harp, and sat beside him, playing sweetly. But the other sons of Usnach, rushing forth, came running to the spot where Naisi sat, and Deirdré with him. "Alas!" they cried, "what hast thou done, O brother?

Is not this damsel fated to ruin Ulster?" "I am disgraced before the men of Erin forever," replied Naisi, "if I take her not after that which she hath done." "Evil will come of it," said the brothers. "I care not," said Naisi. "I would rather be in misfortune than dishonor. We will fly with her to another country." So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants; and Naisi took Deirdré to be his wife.

After wandering through various parts of Erin, from Easroe to Ben Edar, from Dundalgan to Almain, the fugitives at length took shelter in Alba,[1] where they found an asylum on the banks of Loch Etive. The loss of three warriors of such renown soon began to be felt by the nobles of Ulster, who no longer found themselves able to make head with their accustomed success against the southern provinces. They therefore urged Conor to abandon his resentment and recall the fugitives. Conor, with no other intention than that of repossessing himself of Deirdré, feigned compliance. But, to induce Clan Usnach to trust themselves again in the hands of him whom their leader had so outraged, it was necessary that the message of pardon should be borne by one on whose warranty of safe conduct the most implicit reliance could be placed. After sounding some of his chief nobles who were of sufficient authority to undertake the mission, and finding that any attempt to tamper with them would be unavailing, Conor fixes on Fergus, the son of Roy, as a more likely instrument, and commits the embassy to him. But though he does not much fear the consequences of compromising the safe conduct of Fergus, he yet does not venture to enlist him openly in the meditated treachery, but proceeds by a stratagem. Fergus was of the order of the Red Branch knights, and the brethren of the Red Branch were under vow never to refuse hospitality at one another's hands. Conor, therefore, arranged with Barach, one of his minions, and a brother of the order, to intercept Fergus on his return by the tender of a three days' banquet, well knowing that Clan Usnach must in that case proceed to Emania without the presence of their protector. Meanwhile, Fergus, arriving in the harbor of Loch Etive, where dwelt Clan Usnach in green hunting booths along the shore, "sends forth the loud cry of a mighty man of chase." Deirdré and Naisi were sitting together in their tent, and Conor's polished chessboard between them. And Naisi, hearing the cry, said, "I hear the call of a man of Erin." "That was not the call of a man of Erin," replied Deirdré, "but the call of a man of Alba." Then again Fergus shouted a second time. "Surely that was the call of a man of Erin," said Naisi. "Surely no," said Deirdré; "let us play on." Then again Fergus shouted a third time, and Naisi knew that it was the cry of Fergus, and he said: "If the son of Roy be in existence, I hear his hunting shout from the Loch. Go forth, Ardan, my brother, and give our kinsman welcome." "Alas!" cried Deirdré, "I knew the call of Fergus from the first." For she has a prophetic dread that foul play is intended them, and this feeling never subsides in her breast from that hour until the catastrophe. Quite different are the feelings of Naisi; he reposes the most unlimited confidence in the safe conduct vouched for by his brother in arms, and, in spite of the remonstrance of Deirdré, embarks with all his retainers for Ireland. Deirdré, on leaving the only secure or happy home she ever expects to enjoy, sings this farewell to Alba and her green sheeling on the shores of Glen Etive: —

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[1] Scotland.

(Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.)

Harp, take my bosom's burthen on thy string,
And, turning it to sad, sweet melody,
Waste and disperse it on the careless air.

Air, take the harp string's burthen on thy breast,
And, softly thrilling soulward through the sense,
Bring my love's heart again in tune with mine.

Blessed were the hours when, heart in tune with heart,
My love and I desired no happier home
Than Etive's airy glades and lonely shore.

Alba, farewell! Farewell, fair Etive bank!
Sun kiss thee; moon caress thee; dewy stars
Refresh thee long, dear scene of quiet days!

Barach meets them on their landing, near Dunseverick on the coast of Antrim, and detains Fergus, who reluctantly assigns his charge to his two sons, Red Buiné Borb and Illan Finn, to conduct them in safety to their journey's end. Deirdré's fears are more and more excited. "A blood-red cloud floats before her and hovers above the palace of Emania." She has dreams and visions of disasters. She urges Naisi to go to Dunseverick or to Dundalgan and there await the coming of Fergus. Naisi is inflexible. It would injure the honor of his companion in arms to admit any apprehension of danger while under his safe conduct. The omens multiply. Deirdré's sense of danger becomes more and more acute. Still Naisi's reply is: "I fear not; let us proceed." At length they reach Emania, and are assigned the house of the Red Branch for their lodging. Calm, and to all appearance unconscious of any cause for apprehension, Naisi takes his place at the chess table, and Deirdré, full of fears, sits opposite. Meanwhile the king, knowing that Deirdré was again within his reach, could not rest at the banquet, but sends spies to bring him word "if her beauty yet lived upon her." The first messenger, friendly to Clan Usnach, reports that she is "quite bereft of her own aspect, and is lovely and desirable no longer." This allays Conor's passion for a time; but growing heated with wine, he shortly after sends another messenger, who brings back the intelligence that not only is Deirdré "the fairest woman on the ridge of the world," but that he himself has been wounded by Naisi, who had resented his gazing in at the window of the Red Branch by flinging a chessman at his head, and dashing out one of his eyes. This was all that Conor wanted; he starts up in pretended indignation at the violence done his servant, calls his bodyguard, and attacks the Red Branch. The defense now devolves on the sons of Fergus. Clan Usnach scorn to evince alarm, or interfere in any way with the duties of their protectors. But Deirdré cannot conceal her consciousness that they are betrayed. "Ah, me!" she cries, hearing the soldiery of Conor at the gates, "I knew that Fergus was a traitor." "If Fergus hath betrayed you," replied Red Buiné Borb, "yet will not I betray you." And he issues out and slays his "thrice fifty men of might." But when Conor offers him Slieve Fuad for a bribe, he holds back his hand from the slaughter, and goes his way. Then calls Deirdré, "Traitor father, traitor son!" "No," replied Illan Finn, "though Red Buiné Borb be a traitor, yet will not I be a traitor. While liveth this small straight sword in my hand, I will not forsake Clan Usnach." Then Illan Finn, encountering Fiachra, the son of Conor, who was armed with Ocean, Flight, and Victory, the shield, spear, and sword of his father, they fight "a fair fight, stout and manly, bitter and bloody, savage and hot, and vehement and terrible, until the waves round the blue rim of Ocean roared, for it was the nature of Conor's shield that it ever resounded as with the noise of stormy waters when he who bore it was in danger." Summoned by which signal, one of King Conor's nobles, coming behind Illan Finn, thrusts him through. "The weakness of death then fell darkly upon Illan, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and called to Naisi to fight manfully, and expired." Clan Usnach at length designed to lay aside their chess tables and stand to their arms. Ardan first sallies out, and slays his "three hundred men of might," then Ainlé, who makes twice that havoc; and last Naisi himself; and "till the sands of the sea, the dewdrops of the meadows, the leaves of the forest, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the number of heads and hands and lopped limbs of heroes that there lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers on that plain." Then Naisi came again into the Red Branch to Deirdré; and she encouraged him, and said, "We will yet escape; fight manfully, and fear not." Then the sons of Usnach made a phalanx of their shields, and spread the links of their joined bucklers round Deirdré, and bounding forth like three eagles, swept down upon the troops of Conor, making great havoc of the people. But when Cathbad, the Druid, saw that the sons of Usnach were bent on the destruction of Conor himself, he had recourse to his arts of magic and he cast an enchantment over them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and they were taken by the men of Ulster; for the spell was like a sea of thick gums about them, and their limbs were clogged in it, that they could not move. The sons of Usnach were then put to death, and Deirdré, standing over their grave, sang this funeral song: —

(Translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson.)

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone — alone.
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone — alone.
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping.
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright.
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow:
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions ye were ever —
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of Ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep morn and even —
Lark, alone enchant the heaven! —
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain;
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain;
Heron, in the free air warm ye;
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
Rulers of the ridge of war!
Nevermore 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Emain, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep.
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body!

So saying, she flung herself into the grave, and expired.

(Episodes from the TAIN BO CUAILGNÉ, or CATTLE SPOIL OF COOLNEY, the chief epic of ancient Ireland. Time: the first century B.C.)

THE PILLOW CONVERSATION OF KING AILILL AND QUEEN MAEV THAT CAUSED THE WAR.

TRANSLATION OF O'CURRY.

On one occasion that Ailill and Maev had arisen from their royal bed in Cruachan of Rath Conrach, a pillow conversation was carried on between them: —

"It is a true saying, O woman," said Ailill, "that a good man's wife is a happy creature."

"Why do you say so?" said Maev.

"The reason that I say so," said Ailill, "is because you are happier this day than the day I espoused you."

"I was happy before I knew you," said Maev.

"It was a happiness of which we never heard," said Ailill.

"We only heard of your being in the dependent position of a woman, while your nearest enemies stole and plundered, and carried off your property."

"Not so was I," said Maev, "but my father was arch king of Erin; that is, Eochy Fiedlech, son of Finn, son of Finnoman, son of Finneon, son of Finnlag, etc. He had six daughters of daughters; namely, Derbrin, Eithne, Ele, Clothra, Mugain, and Maev, myself, who was the most noble and illustrious of them, for I was the best for gifts and presents of them. I was the best for battle and fight and combat of them. It was I that had fifteen hundred noble mercenaries, soldiers — sons of foreign chiefs — and as many more of the sons of my own landholders; and there were ten men with every soldier of them; and eight with every soldier, and seven with every soldier, and six with every soldier, and five with every soldier, and three with every soldier, and two with every soldier, and a soldier with every soldier. These I had for my ordinary household, and for that it was that my father gave me a province of the provinces of Erin; namely, the province of Cruachan, where I am called Maev of Cruachan. And I was sought in marriage by Finn, son of Ross Ruadh, king of Laighin, and by Cairpri Nia Fear, son of the king of Flamair, and by Conor, son of Fachna Fathach. And I was sought by Eochy, son of Luchta; and I did not go, because it was I that demanded the extraordinary dowry, such as no woman ever sought before from the men of Erin; namely, a man without parsimoniousness, without jealousy, without fear. If the man who would have me were parsimonious, we were not fit to be united in one, because I am good at bestowing gifts and presents, and it would be a reproach to my husband that I were better in gifts than he; and it would be no reproach now, if we were equally good, provided that we were both good. If my husband were timid, we were not the more fit to unite, because I go in battle and fights and combats, by myself alone; and it would be a reproach to my husband that his wife were more active than himself; and it is no reproach if we are equally active. If the man who had me were jealous, we were not matched either, because I never was without having a man in the shadow of another. I have found that man; namely, you; namely, Ailill, the son of Ross Ruadh, of the men of Laighin. You were not parsimonious; you were not jealous; you were not timid. I gave you an engagement and a dowry, the best that is desired of woman; namely, of clothes, the array of twelve men; a chariot, with thrice seven *cumhals* (steeds); the breadth of your face of red gold; the span of your left wrist of carved silver. Should any one work reproach or injury or incantation on you, you are not entitled to *Diré* (fine for bodily injury) or *Eneclann* (fine for satire and calumny) for it, but what comes to me. Because a man in attendance on a woman is what you are."

"Such was not my state," said Ailill, "but I had two brothers, one the king of Temar, and the other the king of Laighin. I left them the sovereignty because of their seniority. And you were not the better for gifts and presents than I was. I have not heard of a province of Erin in woman's keeping but this province alone. I came, then, and I assumed sovereignty here in succession to my mother; for Mata of Murisy, the daughter of Magach, was my mother, and what better queen need I desire to have than you, since you happen to be the daughter of the arch king of Erin."

"It happens, however," said Maev, "that my goodness is greater than yours."

"I wonder at that," said Ailill, "since there is no one that has more jewels, and wealth, and riches than I have — and I know there is not."

Ailill and Maev then commenced a comparison of their goods and effects — for women at this time did not lose by marriage their separate rights of property. Their jewels, garments, flocks, were compared, and found to be of equal value, with one exception. There was a particularly splendid bull of Ailill's cows. Now he was the calf of one of Maev's cows, and Finnbennach (White Horn) was his name; but he deemed it not honorable to be in a woman's dependence, and he passed over to the king's cows. And the queen was indignant, but hearing that Daré, son of Factna, of Cuailgné, was the possessor of a brown bull, a still finer animal than the white-horned deserter of her drove, she dispatched her courier, MacRoth, to Daré, requesting of him the loan of the Donn Cuailgné (the Brown One of Coolney) for a year, and promising to restore him with fifty heifers to boot, a chariot worth sixty-three cows, and other tokens of her friendship. On his refusal, she summoned her forces to join in a foray for the capture of the Donn Cuailgné.

HOW SETANTA, THE HERO OF THE *TAIN*, RECEIVED THE NAME OF CUCHULLIN, THE HOUND OF CULLAN.

TRANSLATION OF SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

[King Conor, going with a few guests to a feast at the Dun of Cullan, the Smith, meets his nephew, Setanta, who is playing with his companions on the plain of Emania.]

Conor —
Setanta, if bird nesting in the woods
And ball feats on the playgreen please thee not
More than discourse of warrior and sage,
And sight of warrior weapons in the forge,
I offer an indulgence. For we go —
Myself, my step-sire Fergus, and my Bard —
To visit Cullan, the illustrious smith
Of Coolney. Come thou also if thou wilt.
Setanta —
Ask me not, O good Conor, yet to leave
The playgreen; for the ball feats just begun
Are those which most delight my playmate youths,
And they entreat me to defend the goal:
But let me follow; for the chariot tracks
Are easy to discern; and much I long
To hear discourse of warrior and sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men,
The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow.
Conor —
Too late the hour; too difficult the way.
Set forward, drivers: give our steeds the goad.
Cullan —
Great King of Emain, welcome. Welcome, thou,
Fergus, illustrious step-sire of the King:
And, Seer and Poet, Cathbad, welcome too,
Behold the tables set, the feast prepared.
Sit. But before I cast my chain hound loose,
Give me assurance that ye be all in.
For night descends; and perilous the wild;
And other watchman none of house or herds,
Here, in this solitude remote from men,
Own I, but one hound only. Once his chain
Is loosened, and he makes three bounds at large
Before my doorposts, after fall of night,

There lives not man nor company of men,
Less than a cohort, shall within my close
Set foot of trespass, short of life or limb.
Conor —
Yea; all are in. Let loose, and sit secure.
Good are thy viands, Smith, and strong thine ale.
Hark, the hound growling! —
Cullan — Wild dogs are abroad.
Fergus —
Not ruddier the fire that laps a sword
Steeled for a king, oh Cullan, than thy wine. —
Hark, the hound baying! —
Cullan — Wolves, belike, are near.
Cathbad —
Not cheerfuller the ruddy forge's light
To wayfarer benighted, nor the glow
Of wine and viands to a hungry man
Than look of welcome passed from host to guest. —
Hark, the hound yelling! —
Cullan — Friends, arise and arm!
Some enemy intrudes! — Tush! 'tis a boy.
Setanta —
Setanta here, the son of Suailtam.
Conor —
Setanta, whom I deemed on Emain green,
Engaged at ball play, on our track, indeed!
Setanta —
Not difficult the track to find, oh King,
But difficult, indeed, to follow home.
Cullan, 'tis evil welcome for a guest
This unwarned onset of a savage beast,
Which, but that 'gainst the stone posts of thy gate
I three times threw him, leaping at my throat,
And, at the third throw, on the stone edge, slew,
Had brought on thee the shame indelible
Of bidden guest, at his host's threshold, torn.
Conor —
Yea, he was bidden: it was I myself
Said, as I passed him with the youths at play,
This morning: Come thou also if thou wilt.
But little thought I, — when he said the youths
Desired his presence still to hold the goal,
Yet asked to follow — for he said he longed
To hear discourse of warrior and sage,
And see the nest that hatches deaths of men

The tongs a-flash, and Cullan's welding blow —
That such a playful, young, untutored boy
Would come on this adventure of a man.

Cullan —
I knew not he was bidden; and I asked,
Ere I cast loose, if all the train were in.
But, since thy word has made the boy my guest, —
Boy, for his sake who bade thee to my board,
I give thee welcome: for thine own sake, no.
For thou hast slain my servant and my friend,
The hound I loved, that fierce, intractable
To all men else, was ever mild to me.
He knew me; and he knew my uttered words,
All my commandments, as a man might know:
More than a man, he knew my looks and tones
And turns of gesture, and discerned my mind,
Unspoken, if in grief or if in joy.
He was my pride, my strength, my company,
For I am childless; and that hand of thine
Has left an old man lonely in the world.

Setanta —
Since, Cullan, by mischance, I've slain thy hound,
So much thy grief compassion stirs in me,
Hear me pronounce a sentence on myself.
If of his seed there liveth but a whelp
In Uladh, I will rear him till he grow
To such ability as had his sire
For knowing, honoring, and serving thee.
Meantime, but give a javelin in my hand,
And a good buckler, and there never went
About thy bounds, from daylight — gone till dawn,
Hound watchfuller, or of a keener fang
Against intruder, than myself shall be.

Cullan —
A sentence, a just sentence.

Conor — Not myself
Hath made award more righteous. Be it so.
Wherefore what hinders that we give him now
His hero name, no more Setanta called
But now Cuchullin, chain hound of the Smith?

Setanta —
Setanta I, the son of Suailtam,
Nor other name assume I, or desire.

Cathbad —
Take, son of Suailtam, the offered name.

Setanta —
Setanta I, Setanta let me be.
Conor —
Mark Cathbad! —
Fergus — 'Tis his seer fit!
Cathbad — To my ears
There comes a clamor from the rising years,
The tumult of a passion torrent-swollen,
Rolled hitherward, and 'mid its mingling noises,
I hear perpetual voices
Proclaim to land and fame
The name,
CUCHULLIN!
Hound of the Smith, thy boyish vow
Devotes thy manhood even now
To vigilance, fidelity, and toil:
'Tis not alone the wolf, fang-bare to snatch,
Not the marauder from the lifted latch
Alone, thy coming footfall makes recoil,
The nobler service thine to chase afar
Seditious tumult and intestine war,
Envy and unfraternal hate,
From all the households of the state.

* * * * * * *

Great is the land and splendid:
The borders of the country are extended:
The extern tribes look up with wondering awe
And own the central law.
Fair show the fields, and fair the friendly faces
Of men in all their places.
With song and chosen story,
With game and dance, with revelries and races,
Life glides on joyous wing —
The tales they tell of love and war and glory,
Tales that the soft bright daughters of the land
Delight to understand,
The songs they sing,
To harps of double string,
To gitterns and new reeds,
Are of the glorious deeds
Of young Cuchullin in the Cuelgnian foray.

Take, son of Suailtam, the offered name.
For at that name the mightiest of the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall turn pale:

And of that name the mouths of all the men
Of Erin and of Alba shall be full.

Setanta —
Yea, then if that be so — Cuchullin here!

CUCHULLIN'S WOOING OF EIMER.

TRANSLATION OF STANDISH O'GRADY.

"Hers were the gift of beauty of person, the gift of voice, the gift of music, the gift of embroidery and of all needlework, the gift of wisdom, and the gift of virtuous chastity."

Cuchullin —
Come down, O daughter of Forgal Manah,
Sweet Eimer, come down without fear.
The moon has arisen to light us on our way,
Come down from thy grenan[1] without fear.

Eimer —
Who is that beneath my chamber window
Sends up to me his words through the dim night?
Who art thou, standing in the beechen shadows,
White-browed and tall, with thy golden hair?

Cuchullin —
It is I, Setanta, O gentle Eimer!
I, thy lover, come to seek thee from the north;
It is I who stand in the beechen shadows,
Sending up my heart in words through the dim night.

Eimer —
I fear my proud father, O Setanta,
My brothers, and my kinsmen, and the guards,
Ere I come unto thy hands, O my lover!
Through their well-lit feasting chamber I must pass.

Cuchullin —
Fear not the guards, O noble Eimer!
Fear not thy brothers or thy sire,
Dull with ale are they all, and pressed with slumber,
And the lights extinguished in the hall.

Eimer —
I fear the fierce watchdogs, O Setanta,
The deep water of the moat how shall I cross?
Not alone for myself, I fear, Setanta,
They will rend thee without ruth, Cuchullin.

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[1] Women's apartments.

Cuchullin —
The dogs are my comrades and my namesakes;
Like my Luath they are friendly unto me.
O'er the foss I will bear thee in my arms —
I will leap across the foss, my love, with thee.
Eimer —
Forward wide, all the tribes and the nations
Over Bregia, northwards to Dun — Sir,
They are kin to my father and his subjects —
For thy life I fear, O noble Cuchullin.
Cuchullin —
On the lawn within the beechen shadows
Is my chariot light and strong, bright with gold;
And steeds like the March wind in their swiftness
Will bear thee to Dundalgan ere the dawn.
Eimer —
I grieve to leave my father, O Setanta,
Mild to me, though his nature be not mild;
I grieve to leave my native land, Setanta,
Frisk with its streams and fairy glades.

I grieve to leave my Dun, O Setanta,
And this lawn, and the trees I know so well,
And this, my tiny chamber looking eastward,
Where love found me unknowing of his power.

Well I know the great wrong I do my father,
But thus, even thus I fly with thee;
As the sea draws down the little Tolka
So thou, O Cuchullin, drawest me.

Like a god descending from the mountains,
So hast thou descended upon me;
I would die to save thy life, O Setanta,
I would die if thou caredst not for me.

THE FIGHT OF CUCHULLIN AND FERDIAH AT THE FORD.

TRANSLATION OF O'CURRY.

[King Ailill and Queen Maev threaten Ferdiah with the bardic curse "which withers and dishonors heroes" if he refuses to meet his former friend and companion, Cuchullin, in combat.]

Maev and Ailill sent to the Bards to make a great outcry and get up an excitement, and raise up a triple barrier of scandal and reproach against his name unless he came to them. Then came Ferdiah to them, for it was better for him to fall in chivalrous and martial exploit than to fall by the libels and outcries of the Bards. And when he came, a full and wondrous joy took possession of Ailill and Maev, and they promised him abundance of goods if he would go and encounter exalted Cuchullin, and that he should be free of imposition of exaction or tribute, and that nothing should ever be required of him during eternity. And that he should get for a wife Fionbar, the beauteous only daughter of Ailill and Maev, who excelled in beauty and in form all the women of the world, and that he should take the golden jewel that was in the cloak of Maev, a talisman of great virtue. . . . Ferdiah took his steeds and mounted his chariot at the rising of the sun. . . . And Ferdiah beheld the polished bounding chariot of Cuchullin coming rapidly and actively, with his people clad in green, and with a shaking of stout spears and dexterous bloodthirsty javelins held up aloft. And two fleet steeds under the chariot, bounding broad-chested, high-spirited, holding high their heads and arching their long necks. And they were as a hawk on a sharp blustering day, or as a whirlwind in a brisk spring day in March in its course over the lovely wide marshy plains. Or like a beauteous excellent deer at the first starting of the hounds—such were those two steeds under the chariot of Cuchullin.

And Ferdiah gave Cuchullin a manly and a truly mild welcome. And then said Cuchullin: "O Ferdiah, it was not meet of thee to come to do battle with me at the jealous instigation and complaint of Ailill and Maev, and for the sake of their false promises and deceitful gifts. O Ferdiah, and woe is it to thee to have abandoned my friendship for the friendship of any one woman. Fifty champions have hitherto fallen by me, and long is it ere I would forsake thee for the promises of any woman; for we were together gaining instruction in chivalry, and together went we to every battle and conflict, and together pursued we the chase, and together were we in every desolate place of darkness and sorcery."

"Dost thou bear in mind, great Cuchullin," said Ferdiah, "the generous exercise we used to go through with Uatha and Scatha and with Aifé?" "Well do I remember them," said Cuchullin. "And now let us joust with our trusty spears."

And they made ready their chariots and did so. And they began piercing and overthrowing one another from the dusky dawn of the morning until eventide. And after that they ceased. And they handed their arms to their attendants, and gave each other many a kiss. And their steeds rested at the same time; and their attendants were at the same fire for the night. And two lofty beds of rushes were made ready for these wounded heroes. The herbs that assuage pain were brought, and cures to alleviate their sufferings, and they tended them that night, and every remedy and every charm that was applied to Cuchullin was equally divided with Ferdiah.

Thus were they that night, and they arose early in the morning to go to the field of combat. — "Thou art looking badly to-day, O Ferdiah," said Cuchullin; "for thine hair has lost its gloss, and thine eyes are heavy, and thine upright form and sprightliness have deserted thee." "It is neither through fear or dread of thine encounter I am so," said Ferdiah; "for there is not in Erin a champion that I would not do battle with this day." "It is a pity, O Ferdiah, nor is it for thy good to confront thine own comrade and fellow-soldier at the instigation of any woman of the world." "Pity it is," said Ferdiah, "but were I to go hence without encountering thee, I shall be forever under the aspersion of cowardice with Maev and with Ailill and with all the men of Erin." . . .

And so Ferdiah fought for the sake of his honor, for he preferred to fall by the shafts of valor, gallantry, and bravery, rather than by the shafts of satire, censure, and reproach. . . . And at last Ferdiah fell down there, and a cloud, and a faint, and a weakness came on Cuchullin, and the hero, exhausted by his wounds and long-continued strife, and still more by the distress of mind caused by the death of his loved friend, lay long on his bed of sickness, and was unable to take part in the coming battle between the Ultonians and the forces of Ailill and Maev.

The Death of Cuchullin.

Translation of STANDISH O'GRADY.

As Cuchullin and Leagh, his charioteer, traveled, they saw a smoke on the edge of the wood that ascended not into the still air, but lay low, hovering around the leafless trees, and soon they saw where a party of wandering outcasts had made their encampment beside the wood, and they sat around the fire cooking; for a brazen pot was suspended from a branch between forked supporters, and they were cooking their evening meal.

And Leagh said: —

"Methinks I never saw such miserable wanderers as these. There are three men and three women, all very old, and wretched, and meanly clad."

But when the outcasts saw Cuchullin, they lifted up their voices in a hard and dissonant chorus, and said: —

"Right well have we chosen our encampment, O mighty prince, for we said that this way thou wouldst go down to the battle, and we knew that no arts or persuasions would restrain thee that thou shouldst not come out, as of yore, to the assistance of thy people. Hail to thee, O Cuchullin, O flame of the heroes of Erin, and to thee, O illustrious son of Riangowra."

But as they spake they all stood up, and they were very hideous to look upon, marred, as Cuchullin and Leagh thought, by some evil destiny. They were clad in the skins of black he-goats, and on the breast of each, instead of pin or brooch, was the shank bone of a heron, or a swan, or such like bird; their arms and legs were lean and bony, but their hands and feet large, and they were all maimed in the right hand and the right foot.

But Cuchullin answered them as was his wont, for many such a greeting had he received from unwarlike people and outcasts, for such especially cherished his glory. Then, as Leagh was urging on the steeds, one limped forward and stood before the steeds and said: —

"O Cuchullin, partake with us of our poor repast, not meet for princes, but such as we outcasts can procure trapping wild animals; and we ourselves are like wild animals hunted to and fro. They say indeed that in many a poor man's cot thou hast eaten food, and sat beside many a humble fire, not knowing thine own greatness."

And Cuchullin said: —

"The night is already upon us, O Leagh, and we cannot travel further; let us not insult these unhappy people, maimed and outcast, by refusing what they offer."

Leagh reluctantly consented, and unharnessed the steeds from the great war car, and he returned to Cuchullin, who sat beside the fire among the outlaws, for he was chill from sitting all day in the war car. Nevertheless, he was not warmed by the fire.

But Cuchullin was glad when the charioteer drew nigh, for he was distressed at the conversation of these homeless people, and their countenances, and their forms; for their wretchedness sat lightly upon them, and they were very gay and mirthful, as they sat holding the flesh on skewers of the rowan over the embers, and they made obscene jests, and answered in a language which he could not comprehend, and it seemed to him that the women were worse than the men. Moreover, the sun set, and the darkness came down, and mysterious sounds came from the sacred hill, the noise of the trees, and of the falling water, and he saw naught but these unlovely faces around.

When the flesh was cooked they gave a portion to Cuchullin, and he ate thereof, but Leagh refused with an oath. Then these outcasts laughed and sprang to their feet, and they joined hands around them twain, and danced upon their misshapen feet, and sang: —

"Sisters and brothers, join hands, he is ours;
Let the charm work, he is ours.
A rath in Murthemney holds twenty-eight skulls —
Work on, little charm, he is ours!"

"Hast thou heard, O Cuchullin, of Clan Cailitin?"[1]

But Cuchullin drew his sword, crying: —

"O brood of hell, see now if your charms are proof against keen bronze."

But they bounded away nimbly like goats, and still encircled him, singing. Then one plunged into the wood, and all followed; and there was cracked, obscene laughter in the forest, and then silence. Cuchullin stood panting, and very pallid, with wide eyes; but Leagh crouched upon the ground.

And Cuchullin said: —

"They are gone, O Leagh. It was some horrible vision. Here was the fire where the grass is yet unburned, and there is no trace of the rowan-tree spits, or of the flesh."

But Leagh recovered himself with difficulty, and spake with a stammering tongue; and they found there no trace of the encampment of the outcasts save the skin of a wolf lately slain.

And Cuchullin said: —

"I marvel, O Leagh, how the mighty and righteous Loi, to whom this mountain is sacred, can suffer within his precincts this horrid brood. O mountain dwelling, unseen king, shield us at least within thine own borders against these powers of darkness!"

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[1] A druidical clan, powerful in working evil enchantments, and implacable enemies of Cuchullin.

Cuchullin and Leagh slept not that night. And when it was dawn Leagh harnessed the steeds and yoked the chariot. And about noon they beheld the first signs of the invasion, and saw afar the lurid smoke of conflagration, and heard the distant noise of battle. Then Leagh unfolded and closed the glittering scythes, to see if they would work freely, urging on the steeds, and Cuchullin stood erect in the chariot, looking southwards.

* * * * * * *

And as the Ultonians grew less in the dread conflict, the southern warriors precipitated themselves upon Cuchullin, and like a great rock over which rolls some mighty billow of the western sea, so was Cuchullin often submerged in the overflowing tide; and as with the down-sinking billow the same rock reappears in its invincible greatness, and the white brine runs down its stubborn ribs, so the son of Suailtam perpetually reappeared, scattering and destroying his foes. Then crashed his battle mace through opposing shields; then flew the foam flakes from his lips over his reddened garments; baleful shone his eyes beneath his brows, and his voice died away in his throat till it became a hoarse whisper. Often, too, Leagh charged with the war car, and extricated him surrounded, and the mighty steeds trampled down opposing squadrons, and many a southern hero was transfixed with the chariot spear, or divided by the brazen scythes.

And on the eighth day, two hours after noon, Cuchullin, raising his eyes, beheld where the last of the Red Branch were overwhelmed; and he and Leagh were abandoned and alone, and he heard Leagh shouting, for he was surrounded by a battalion, and Cuchullin hastened back to defend him, and sprang into the chariot, bounding over the rim. There he intercepted three javelins cast against the charioteer by a Lagenian band; but Erc, son of Cairbré Nia-Far, pursued him, and at the same time cast his spear from the right. Through Cuchullin it passed, breaking through the battle shirt and the waist piece, and it pierced his left side between the hip bone and the lowest rib, and transfixed Leagh in the stomach above the navel. Then fell the reins from the hands of Leagh.

"How is it with thee, O Leagh?" said then Cuchullin.

And Leagh answered: —

"I have had enough this time, O my dear master."

Then Cuchullin cut through the spear tree with his colg, and tore forth the tree out of himself; but meantime, Lewy Mac Conroi stabbed the steed, black Shanglan, with his red hands, driving the spear through his left side, behind the shoulder, and Shanglan fell, overturning the war car, and Cuchullin sprang forth, but as he sprang Lewy Mac Conroi pierced him through the bowels. Then fell the great hero of the Gael.

Thereat the sun darkened, and the earth trembled, and a wail of agony from immortal mouths shrilled across the land, and a pale panic smote the vast host of Meav when, with a crash, fell that pillar of heroism, and that flame of the warlike valor of Erin was extinguished. Then, too, from his slain comrade brake the divine steed, the Liath Macha; for, like a housewife's thread, the divine steed brake the traces, and the brazen chains, and the yoke and bounded forth neighing, and three times he encircled the heroes, trampling down the hosts of Meav. Afar then retreated the host, and the Liath Macha, wearing still the broken collar, went back into the realms of the unseen.

But Cuchullin kissed Leagh, and Leagh, dying, said: —

"Farewell, O dear master and schoolfellow. Till the end of the world no servant will have a better master than thou hast been to me."

And Cuchullin said: —

"Farewell, O dear Leagh. The gods of Erin have deserted us, and the Clan Cailitin are now abroad, and what will happen to us henceforward I know not. But true and faithful thou hast ever been to me, and it is now seventeen years since we plighted friendship, and no angry word has ever passed between us since then."

Then the spirit went out of Leagh, and he died, and Cuchullin, raising his eyes, saw thence northwestward, about two hundred yards, a small lake called Loch-an-Tanaigté, and he tore forth from himself the bloody spear, and went staggering, and at times he fell; nevertheless, he reached the lake, and stooped down and drank a deep draught of the pure cold water, keen with frost, and the burning fever in his veins was allayed. After that he arose, and saw northward from the lake a tall pillar stone, the grave of a warrior slain there in some ancient war, and its name was Carrig-an-Compan. With difficulty he reached it, and he leaned awhile against the pillar, for his mind wandered, and he knew nothing for a space.

After that he took off his brooch, and, removing the torn bratta, he passed it round the top of the pillar, where there was an indentation in the stone, and passed the ends under his arms and around his breast, tying with languid hands a loose knot, which soon was made fast by the weight of the dying hero; so that he might not die in his sitting, or lying, but that he might die in his standing. But the host of Meav, when they beheld him, retired again, for they said that he was immortal, and that Lu Lamfada would once more come down from fairyland to his aid, and that they would wreak a terrible vengeance. So afar they retreated, when they beheld him standing with a drawn sword in his hand and the rays of the setting sun bright on his panic-striking helmet.

Now, as Cuchullin stood dying, a stream of blood trickled from his wounds, and ran in a devious way down to the lake, and poured its tiny red current into the pure water; and as Cuchullin looked upon it, thinking many things in his deep mind, there came forth an otter out of the reeds of the lake and approached the pebbly strand, where the blood flowed into the water, having been attracted thither by the smell, and at the point where the blood flowed into the lake, he lapped up the lifeblood of the hero, looking up from time to time, after the manner of a dog feeding. Which seeing, Cuchullin gazed upon the otter, and he smiled for the last time, and said: —

"O thou greedy water dog, often in my boyhood have I pursued thy race in the rivers and lakes of Murthemney; but now thou hast a full eric,[1] who drinkest the blood of me dying. Nor do I grudge thee this thy bloody meal. Drink on, thou happy beast. To thee, too, doubtless there will some time be an hour of woe."

Then a terrible loneliness and desolation came over his mind, and again he saw the faces of the wandering clan; and they laughed around him, and taunted him, and said: —

"Thus shalt thou perish, O Hound, and thus shall all like thee be forsaken and deserted. An early death and desolation shall be their lot, for we are powerful over men and over

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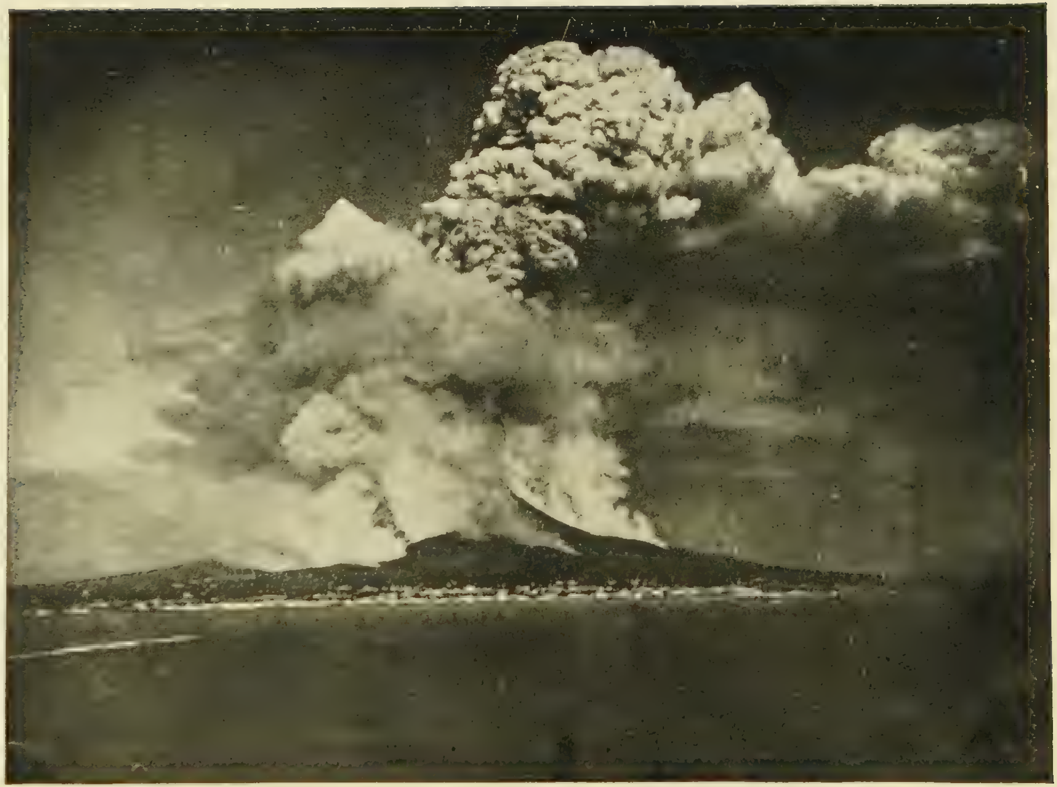
[1] The compensation exacted by a clan or family for the slaying of one of its members.



GENERAL VIEW OF VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

gods, and the kingdom that is seen and the kingdom that is unseen belong to us;" and they ringed him round, and chanted obscene songs, and triumphed.

Nevertheless, they terrified him not, for a deep spring of stern valor was opened in his soul, and the might of his unfathomable spirit sustained him.

Then was Cuchullin aware that the Clan Caitilin retired, as though in fear; and after that the soul of the mild, handsome, invincible hero departed from him.

PLINY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.[1]

(From "Pliny's Letters": by Rev. Alfred Church and Rev. W. J. Brodribb.)

[**Pliny the Younger**, Roman writer, was born A.D. 62. In A.D. 79 he witnessed the great eruption of Vesuvius. In the following year he began practice as an advocate in Rome. He served as a military tribune in Syria; returning to Rome, was made questor, pretor, consul, etc. In A.D. 103 he went as propretor to the province of Pontus and Bithynia, an office which he held for about two years. We know nothing of him later than the year 107.]

When my uncle had started, I spent such time as was left on my studies — it was on their account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. Then followed the bath, dinner, and sleep, — this last disturbed and brief. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which had caused, however, but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campania. But that night it was so violent, that one thought that everything was being not merely moved but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber; I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her should she have been asleep. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. And now — I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was but in my eighteenth year — I called for a volume of Livy, read it, as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even continued to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain; when he saw that we were sitting down — that I was even reading — he rebuked my mother for her

[1] By permission of W. Blackwood & Sons. (Crown 8vo., price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

patience, and me for my blindness to the danger. Still I bent myself as industriously as ever over my book.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered, that in the place where we were, which though open was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us. They preferred the ideas of others to their own — in a moment of terror this has a certain look of prudence — and they pressed on us and drove us on, as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the building, we stopped. There we had to endure the sight of many marvelous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level ; even when scotched with stones they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this, we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high and dry upon the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame : these last were like sheet lightning, though on a larger scale.

Then our friend from Spain addressed us more energetically and urgently than ever. "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle is alive, he wishes you to be saved ; if he has perished, he certainly wished you to survive him. If so, why do you hesitate to escape ?" We answered that we could not bear to think about our own safety while we were doubtful of his. He lingered no longer, but rushed off, making his way out of the danger at the top of his speed. It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could ; "I might do so," she said, "for I was young ; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die, if she did not bring death upon me." I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company ; I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me.

Ashes now began to fall — still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden underfoot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us." We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us, — not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize by the voices that replied, parents, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or willfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew somewhat light again; we felt sure that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us; then came darkness again, and a thick heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by the weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me — a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I had spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to have in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could, spent a night of anxiety in mingled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many frenzied persons, with their terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away till we could hear news of my uncle.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

(By Schiller: translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, the second in general repute among German poets, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, in 1759. He was a regimental surgeon when at twenty-one he wrote "The Robbers," a play produced in 1782, which set him in the first rank among German dramatists. The Duke of Würtemberg taking offense at its revolutionary utterances, Schiller fled and lived in various German cities, — including Weimar, where he formed a close friendship with Goethe, Wieland, and Herder, and edited the *German Mercury*, — writing plays, poetry, history, philosophy, etc., and winning a great name; in 1789 was professor of history in Jena; in 1790 retired on a pension, settled in Weimar, and died in 1805. His most famous plays, besides "The Robbers," are "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "Joan of Arc," and "William Tell"; his ballads are of the best in existence; and his "History of the Thirty Years' War" and "Revolt of the Netherlands" are classic.]

WHAT strange wonder is this? Our prayer to thee was for water,
  Earth! What is this that thou now send'st from thy womb in reply?
In the abyss is there life? Or hidden under the lava
  Dwelleth some race now unknown? Does what hath fled e'er return?
Greeks and Romans, oh come! Oh, see the ancient Pompeii
  Here is discovered again, — Hercules' town is rebuilt!

Gable on gable arises, the roomy portico opens
  Wide its halls, so make haste, — haste ye to fill it with life!
Open, too, stands the spacious theater, let, then, the people,
  Like a resistless flood, pour through its sevenfold mouths!
Mimes, where are ye? Advance! Let Atrides finish the rites now
  He had begun, — let the dread chorus Orestes pursue!
Whither leads yon triumphal arch? Perceive ye the forum?
  What are those figures that sit on the Curulian chair?
Lictors! precede with your fasces, — and let the Pretor in judgment

Sit, — let the witness come forth! let the accuser appear!
Cleanly streets spread around, and with a loftier pavement
Does the contracted path wind close to the houses' long row;
While, to protect them, the roofs protrude, — and the handsome apartments
Round the now desolate court peacefully, fondly, are ranged.
Hasten to open the shops, and the gateways that long have been choked up,
And let the bright light of day fall on the desolate night!
See how around the edge extend the benches so graceful,
And how the floor rises up, glitt'ring with many-hued stone!
Freshly still shines the wall with colors burning and glowing!
Where is the artist? His brush he has but now laid aside.
Teeming with swelling fruits, and flowers disposed in fair order,
Chases the brilliant festoon ravishing images there.
Here, with a basket full-laden, a Cupid gayly is dancing,
Genie industrious *there* tread out the purple-dyed wine.
High there the Bacchanal dances and here she calmly is sleeping,
While the listening Faun has not yet sated his eyes;
Here she puts to flight the swift-footed Centaur, suspended
On *one* knee, and, the while, goads with the Thyrsus his steps.

Boys, why tarry ye? Quick! The beauteous vessels still stand there;
Hasten, ye maidens, and pour into the Etrurian jar!
Does not the tripod stand here, on sphinxes graceful and winged?
Stir up the fire, ye slaves! Haste to make ready the hearth!
Go and buy; here is money that's coined by Titus the Mighty;
Still are the scales lying here; not e'en one weight has been lost.
Place the burning lights in the branches so gracefully fashioned,
And with the bright-shining oil see that the lamp is supplied!
What does this casket contain? Oh, see what the bridegroom has sent thee!
Maiden! 'Tis buckles of gold; glittering gems for thy dress.
Lead the bride to the odorous bath. — here still are the unguents;
Paints, too, are still lying here, filling the hollow-shaped vase.

But where tarry the men? the elders? In noble museum
Still lies a heap of strange rolls, treasures of infinite worth!
Styles, too, are here, and tablets of wax, all ready for writing;
Nothing is lost, for, with faith, earth has protected the whole.
E'en the Penates are present, and all the glorious Immortals
Meet here again, and of all, none, save the priests, are not here.
Hermes, whose feet are graced with wings, his Caduceus is waving,
And from the grasp of his hand victory lightly escapes.
Still are the altars standing here, — oh come, then, and kindle —
Long hath the God been away, — kindle the incense to Him!

TIMBUCTOO.

By LORD TENNYSON.

I stood on Calpe, mighty promontory,
Musing on visions of the fabled past
Of glory in the desert desolate
And cried aloud, "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold, a city as fair
As those which starred the night o' the elder world,
Or is the rumor of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of olden time?"
Then, far within the South, methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and crystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement,
And canopy o'ercanopied. Beyond
Stood out a pillared front of burnished gold
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more ethereal, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan
Through length of porch, and valve, and boundless hall
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitude of multitudes
That ministered around it.
    I saw a river whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, moved among
The argent streets of the city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangéd chrysolite
Minarets and towers! But lo! how rapidly
He gulfs himself in sands, reluctant now
To carry through the world those waves which bore
The reflex of the city in their depth.
Oh fabled Throne! thy time has surely come
When thou must render up thy glorious home
To keen Discovery; soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand!
Darken and shrink and shiver into huts,
Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian settlements,
How changed from this fair city!

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